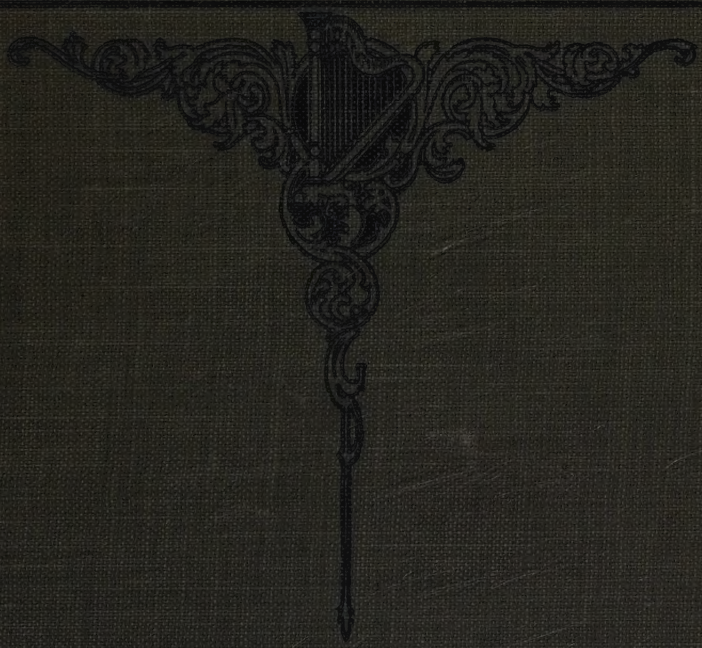
SCHOOL HYMNAL

HOLLIS DANN



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David D. Laff
N.Y.U. School of Ed.
Music Dept.

SCHOOL HYMNAL

A Collection of

Hymns and Chants

INCLUDING

SACRED, PATRIOTIC, AND OCCASIONAL SONGS

FOR USE IN

Normal, High and Private Schools

HOLLIS DANN

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

NEW YORK .·. CINCINNATI .·. CHICAGO

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BY

HOLLIS DANN

Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

SCHOOL HYMNAL

E-P 21

PREFACE

This book is intended for use in the assembly exercises in the High School, Normal School, and College.

Much care has been exercised to include only texts and music which are suitable and worthy.

A wide experience in directing the teaching of music from the Kindergarten to the University has led to certain conclusions:

I. Sacred texts wedded to worthy music, whether hymn tune, chant, anthem, or aria, attract and hold the attention and interest of young people, when properly presented.

II. The study of hymn tunes and anthems is one of the most practical and effective means of teaching sight reading, and of acquiring efficiency in chorus singing; practical knowledge of this form of music is a valuable community asset.

III. The ability to sing the best of the patriotic and national songs, and many of the familiar folk and plantation songs, should be the heritage of the young people when they go out from the schools.

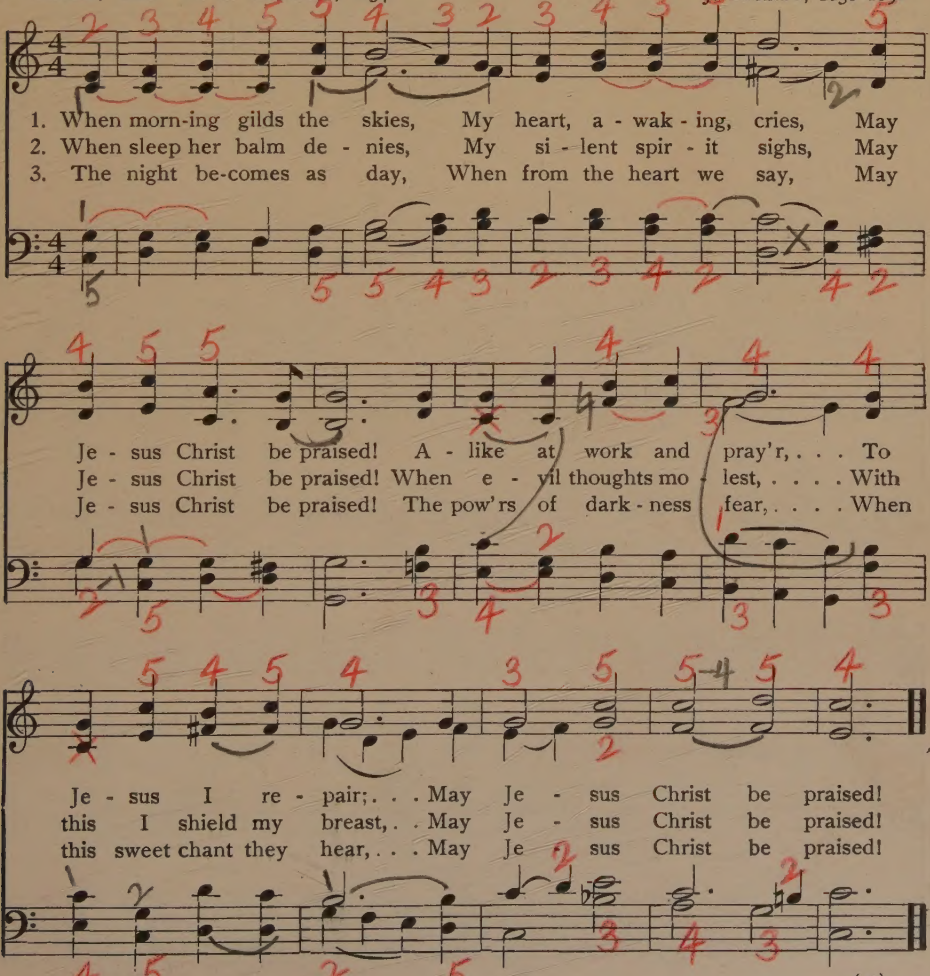
HOLLIS DANN

CORNELL UNIVERSITY
July, 1910

SCHOOL HYMNAL

When Morning Gilds the Skies

No. 1. LAUDES DOMINI

German, 1828. Tr. E. CASWALL, 1854. J. BARNBY, 1838–1896

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak - ing, cries, May
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs, May
3. The night be-comes as day, When from the heart we say, May
Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r, . . . To
Je - sus Christ be praised! When e - vil thoughts mo - lest, ... With
Je - sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark - ness fear, ... When
Je - sus I re - pair; . . . May Je - sus Christ be praised!
this I shield my breast, . . May Je - sus Christ be praised!
this sweet chant they hear, . . . May Je - sus Christ be praised!

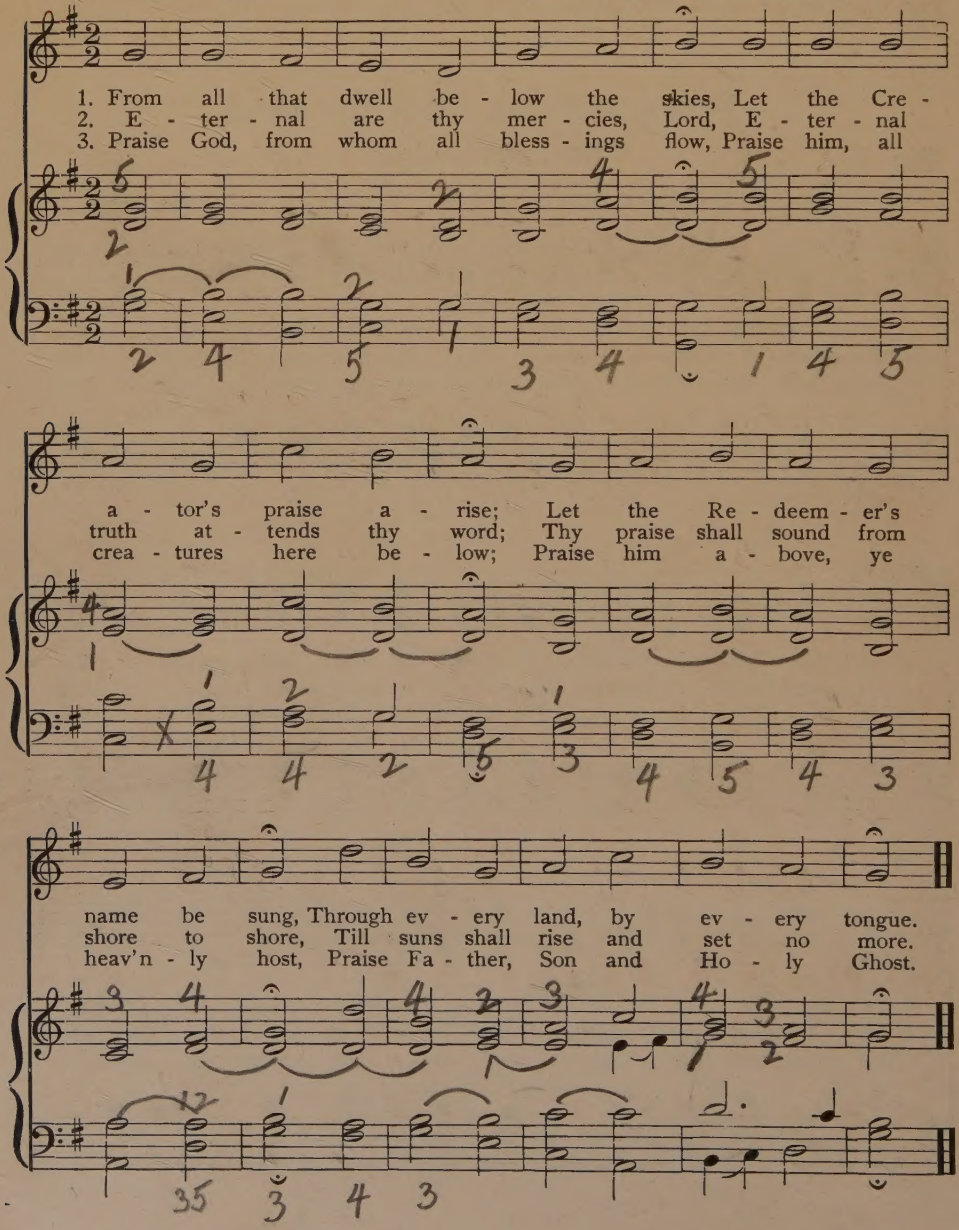
From All That Dwell Below the Skies

No. 2.

OLD HUNDREDTH

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748

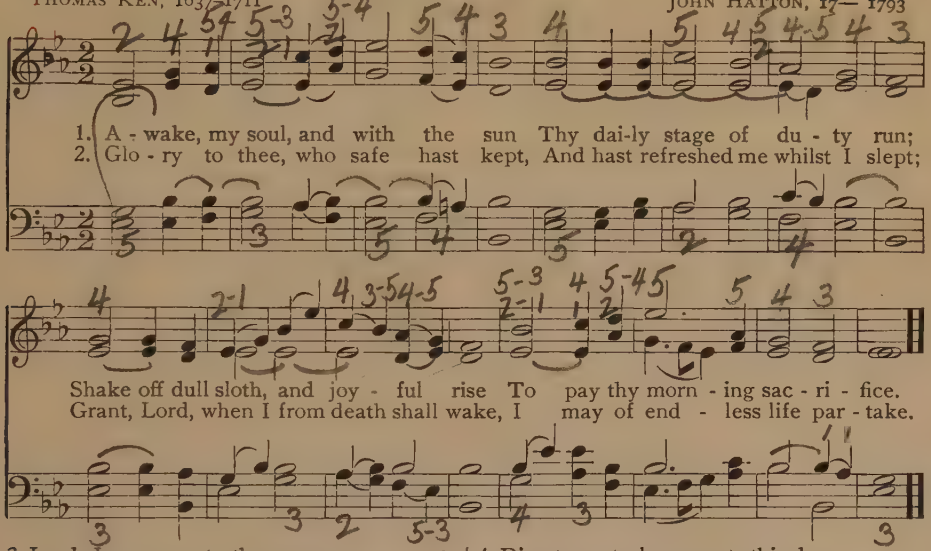
CLAUDIO GOUDIMEL, 1505–1572
Harmonized by AUGUST HAUPT, 1810–1891


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre -
2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord, E - ter - nal
3. Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all
a - tor's praise a - rise; Let the Re - deem - er's
truth at - tends thy word; Thy praise shall sound from
crea - tures here be - low; Praise him a - bove, ye
name be sung, Through ev - ery land, by ev - ery tongue.
shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 3 Awake, My Soul, and With the Sun

DUKE STREET

THOMAS KEN, 1637–1711 — JOHN HATTON, 17— 1793


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai-ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Glo - ry to thee, who safe hast kept, And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less life par - take.

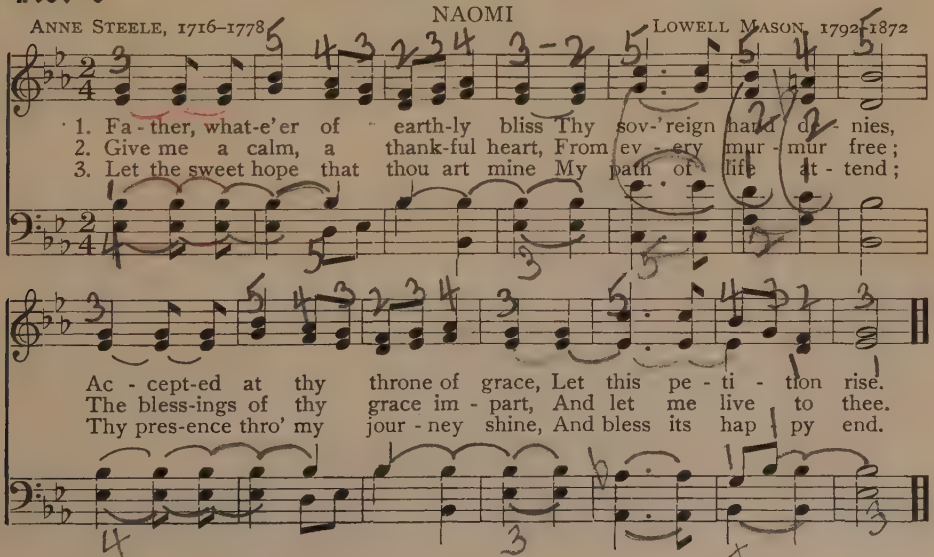
3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

No. 4 Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss

NAOMI

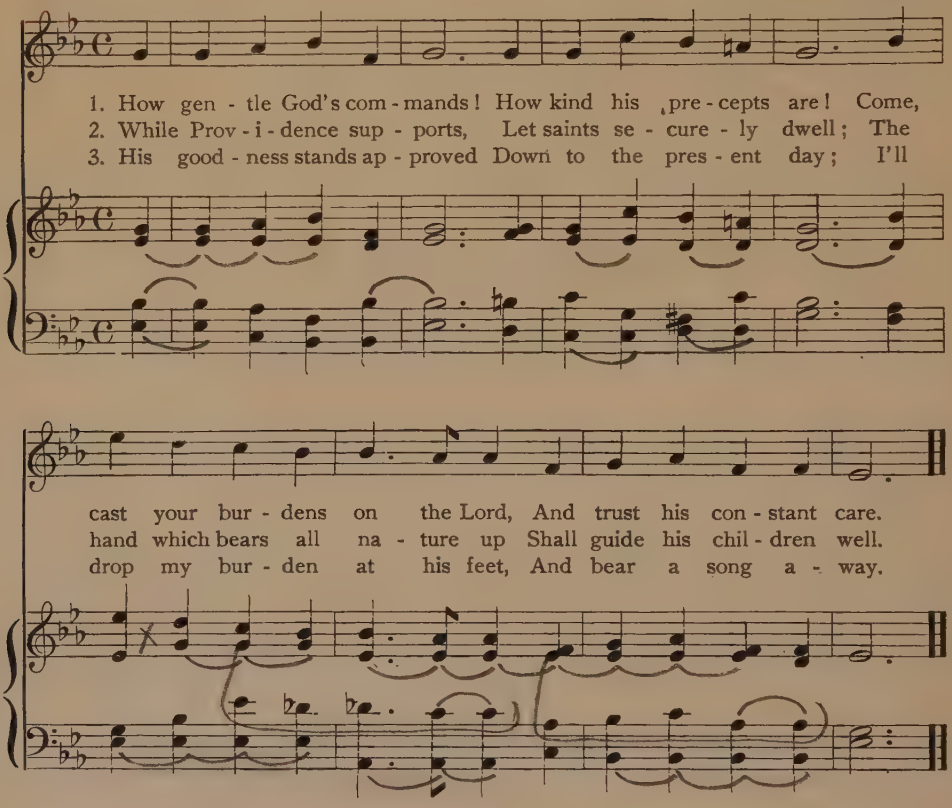
ANNE STEELE, 1716–1778 — LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872


1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-'reign hand de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - ery mur - mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My path of life at - tend;
Ac - cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
The bless-ings of thy grace im - part, And let me live to thee.
Thy pres-ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And bless its hap - py end.

How Gentle God's Commands

No. 5. MONSELL

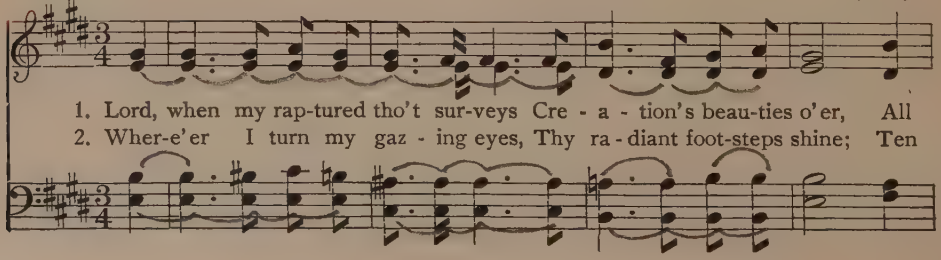
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702–1751 — J. BARNBY, 1838–1896

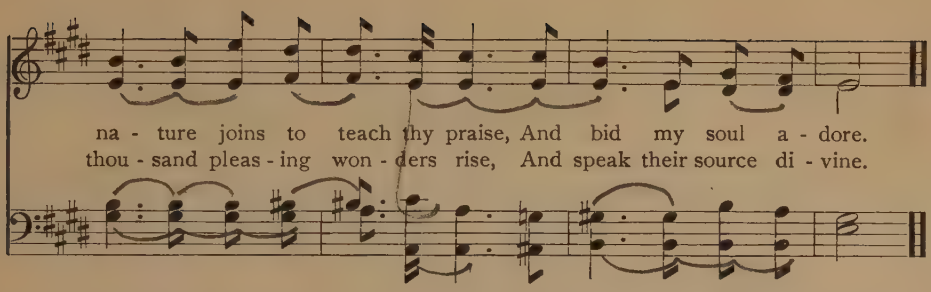

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come,
2. While Prov - i - dence sup - ports, Let saints se - cure - ly dwell; The
3. His good - ness stands ap - proved Down to the pres - ent day; I'll
cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.
hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guide his chil - dren well.
drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

Lord, When My Raptured Thought Surveys

No. 6. SERENITY

ANNE STEELE, 1716–1778 — ARR. from WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE, 1814–1865


1. Lord, when my rap-tured tho't sur-veys Cre - a - tion's beau-ties o'er, All
2. Wher-e'er I turn my gaz - ing eyes, Thy ra - diant foot-steps shine; Ten



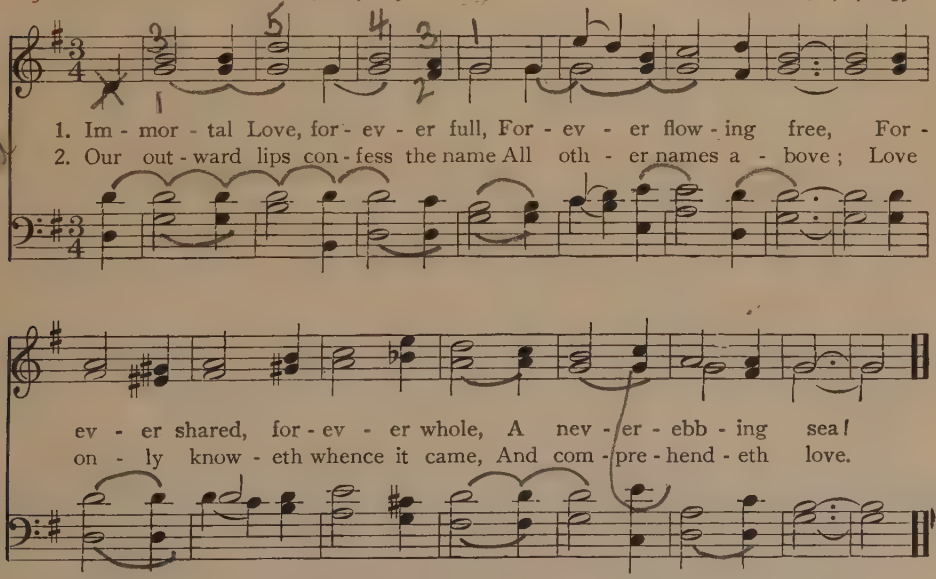
3 On me thy providence has shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, thy grace impart!
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts with humble, grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

Immortal Love, Forever Full

No. 7 SPOHR

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807–1892 LUDWIG SPOHR, 1784–1859


1. Im - mor - tal Love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow - ing free, For -
2. Our out - ward lips con - fess the name All oth - er names a - bove; Love
ev - er shared, for - ev - er whole, A nev - er - ebb - ing sea!
on - ly know - eth whence it came, And com - pre - hend - eth love.

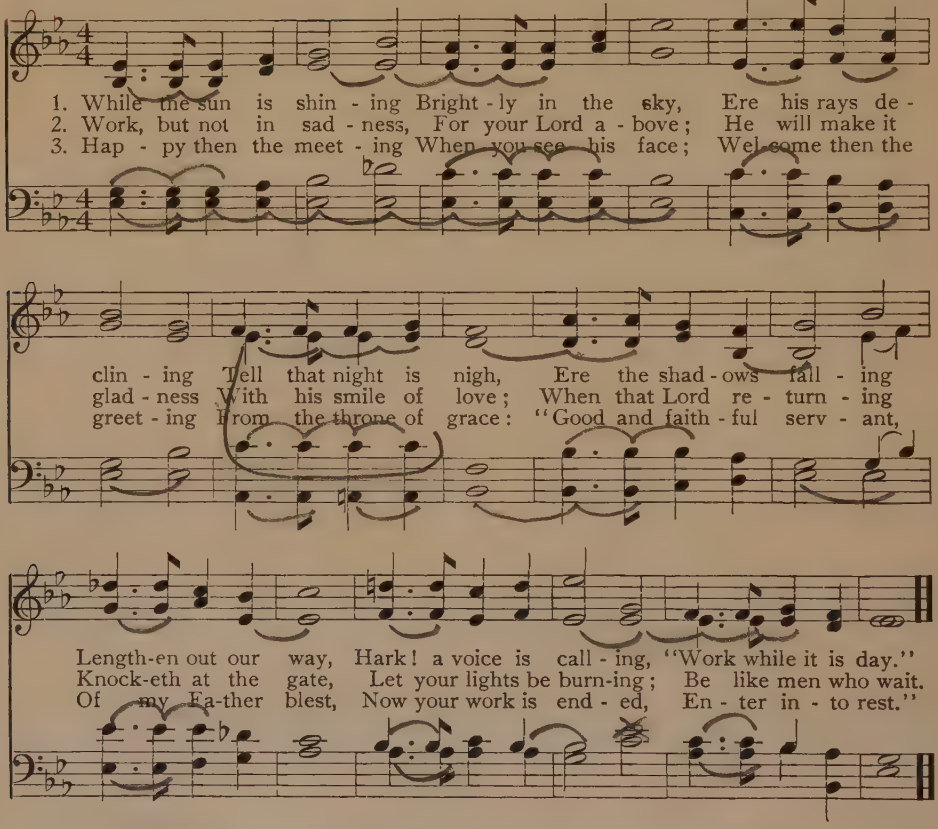
3 Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

4 The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes:
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

While the Sun is Shining

No. 8. RUTH

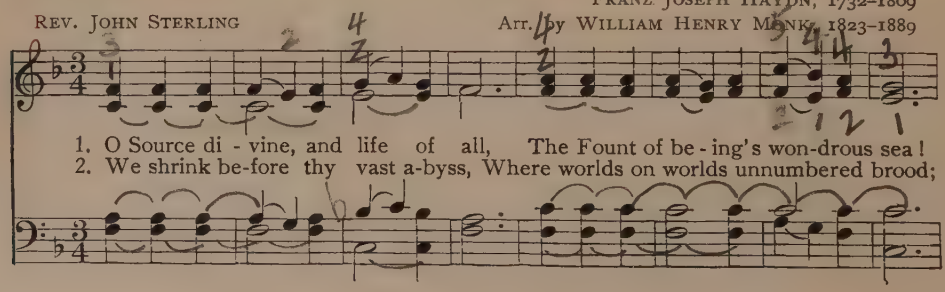
REV. T. A. STOWELL — SAMUEL SMITH, 1804–1873

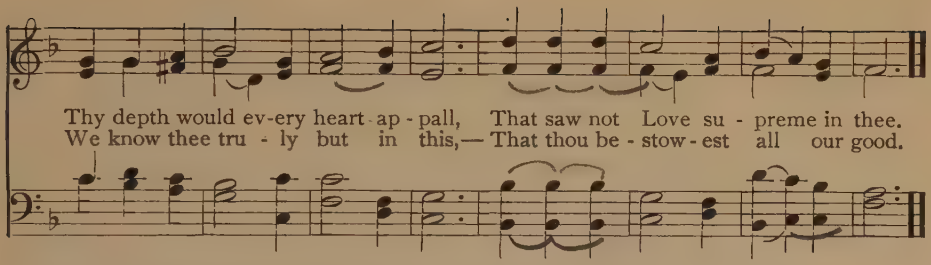

1. While the sun is shin - ing Bright - ly in the sky, Ere his rays de -
2. Work, but not in sad - ness, For your Lord a - bove; He will make it
3. Hap - py then the meet - ing When you see his face; Wel-come then the
clin - ing Tell that night is nigh, Ere the shad - ows fall - ing
glad - ness With his smile of love; When that Lord re - turn - ing
greet - ing From the throne of grace: "Good and faith - ful serv - ant,
Length-en out our way, Hark! a voice is call - ing, "Work while it is day."
Knock-eth at the gate, Let your lights be burn-ing; Be like men who wait.
Of my Fa-ther blest, Now your work is end - ed, En - ter in - to rest."

O Source Divine, and Life of All

No. 9. HURSLEY

REV. JOHN STERLING — FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732–1809; Arr. by WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823–1889


1. O Source di - vine, and life of all, The Fount of be - ing's won-drous sea!
2. We shrink be-fore thy vast a-byss, Where worlds on worlds unnumbered brood;


Thy depth would ev-ery heart ap - pall, That saw not Love su - preme in thee.
We know thee tru - ly but in this,— That thou be - stow - est all our good.

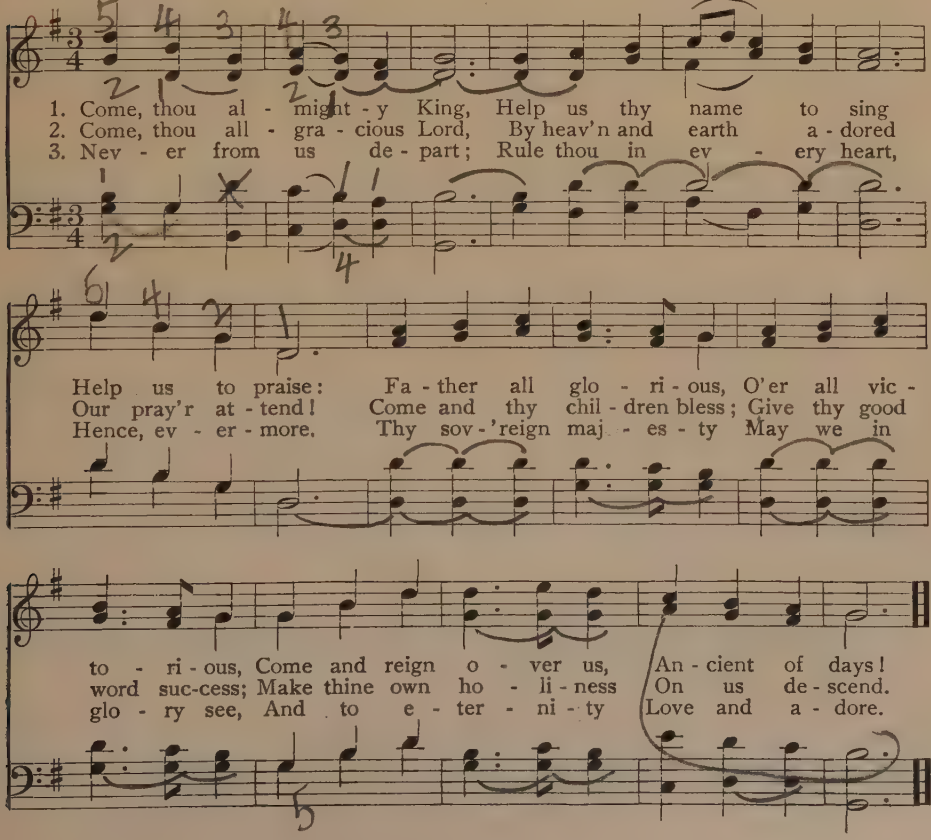
3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence, working all things well!

4 Bestow on every joyous thrill
A deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

Come, Thou Almighty King

No. 10. ITALIAN HYMN

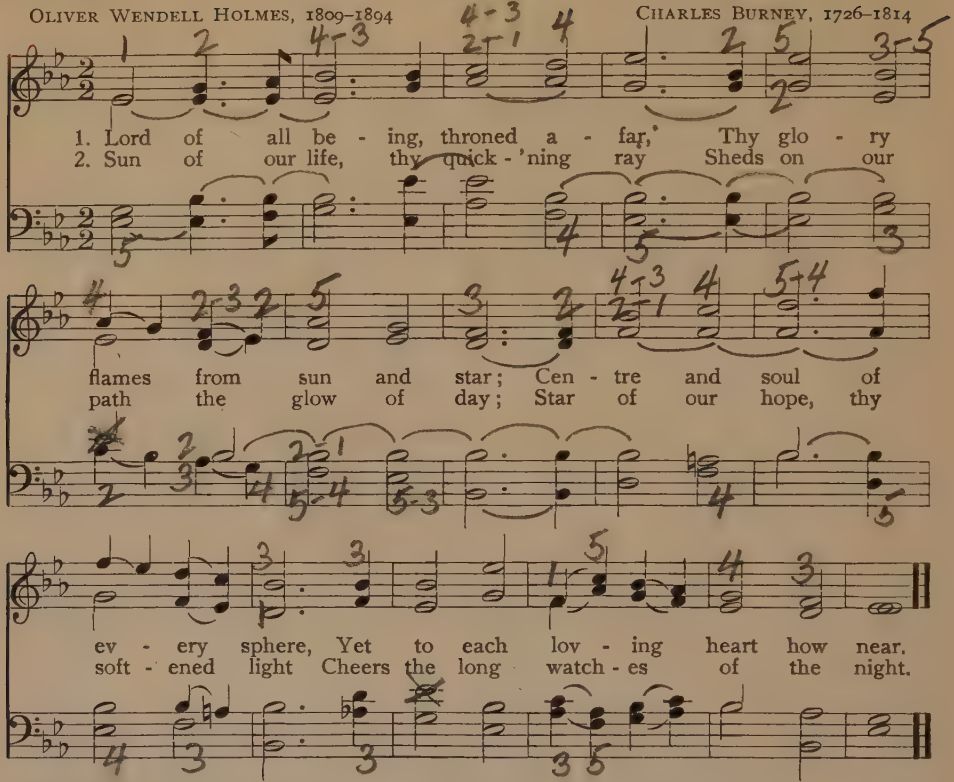
REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1708–1788 — FELICE GIARDINI, 1716–1796


1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing
2. Come, thou all - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth a - dored
3. Nev - er from us de - part; Rule thou in ev - ery heart,
Help us to praise: Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our pray'r at - tend! Come and thy chil - dren bless; Give thy good
Hence, ev - er - more. Thy sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
word suc-cess; Make thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

Lord of All Being, Throned Afar

No. 11. TRURO

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809–1894 — CHARLES BURNEY, 1726–1814


1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry
2. Sun of our life, thy quick - 'ning ray Sheds on our
flames from sun and star; Cen - tre and soul of
path the glow of day; Star of our hope, thy
ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near.
soft - ened light Cheers the long watch - es of the night.

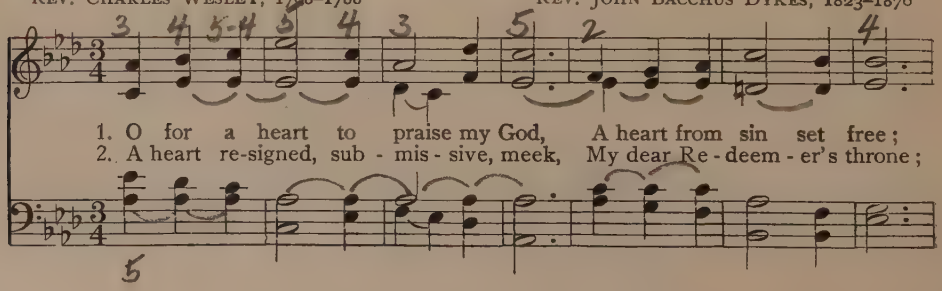
3 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

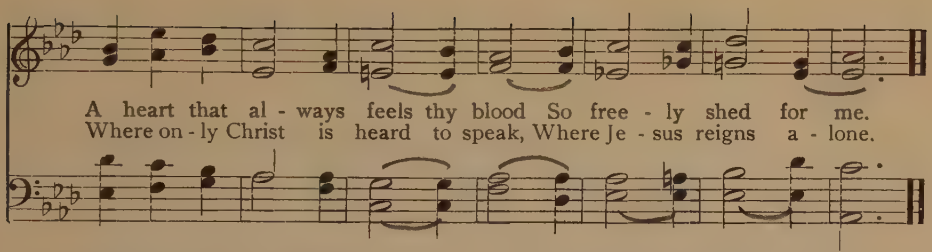
4 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O For a Heart to Praise My God

No. 12. BEATITUDE

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1708–1788 — REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823–1876





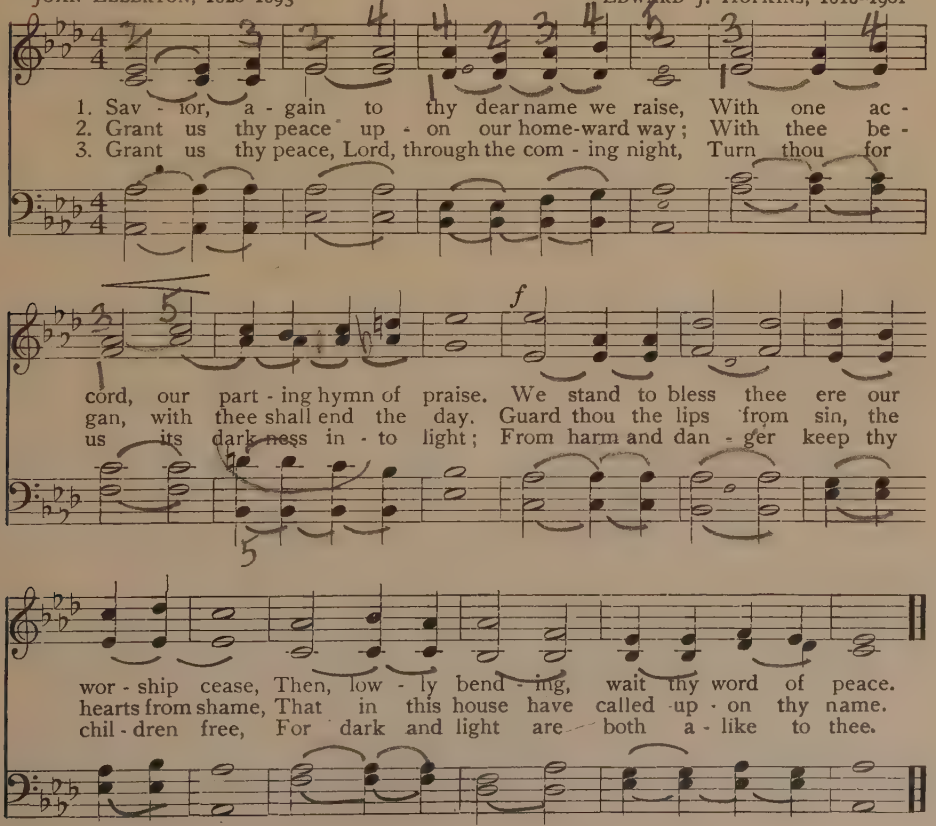
3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine

Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name

No. 13. ELLERTON

JOHN ELLERTON, 1826–1893 EDWARD J. HOPKINS, 1818–1901


1. Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise, With one ac -
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With thee be -
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the com - ing night, Turn thou for
cord, our part - ing hymn of praise. We stand to bless thee ere our
gan, with thee shall end the day. Guard thou the lips from sin, the
us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep thy
f
wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.
chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to thee.

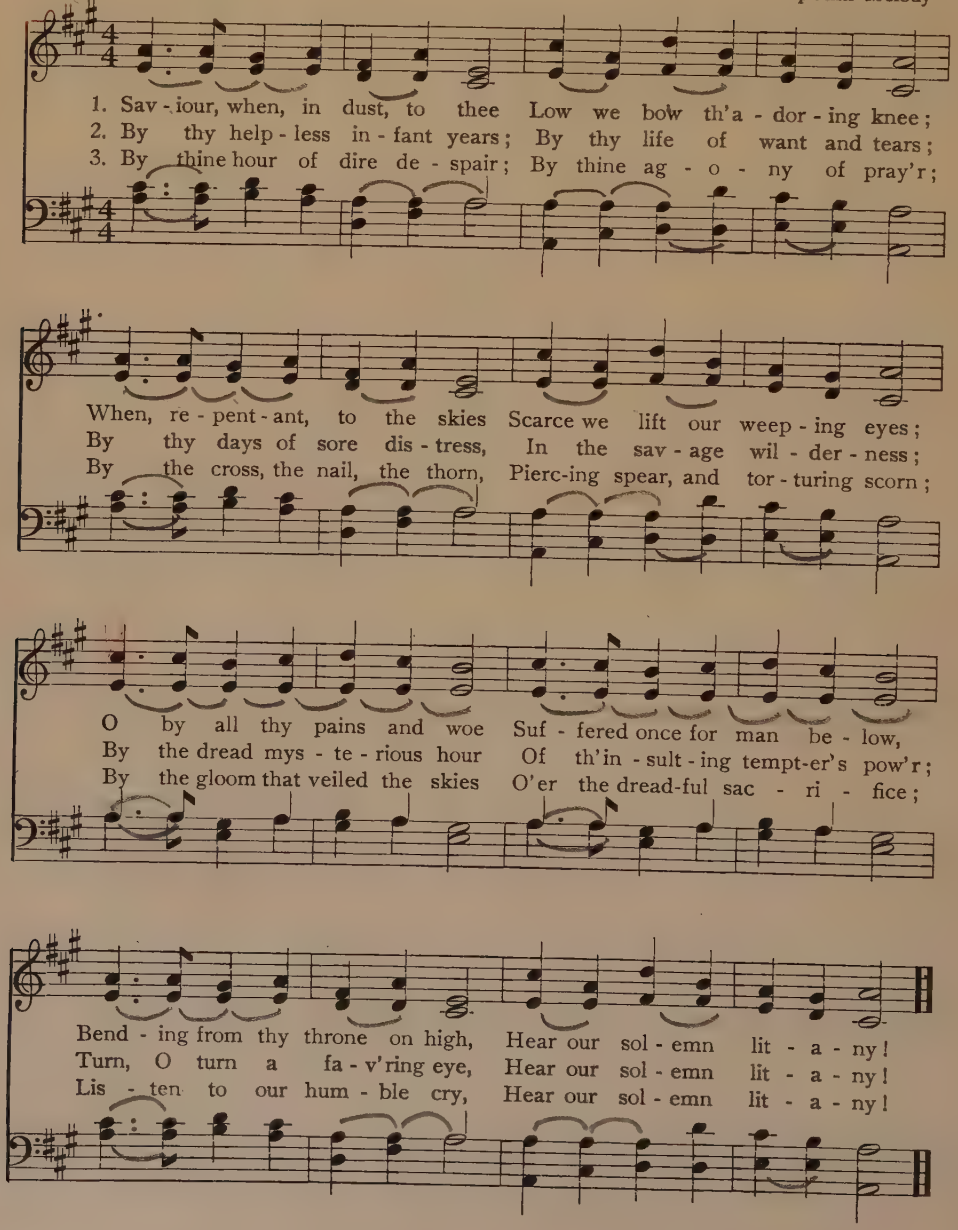
Saviour, When, in Dust, to Thee

No. 14.

SPANISH HYMN

R. GRANT, 1788–1838

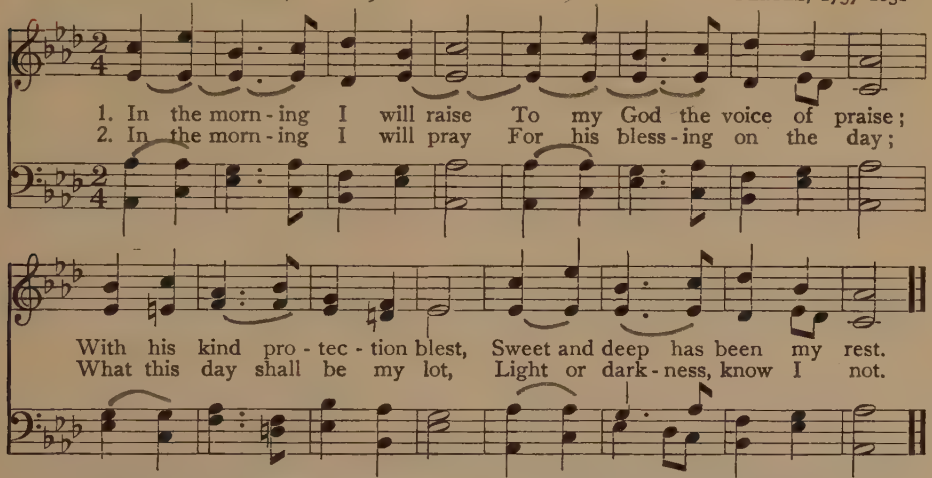
Spanish Melody


1. Sav - iour, when, in dust, to thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee;
2. By thy help - less in - fant years; By thy life of want and tears;
3. By thine hour of dire de - spair; By thine ag - o - ny of pray'r;
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes;
By thy days of sore dis - tress, In the sav - age wil - der - ness;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Pierc-ing spear, and tor - turing scorn;
O by all thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,
By the dread mys - te - rious hour Of th'in - sult - ing tempt-er's pow'r;
By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dread-ful sac - ri - fice;
Bend - ing from thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny!
Turn, O turn a fa - v'ring eye, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny!
Lis - ten to our hum - ble cry, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny!

In the Morning I Will Raise

No. 15

PLEYEL'S HYMN

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1802–1896 — IGNACE PLEYEL, 1757–1831

1. In the morn - ing I will raise To my God the voice of praise;
2. In the morn - ing I will pray For his bless - ing on the day;
With his kind pro - tec - tion blest, Sweet and deep has been my rest.
What this day shall be my lot, Light or dark - ness, know I not.

3 Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

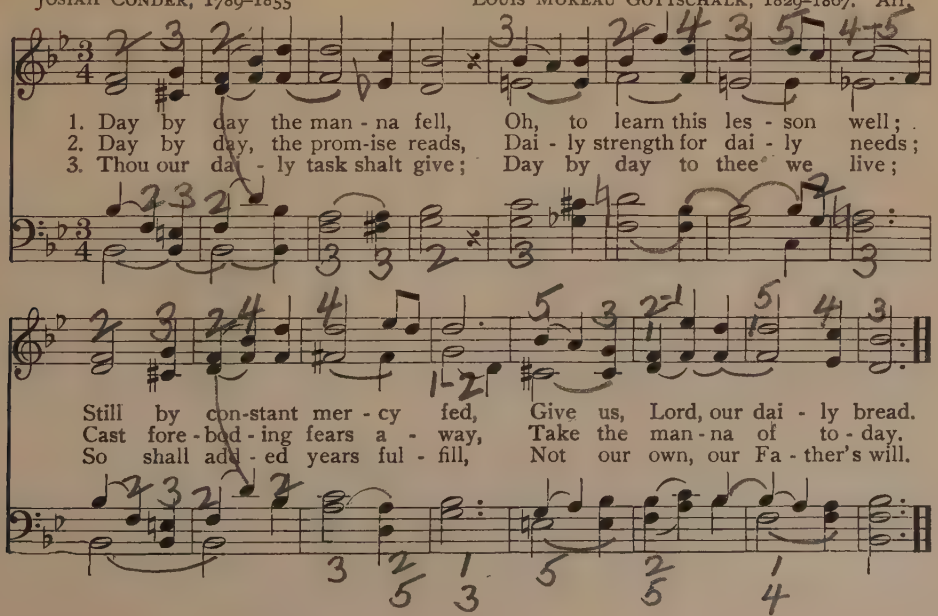
4 Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light,
Thou wilt peace around diffuse,
Gently as the evening dews.

Day By Day the Manna Fell

No. 16

GOTTSCHALK

JOSIAH CONDER, 1789–1855 — LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, 1829–1867. Arr.

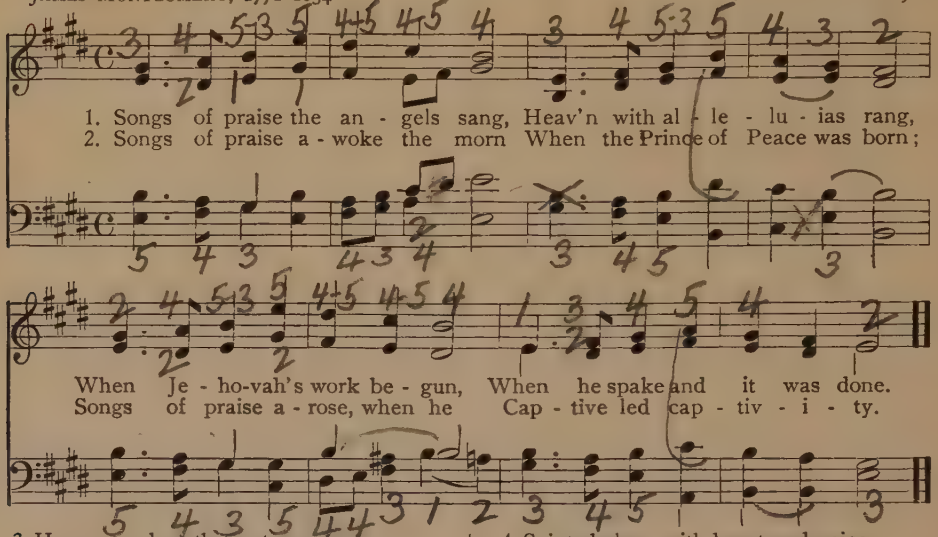

1. Day by day the man - na fell, Oh, to learn this les - son well;
2. Day by day, the prom-ise reads, Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs;
3. Thou our dai - ly task shalt give; Day by day to thee we live;
Still by con-stant mer - cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai - ly bread.
Cast fore - bod - ing fears a - way, Take the man - na of to - day.
So shall add - ed years ful - fill, Not our own, our Fa - ther's will.

Songs of Praise the Angels Sang

No. 17

INNOCENTS

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854 — Old French Melody


1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang,
2. Songs of praise a - woke the morn When the Prince of Peace was born;
When Je - ho-vah's work be - gun, When he spake and it was done.
Songs of praise a - rose, when he Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens, new earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

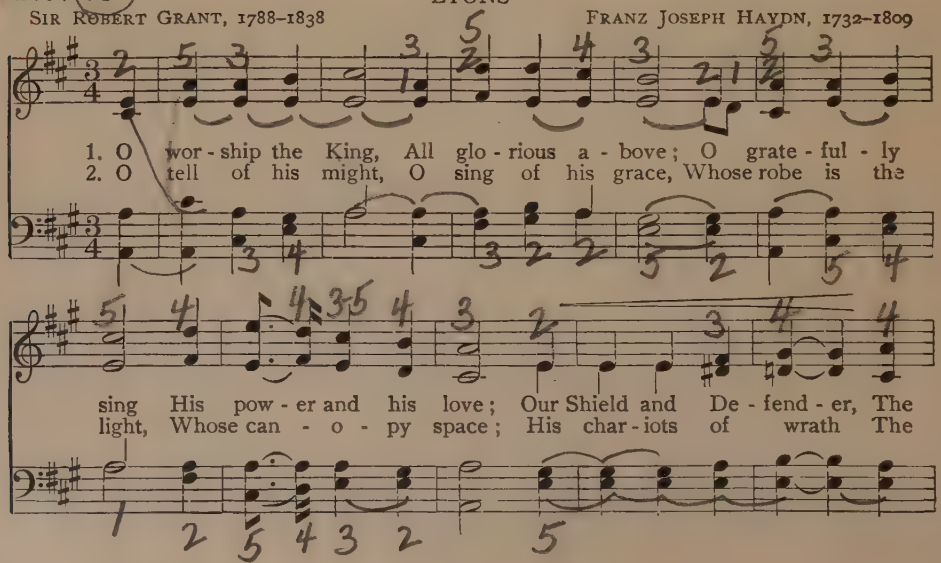
4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

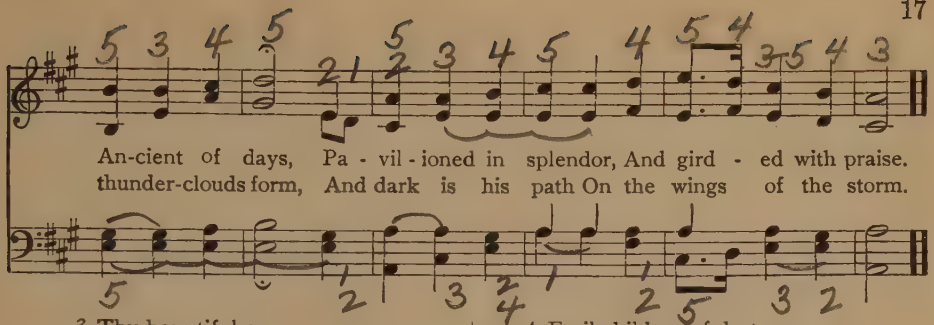
O Worship the King

No. 18

LYONS

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1788–1838 — FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732–1809


1. O wor - ship the King, All glo - rious a - bove; O grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, Whose robe is the
sing His pow - er and his love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, The
light, Whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath The


An-cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splendor, And gird - ed with praise.
thunder-clouds form, And dark is his path On the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light.
It streams from the hills,
And descends to the plain,
It sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

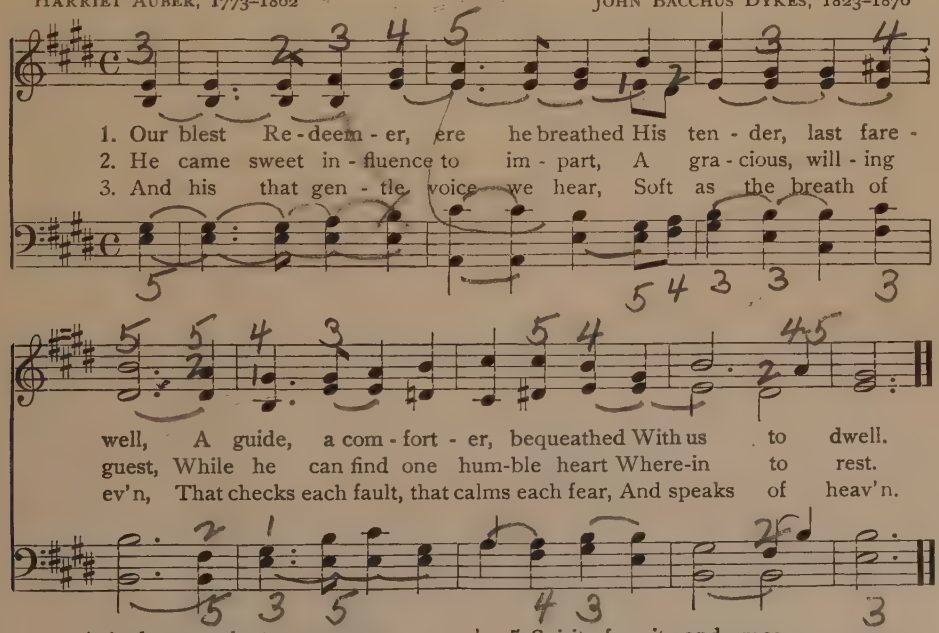
4 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

Our Blest Redeemer, Ere He Breathed

No. 19

ST. CUTHBERT

HARRIET AUBER, 1773–1862 — JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1823–1876


1. Our blest Re - deem - er, ere he breathed His ten - der, last fare -
2. He came sweet in - fluence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing
3. And his that gen - tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of
well, A guide, a com - fort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
guest, While he can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.
ev'n, That checks each fault, that calms each fear, And speaks of heav'n.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

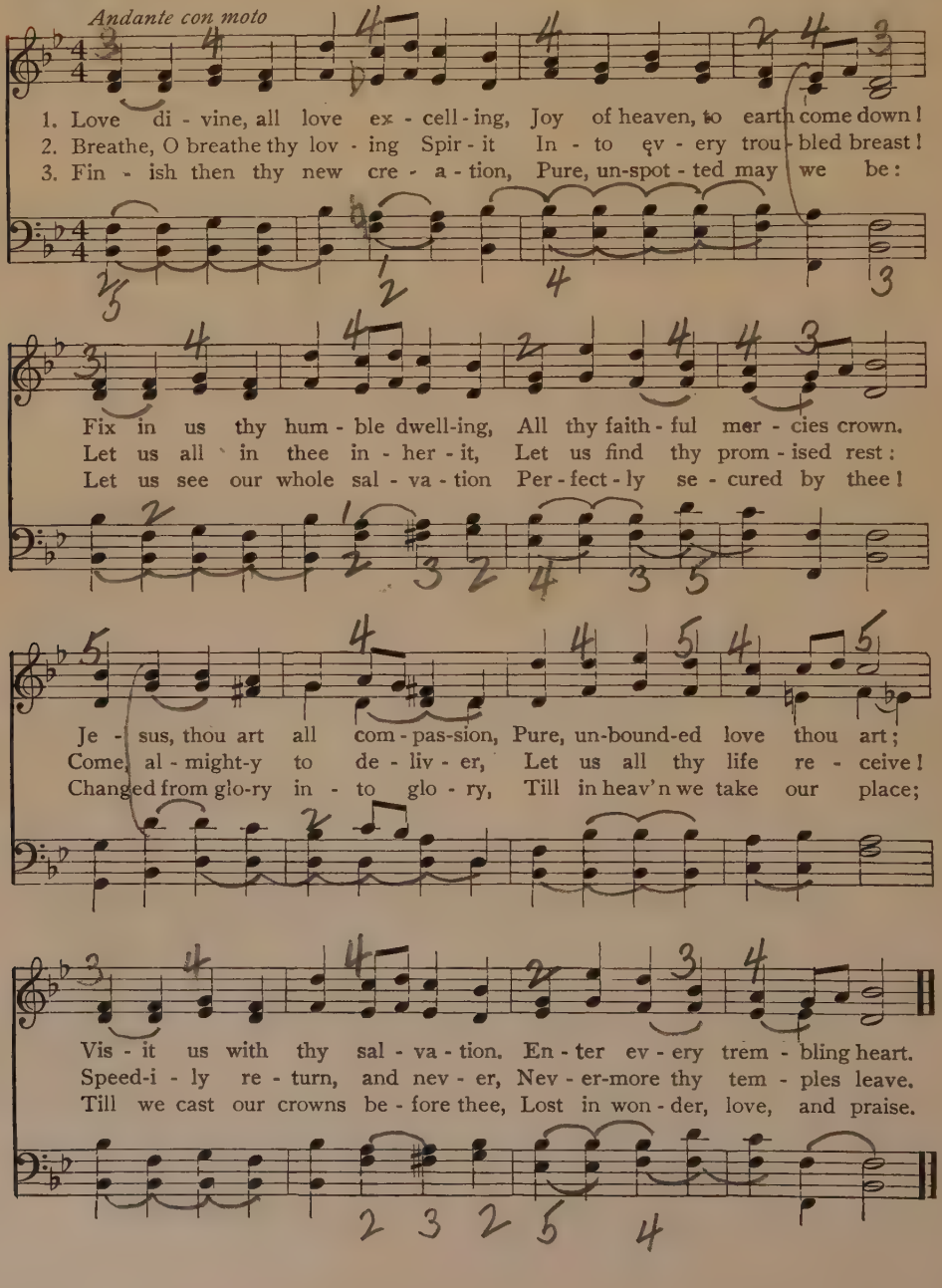
5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

Love Divine, All Love Excelling

No. 20

BEECHER

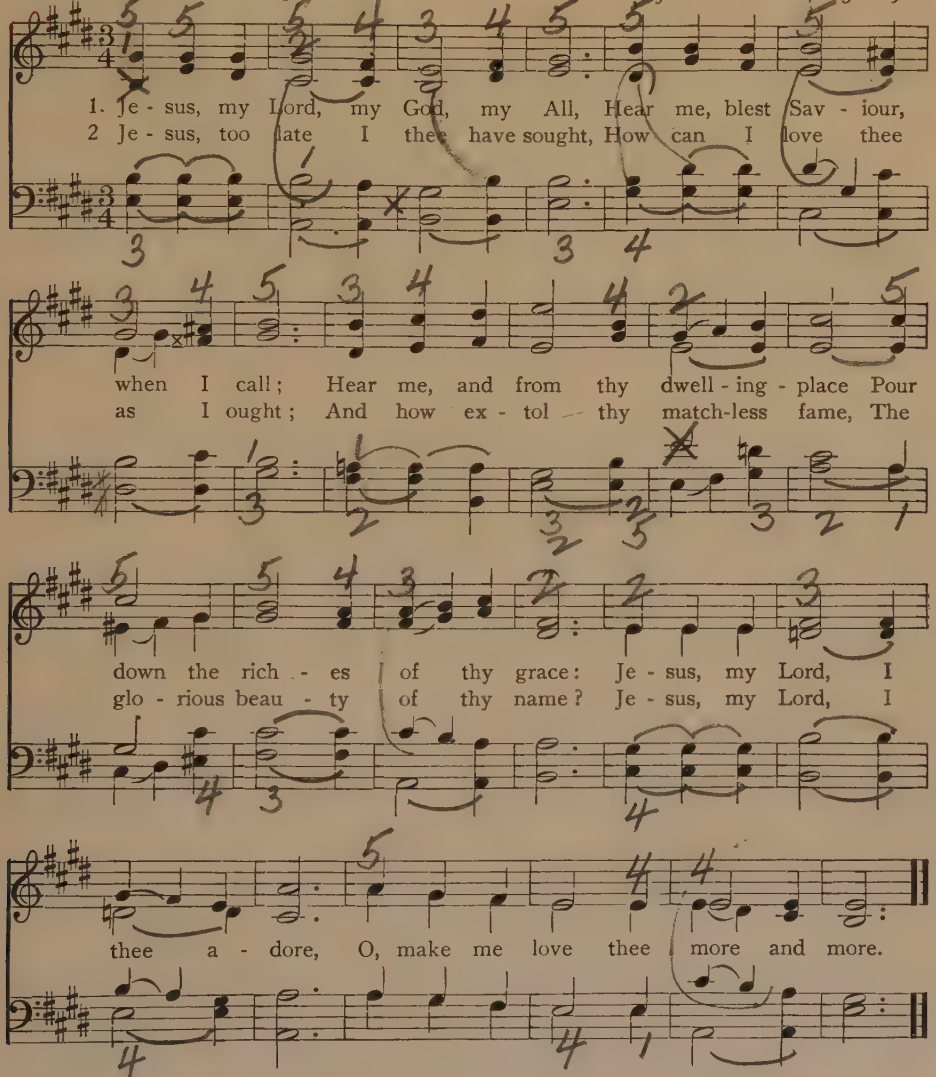
CHARLES WESLEY, 1708–1788 — JOHN ZUNDEL, 1815–1882

Andante con moto

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery trou - bled breast!
3. Fin - ish then thy new cre - a - tion, Pure, un-spot - ted may we be:
Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find thy prom - ised rest:
Let us see our whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by thee!
Je - sus, thou art all com - pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art;
Come, al - might-y to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re - ceive!
Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;
Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion. En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.
Speed-i - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er-more thy tem - ples leave.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All

No. 21

BENEDICTION

REV. HENRY COLLINS, 1852 — JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896

1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,
2 Je - sus, too late I thee have sought, How can I love thee
when I call; Hear me, and from thy dwell - ing - place Pour
as I ought; And how ex - tol thy match-less fame, The
down the rich - es of thy grace: Je - sus, my Lord, I
glo - rious beau - ty of thy name? Je - sus, my Lord, I
thee a - dore, O, make me love thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst thou find in me
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore,
O, make me love thee more and more.

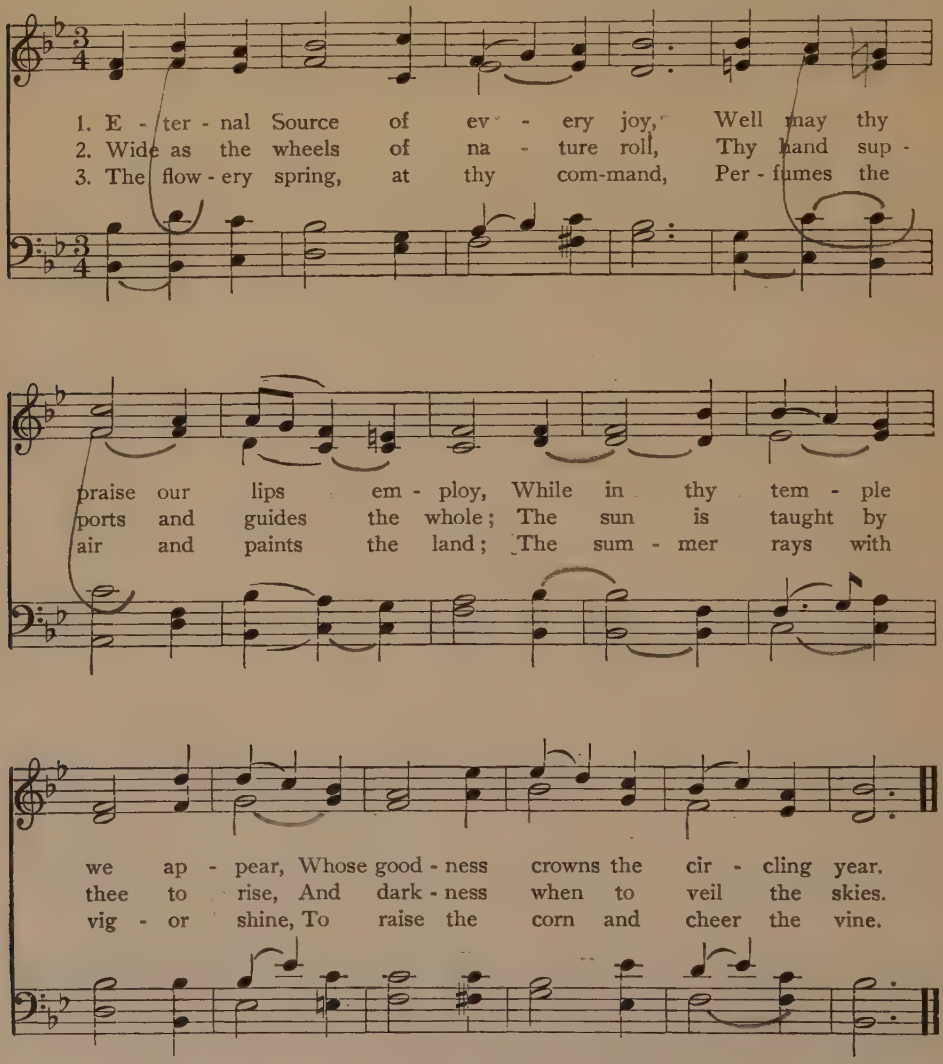
4 Jesus, of thee shall be my song,
To thee my heart and soul belong;
All that I have or am is thine,
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine;
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore,
O, make me love thee more and more.

Eternal Source of Every Joy

No. 22

GERMANY

REV. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1702–1751 — LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1770–1827


1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - ery joy, Well may thy
2. Wide as the wheels of na - ture roll, Thy hand sup -
3. The flow - ery spring, at thy com-mand, Per - fumes the
praise our lips em - ploy, While in thy tem - ple
ports and guides the whole; The sun is taught by
air and paints the land; The sum - mer rays with
we ap - pear, Whose good - ness crowns the cir - cling year.
thee to rise, And dark - ness when to veil the skies.
vig - or shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

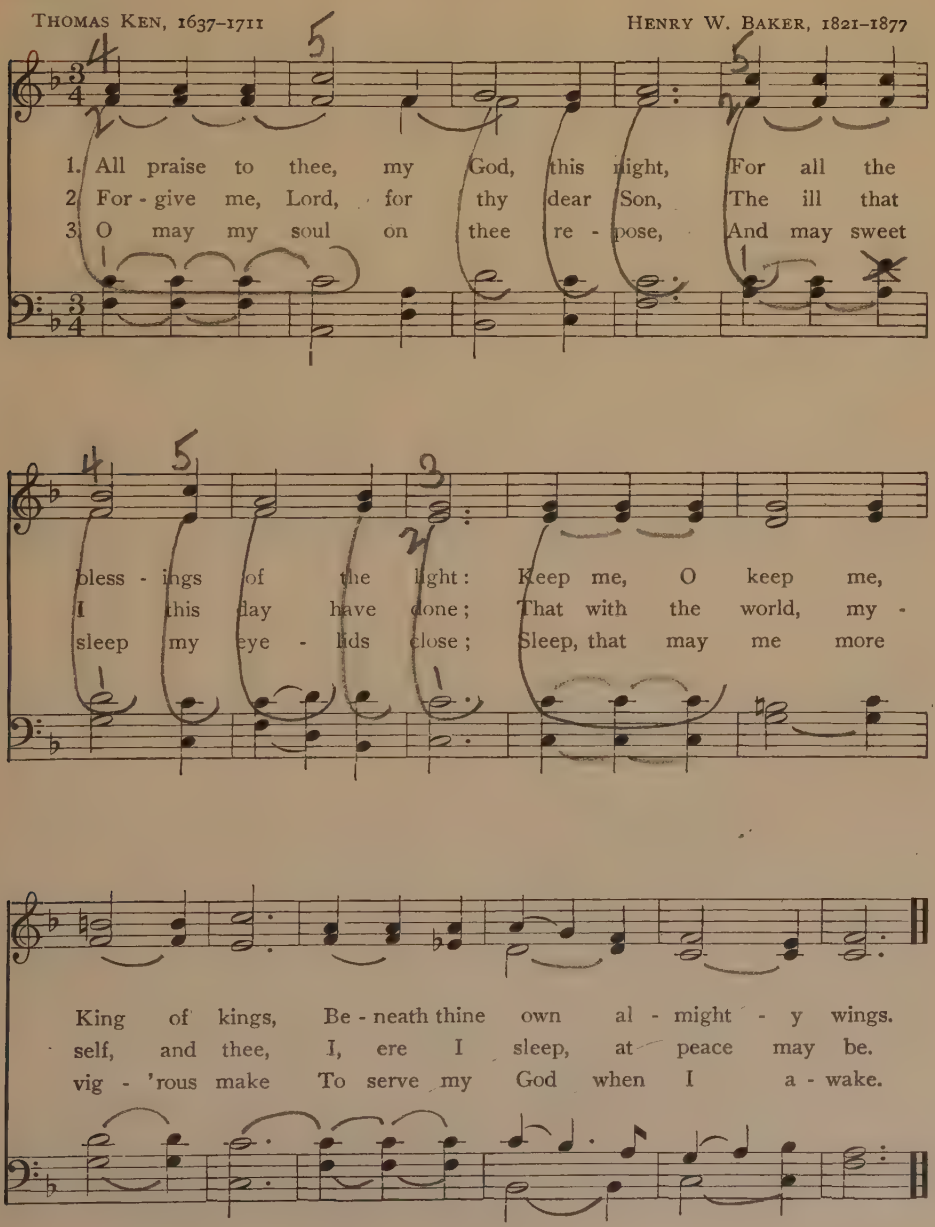
5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night

No. 23

HESPERUS

THOMAS KEN, 1637–1711 — HENRY W. BAKER, 1821–1877

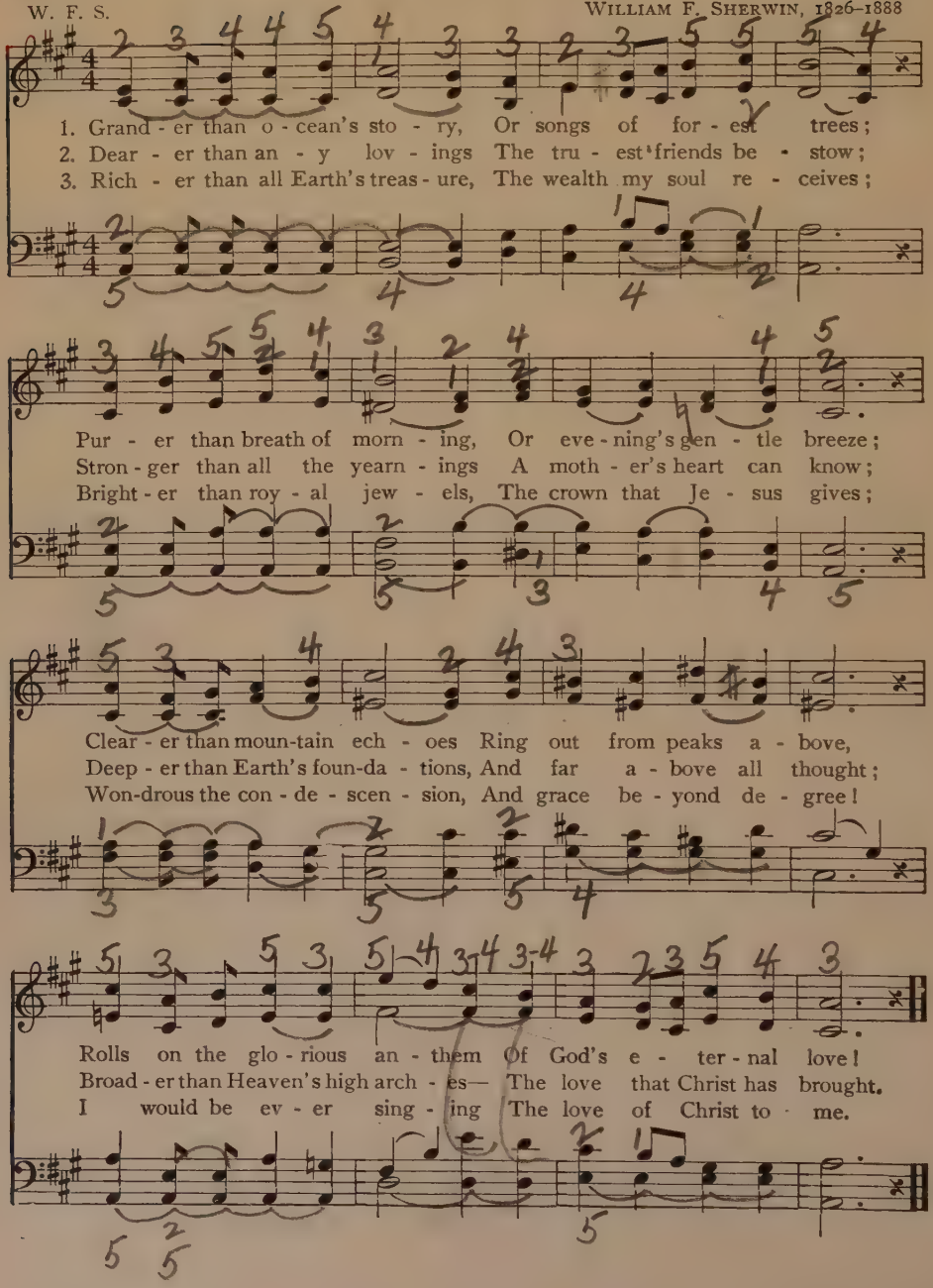

1. All praise to thee, my God, this night, For all the
2 For-give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that
3 O may my soul on thee re-pose, And may sweet
bless-ings of the light: Keep me, O keep me,
I this day have done; That with the world, my-
sleep my eye-lids close; Sleep, that may me more
King of kings, Be-neath thine own al-might-y wings.
self, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
vig-'rous make To serve my God when I a-wake.

Grander Than Ocean's Story

No. 24

GOD'S LOVE

W. F. S. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN, 1826–1888

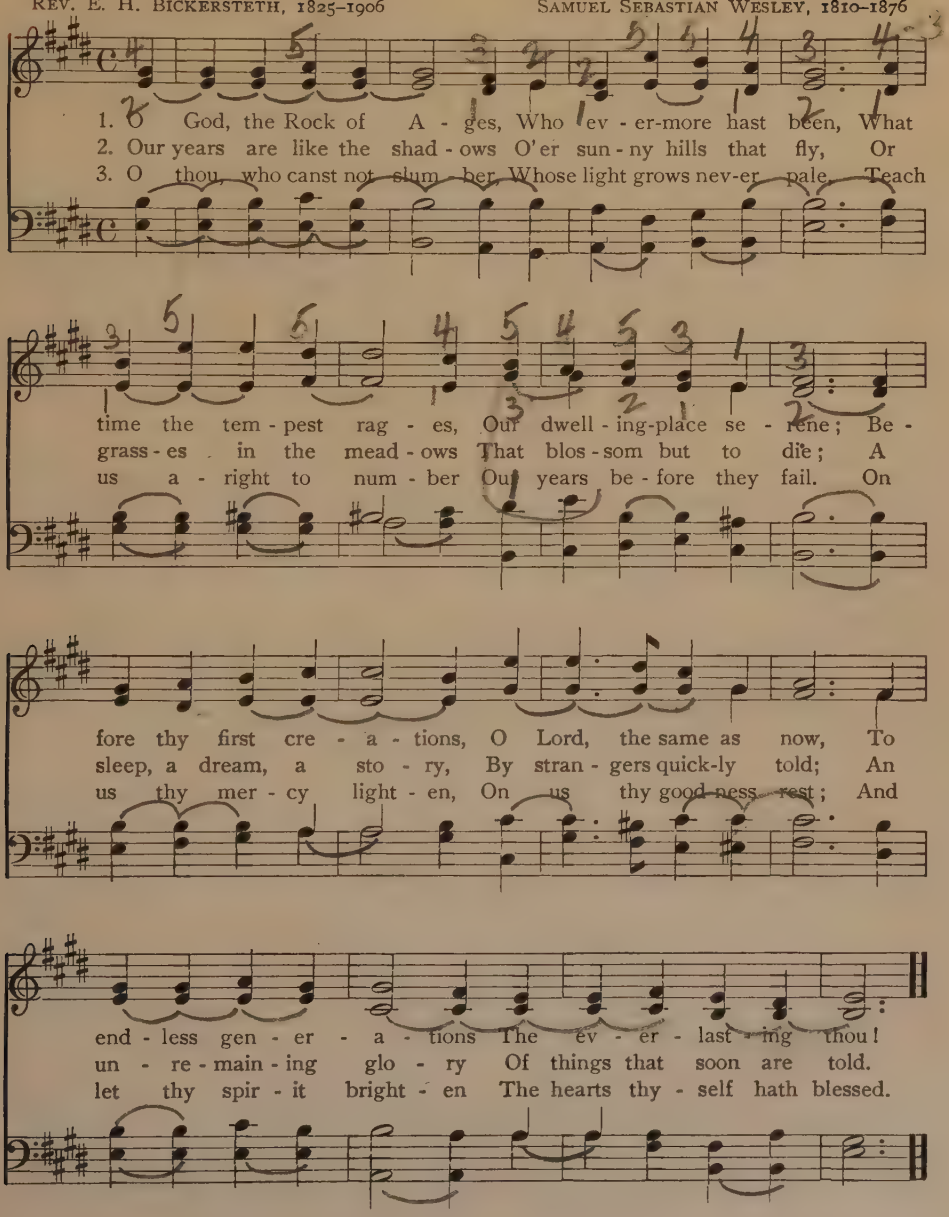

1. Grand - er than o - cean's sto - ry, Or songs of for - est trees;
2. Dear - er than an - y lov - ings The tru - est friends be - stow;
3. Rich - er than all Earth's treas - ure, The wealth my soul re - ceives;
Pur - er than breath of morn - ing, Or eve - ning's gen - tle breeze;
Stron - ger than all the yearn - ings A moth - er's heart can know;
Bright - er than roy - al jew - els, The crown that Je - sus gives;
Clear - er than moun-tain ech - oes Ring out from peaks a - bove,
Deep - er than Earth's foun-da - tions, And far a - bove all thought;
Won-drous the con - de - scen - sion, And grace be - yond de - gree!
Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love!
Broad - er than Heaven's high arch - es— The love that Christ has brought.
I would be ev - er sing - ing The love of Christ to me.

O God, the Rock of Ages

No. 25

AURELIA

REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1825–1906 — SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1810–1876


1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er-more hast been, What
2. Our years are like the shad - ows O'er sun - ny hills that fly, Or
3. O thou, who canst not slum - ber, Whose light grows nev-er pale, Teach
time the tem - pest rag - es, Our dwell - ing-place se - rene; Be -
grass - es in the mead - ows That blos - som but to die; A
us a - right to num - ber Our years be - fore they fail. On
fore thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now, To
sleep, a dream, a sto - ry, By stran - gers quick-ly told; An
us thy mer - cy light - en, On us thy good-ness rest; And
end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing thou!
un - re - main - ing glo - ry Of things that soon are told.
let thy spir - it bright - en The hearts thy - self hath blessed.

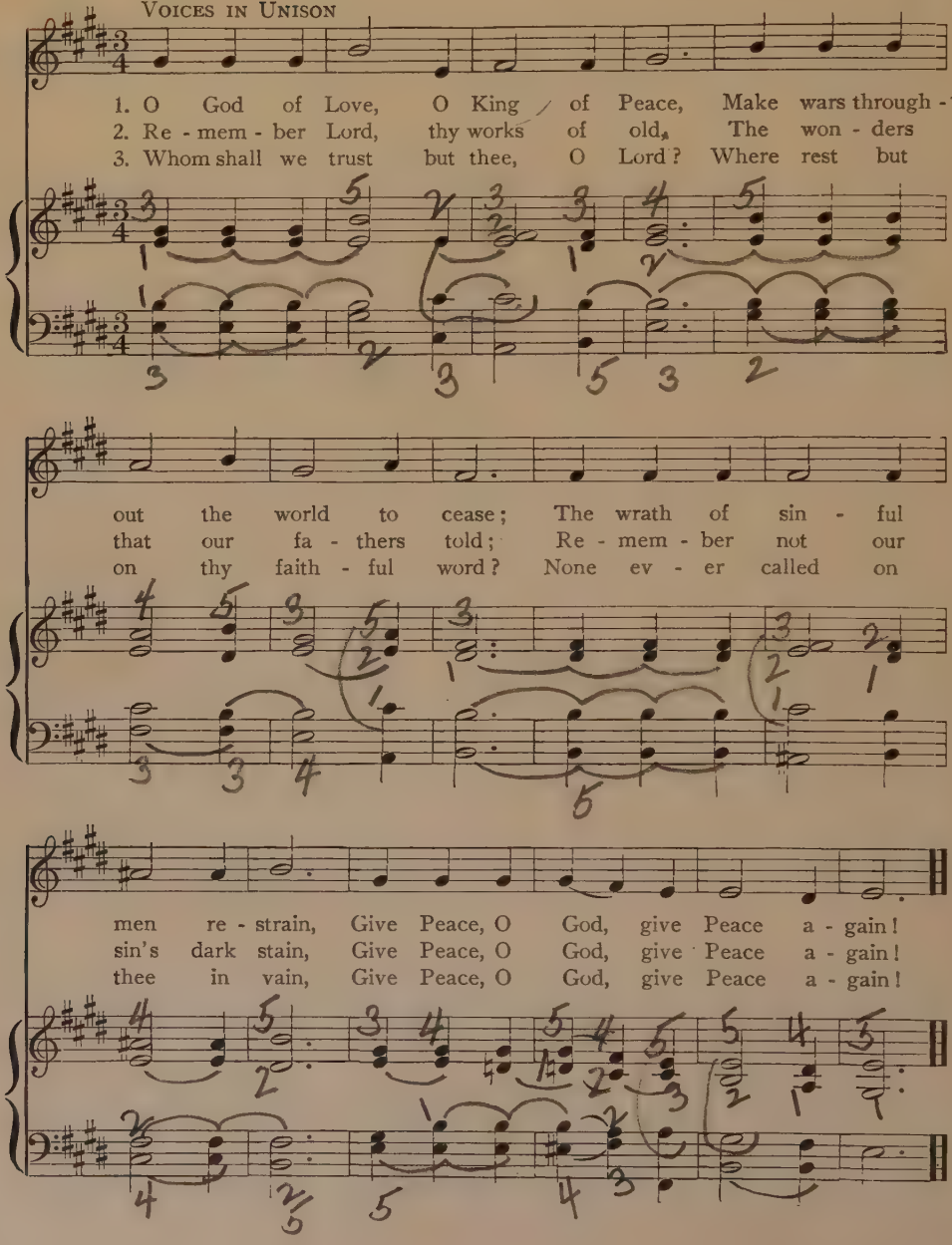
O God of Love, O King of Peace

No. 26

A SONG OF PEACE

HENRY W. BAKER

HENRY W. BAKER, 1821–1877

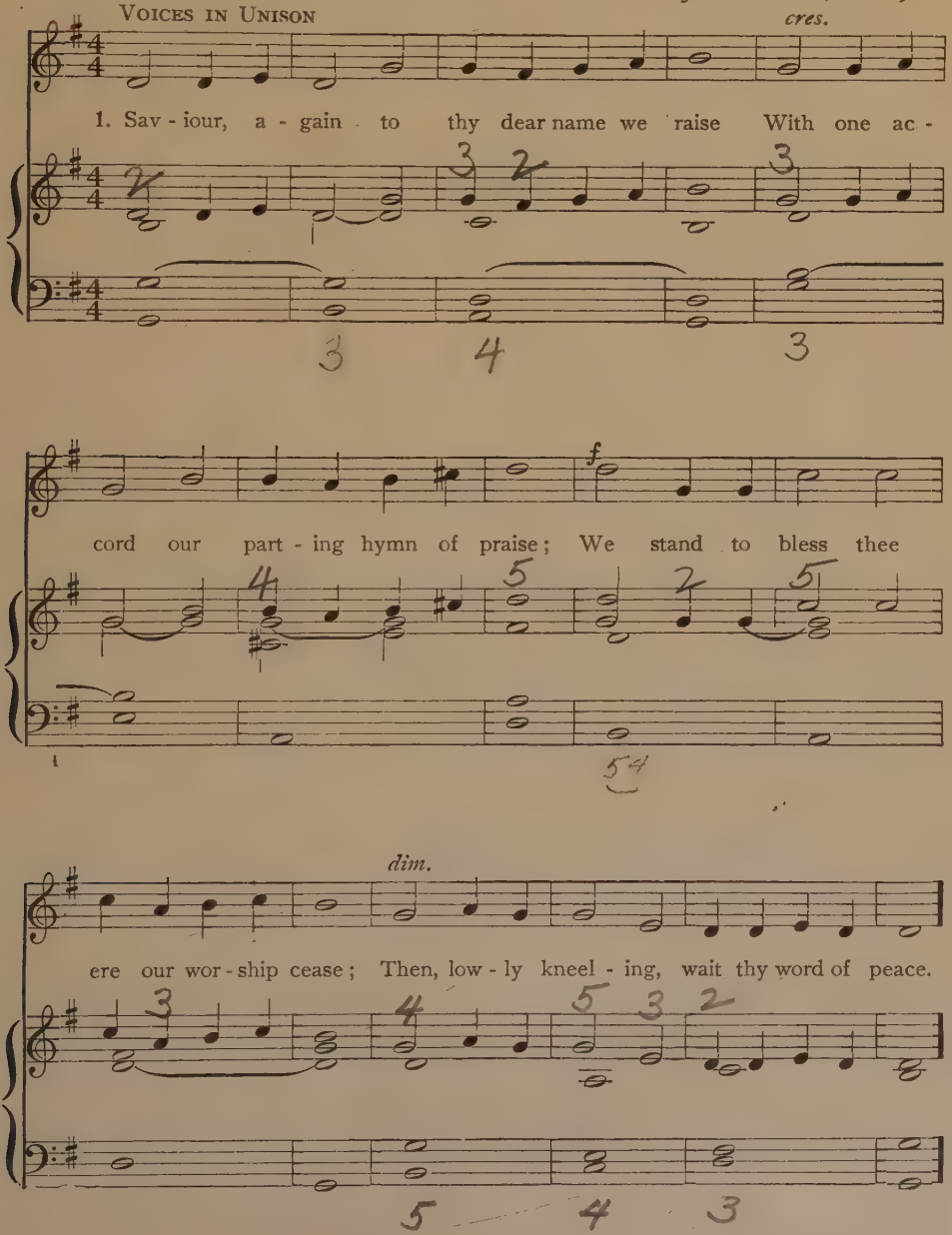
VOICES IN UNISON

1. O God of Love, O King of Peace, Make wars through -
2. Re - mem - ber Lord, thy works of old, The won - ders
3. Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord? Where rest but
out the world to cease; The wrath of sin - ful
that our fa - thers told; Re - mem - ber not our
on thy faith - ful word? None ev - er called on
men re - strain, Give Peace, O God, give Peace a - gain!
sin's dark stain, Give Peace, O God, give Peace a - gain!
thee in vain, Give Peace, O God, give Peace a - gain!

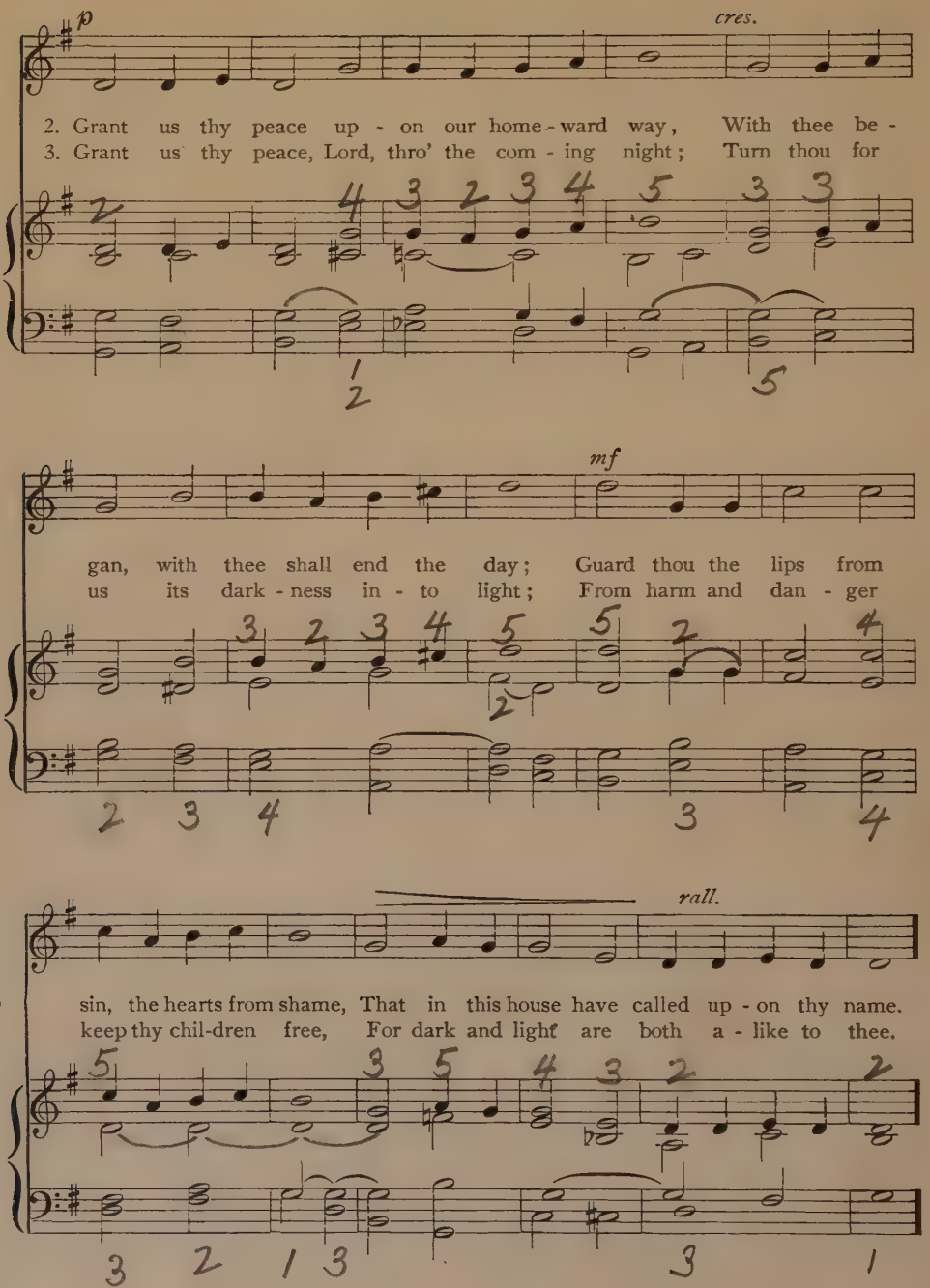
Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name

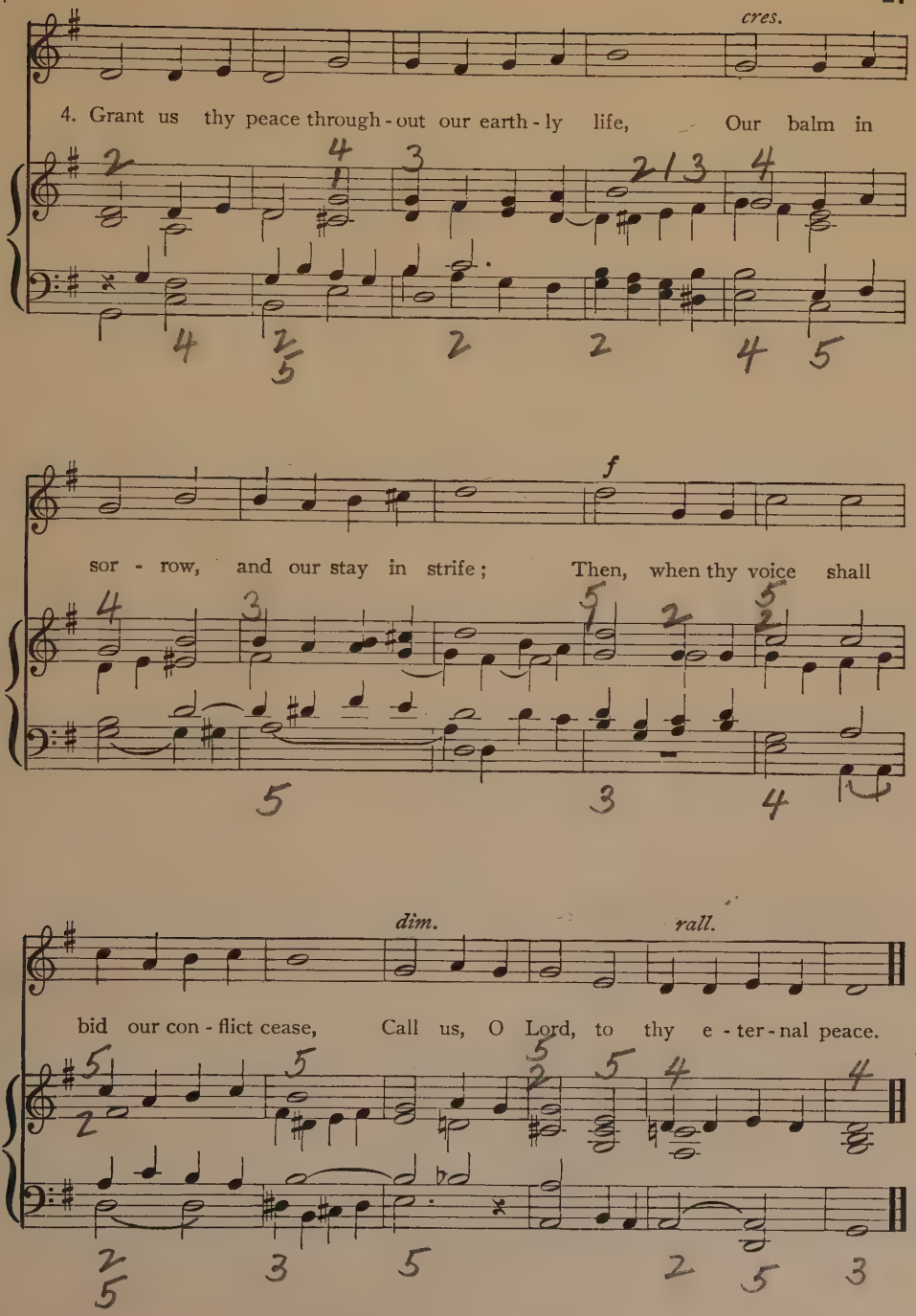
No. 27 ELLERTON (Benediction)

John Ellerton, 1826–1893 — Edward John Hopkins, 1818–1901

Voices in Unison


cres.
1. Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac -
f
cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee
dim.
ere our wor - ship cease; Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait thy word of peace.


p
cres.
2. Grant us thy peace up - on our home - ward way, With thee be -
3. Grant us thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn thou for
mf
gan, with thee shall end the day; Guard thou the lips from
us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
rall.
sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on thy name.
keep thy chil-dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to thee.


cres.
4. Grant us thy peace through-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in
f
sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when thy voice shall
dim.
rall.
bid our con-flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to thy e-ter-nal peace.

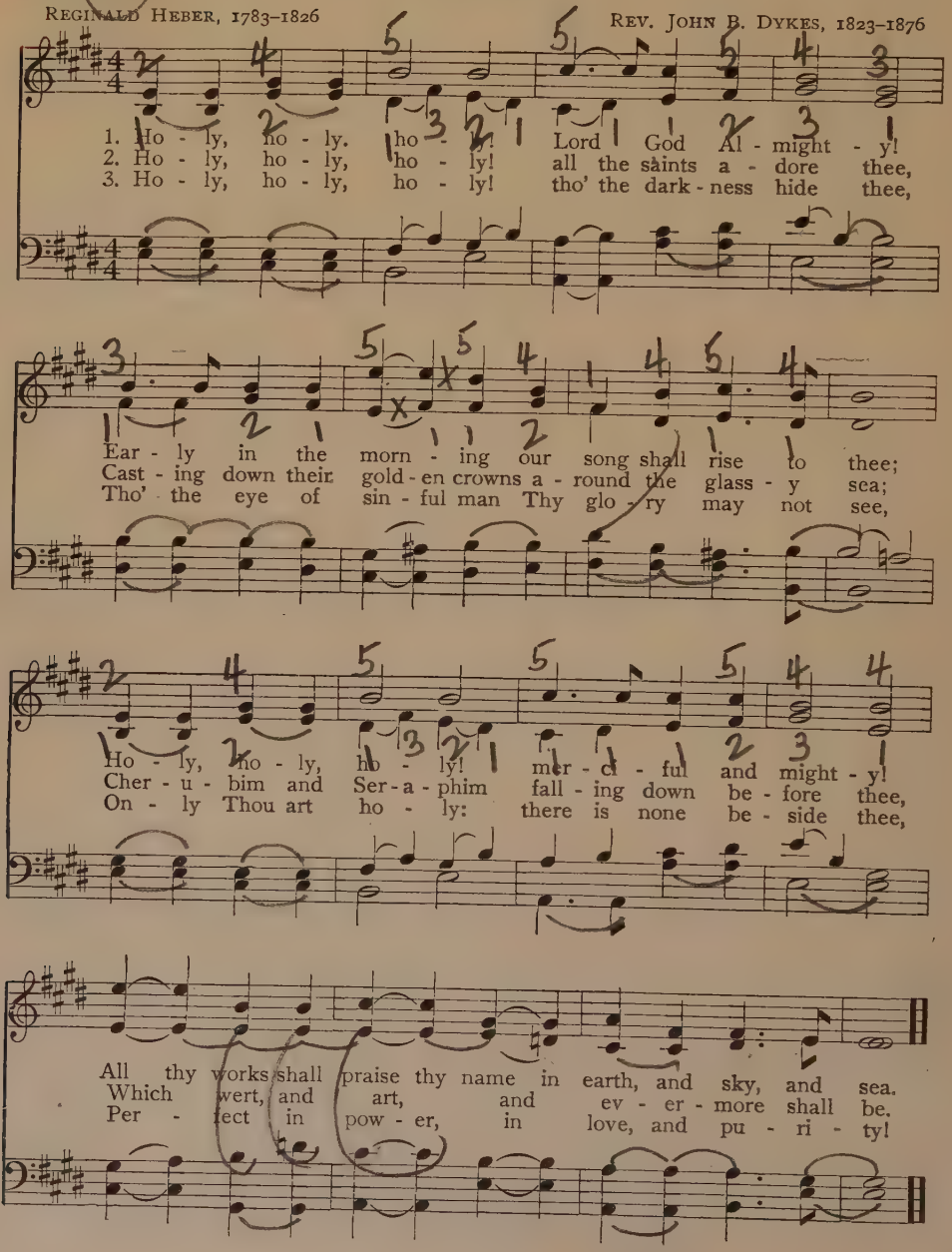
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty

No. 28

NICŒA

REGINALD HEBER, 1783–1826

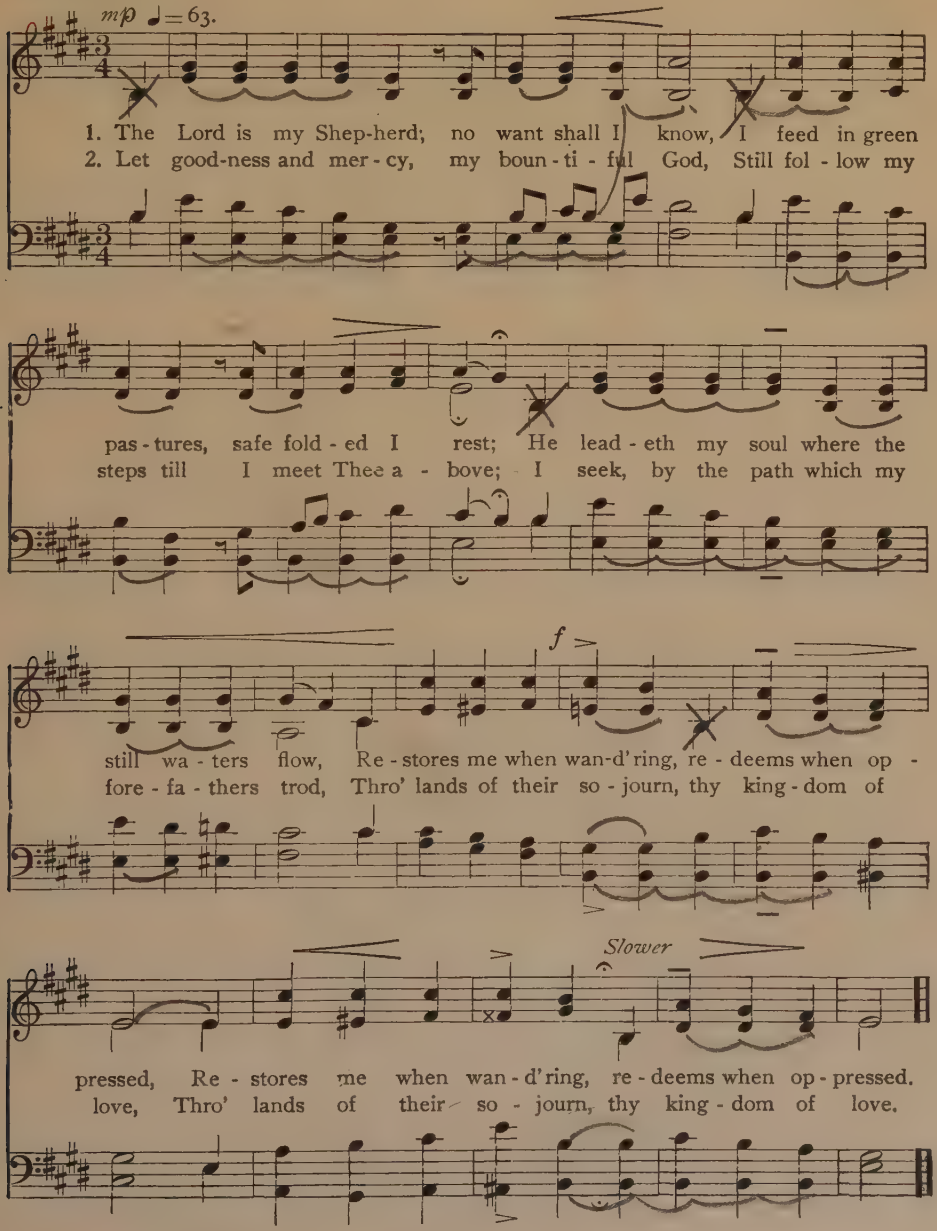
REV. JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide thee,
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee;
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,
On - ly Thou art ho - ly: there is none be - side thee,
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea.
Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shall be.
Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty!

The Lord is My Shepherd

No. 29

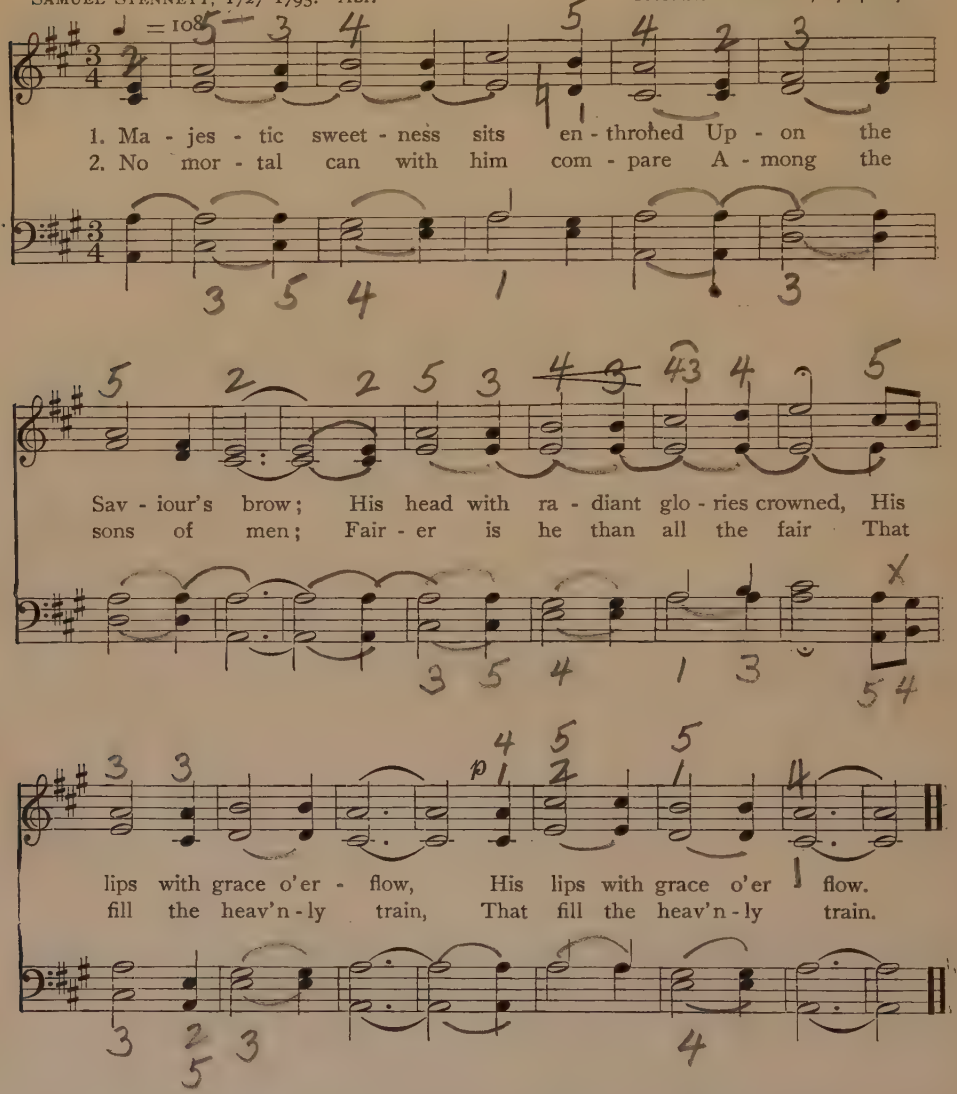
JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854 THOMAS KOSCHAT, 1862. Arr.


mp ♩= 63.
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd; no want shall I know, I feed in green
2. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my
pas-tures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek, by the path which my
f
still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-
fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' lands of their so-journ, thy king-dom of
Slower
pressed, Re-stores me when wan-d'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
love, Thro' lands of their so-journ, thy king-dom of love.

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

No. 30 ORTONVILLE

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1727–1795. Abr. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784–1872


♩ = 108
1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the
2. No mor - tal can with him com - pare A - mong the
Sav - iour's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His
sons of men; Fair - er is he than all the fair That
lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er flow.
fill the heav'n - ly train, That fill the heav'n - ly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful Cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

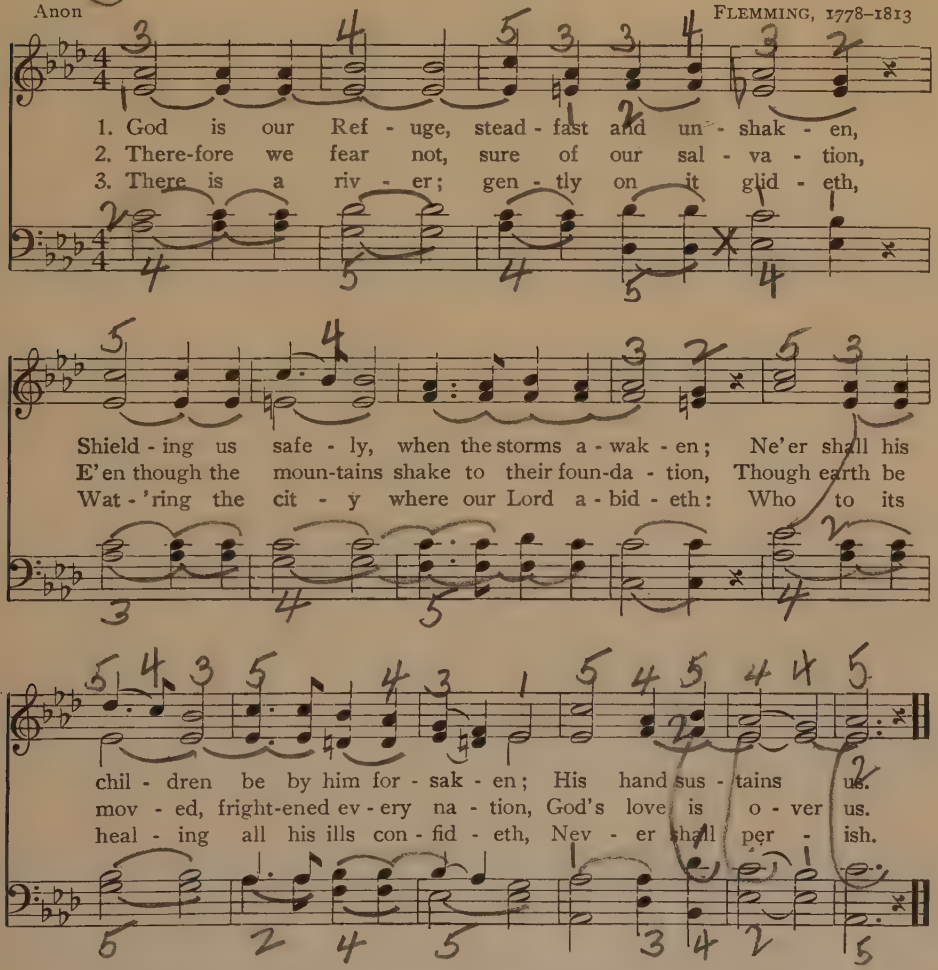
God is Our Refuge, Steadfast and Unshaken

No. 31

INTEGER VITÆ

Anon

FLEMMING, 1778–1813


1. God is our Ref - uge, stead - fast and un - shak - en,
2. There-fore we fear not, sure of our sal - va - tion,
3. There is a riv - er; gen - tly on it glid - eth,
Shield - ing us safe - ly, when the storms a - wak - en; Ne'er shall his
E'en though the moun-tains shake to their foun-da - tion, Though earth be
Wat - 'ring the cit - y where our Lord a - bid - eth: Who to its
chil - dren be by him for - sak - en; His hand sus - tains us.
mov - ed, fright-ened ev - ery na - tion, God's love is o - ver us.
heal - ing all his ills con - fid - eth, Nev - er shall per - ish.

1 Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget, Mauris jaculis, nec arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.

2 Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem,
Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit iner mem.

4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Lib. I, Oda XXII. Q. HORATII FLACCI.

Nearer, My God, to Thee

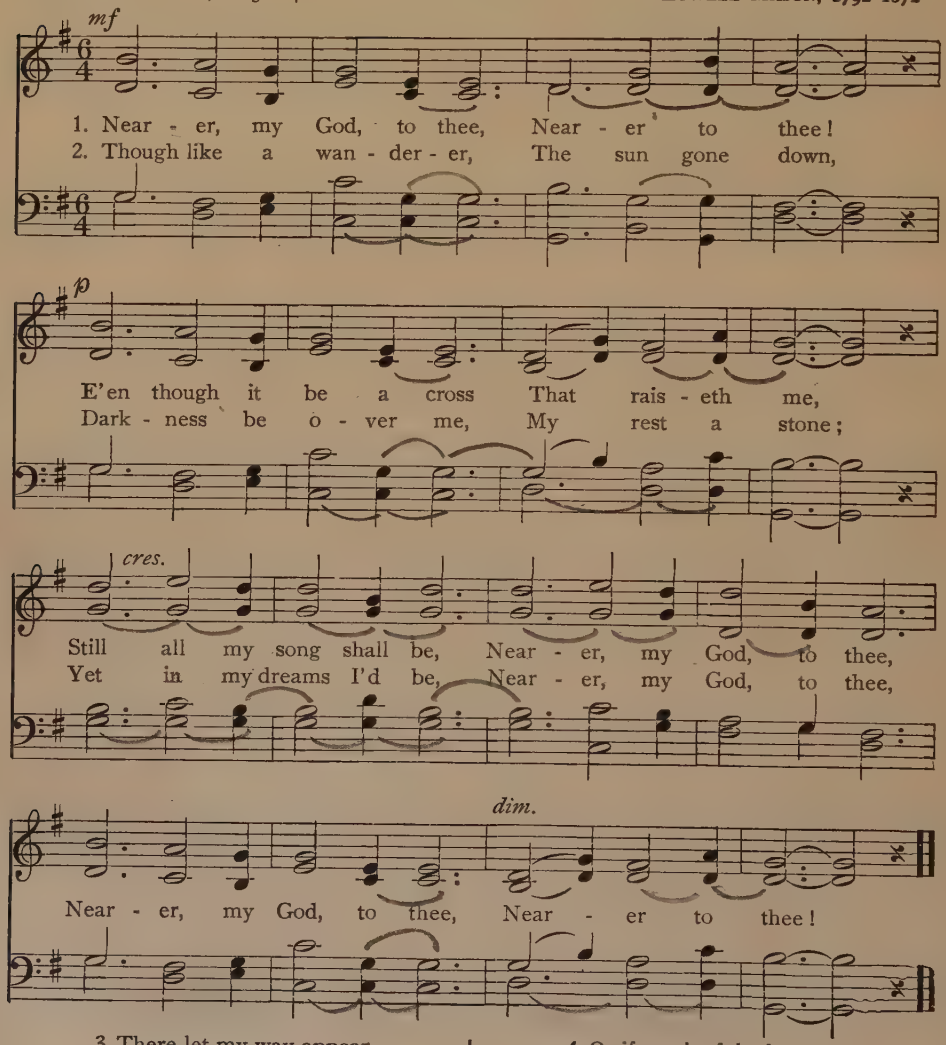
First Tune

No. 32

BETHANY

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1805–1848

LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872


mf
1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
p
E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me,
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
cres.
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
dim.
Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, to thee!

Omit

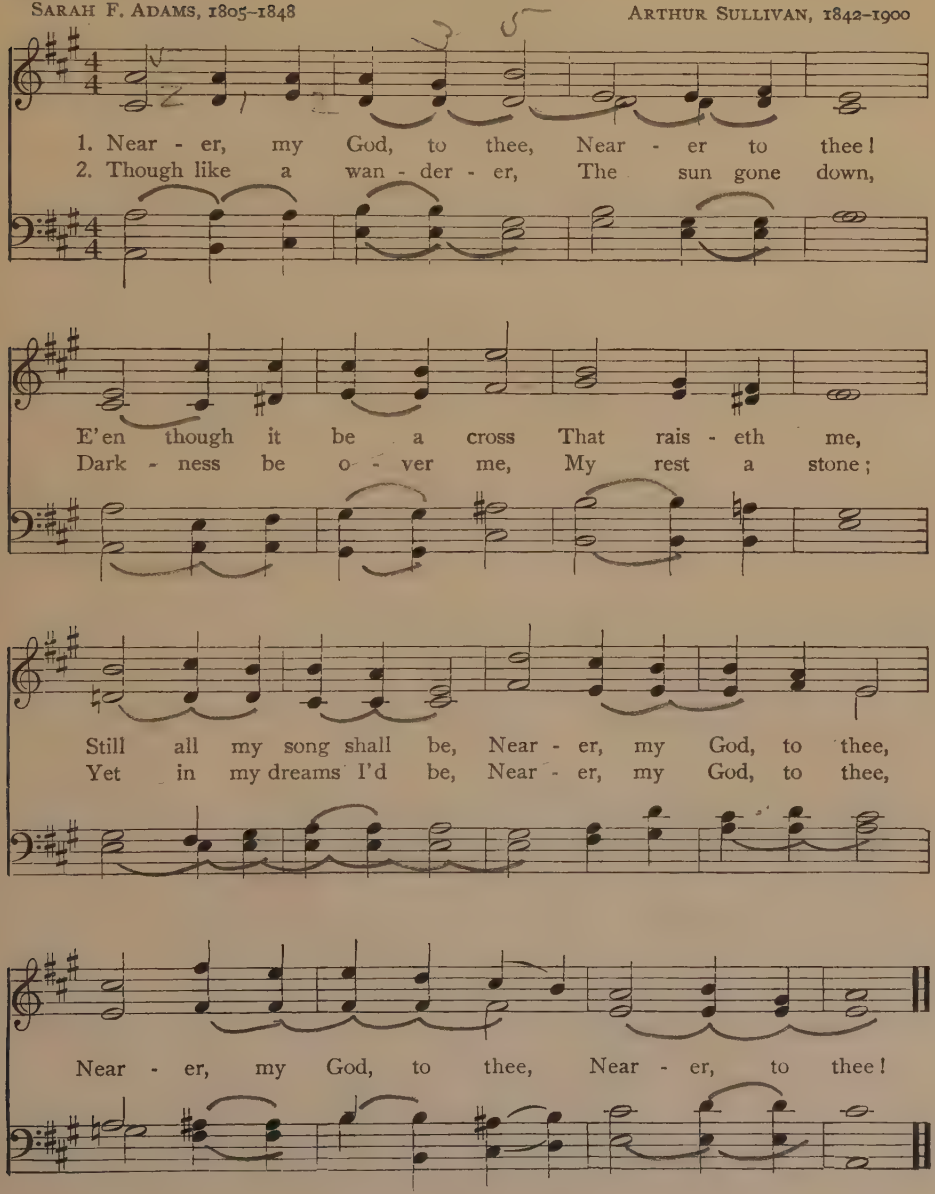
Nearer, My God, to Thee

Second Tune

No. 33

FATHERLAND

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1805–1848 — ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900

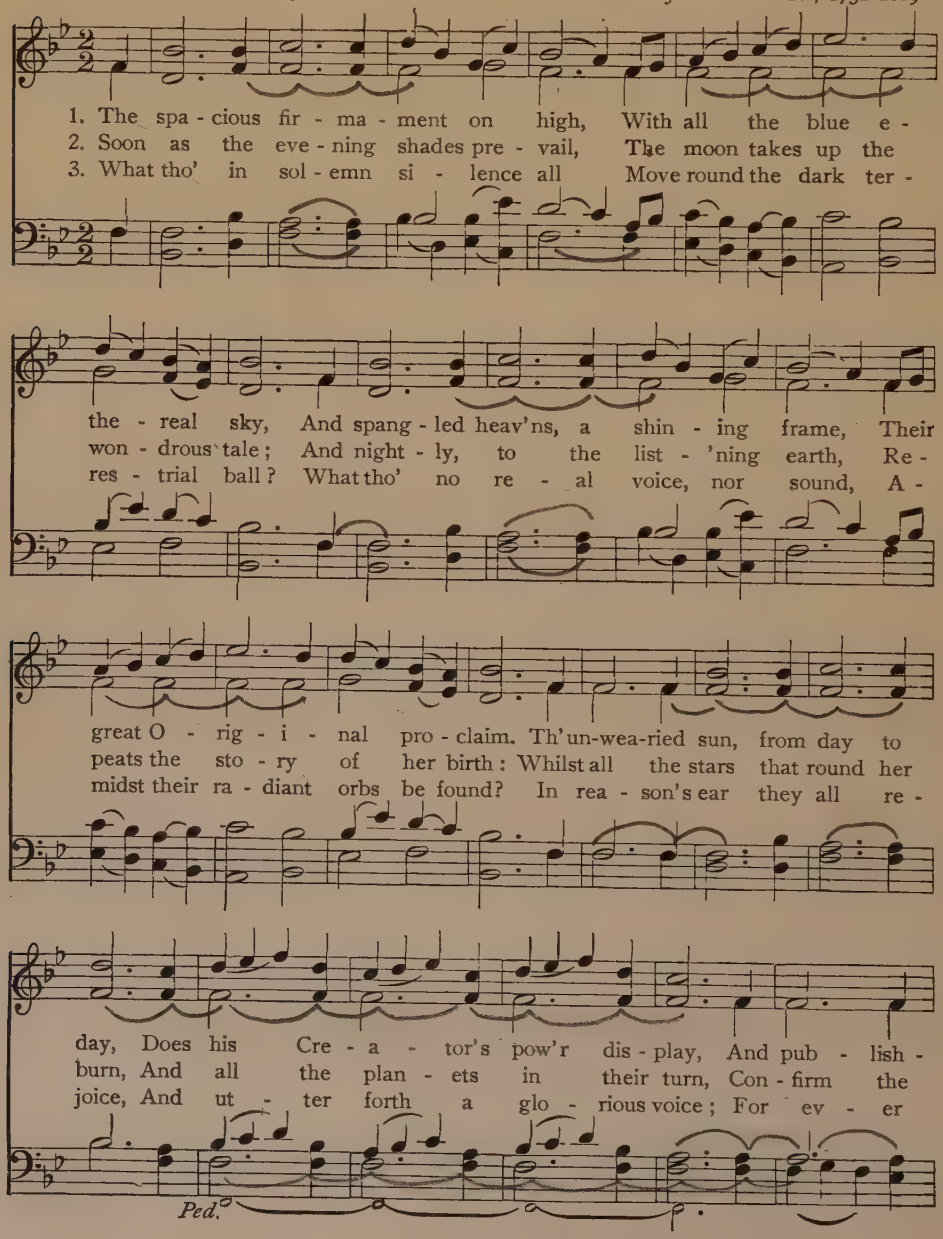

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!
2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me,
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, to thee!

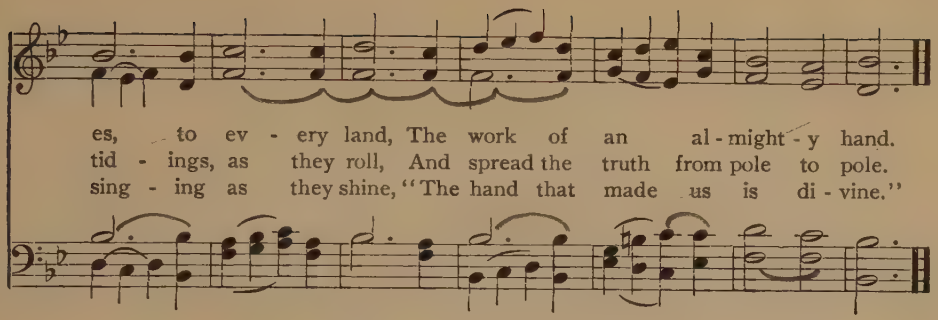
The Spacious Firmament on High

No. 34

CREATION

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672–1719 — FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732–1809


1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e -
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the
3. What tho' in sol - emn si - lence all Move round the dark ter -
the - real sky, And spang - led heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their
won - drous tale; And night - ly, to the list - 'ning earth, Re -
res - trial ball? What tho' no re - al voice, nor sound, A -
great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim. Th'un-wea-ried sun, from day to
peats the sto - ry of her birth: Whilst all the stars that round her
midst their ra - diant orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re -
day, Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play, And pub - lish -
burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con - firm the
joice, And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; For ev - er
Ped.

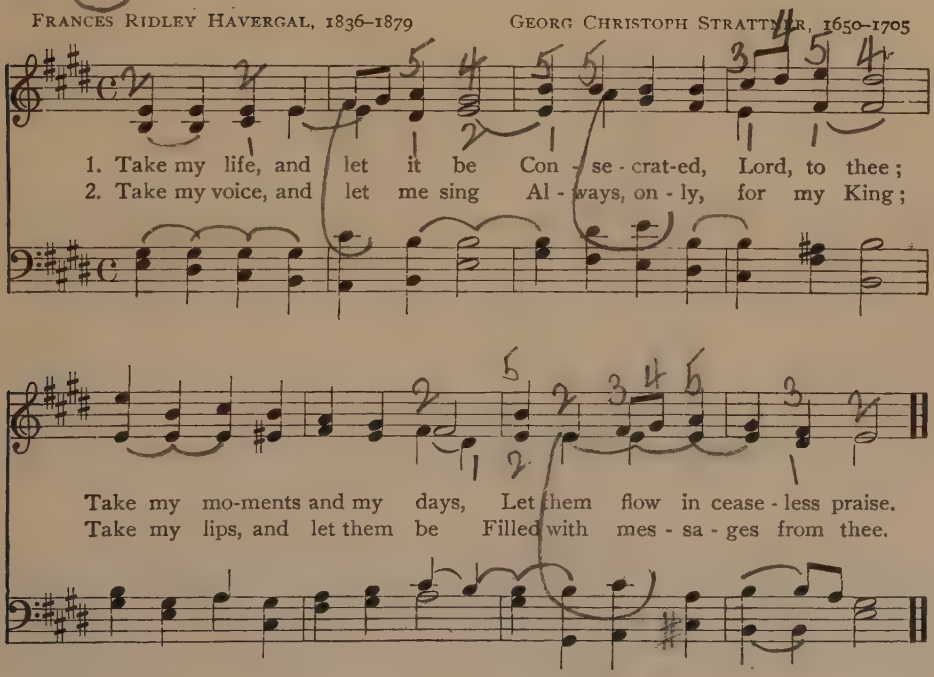

es, to ev - ery land, The work of an al - might - y hand.
tid - ings, as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
sing - ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

Take My Life, and Let it Be

No. 35

POSEN

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1836–1879 — GEORG CHRISTOPH STRATTNER, 1650–1705


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat-ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose

4 Take my will, and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own,
It shall be thy royal throne.

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

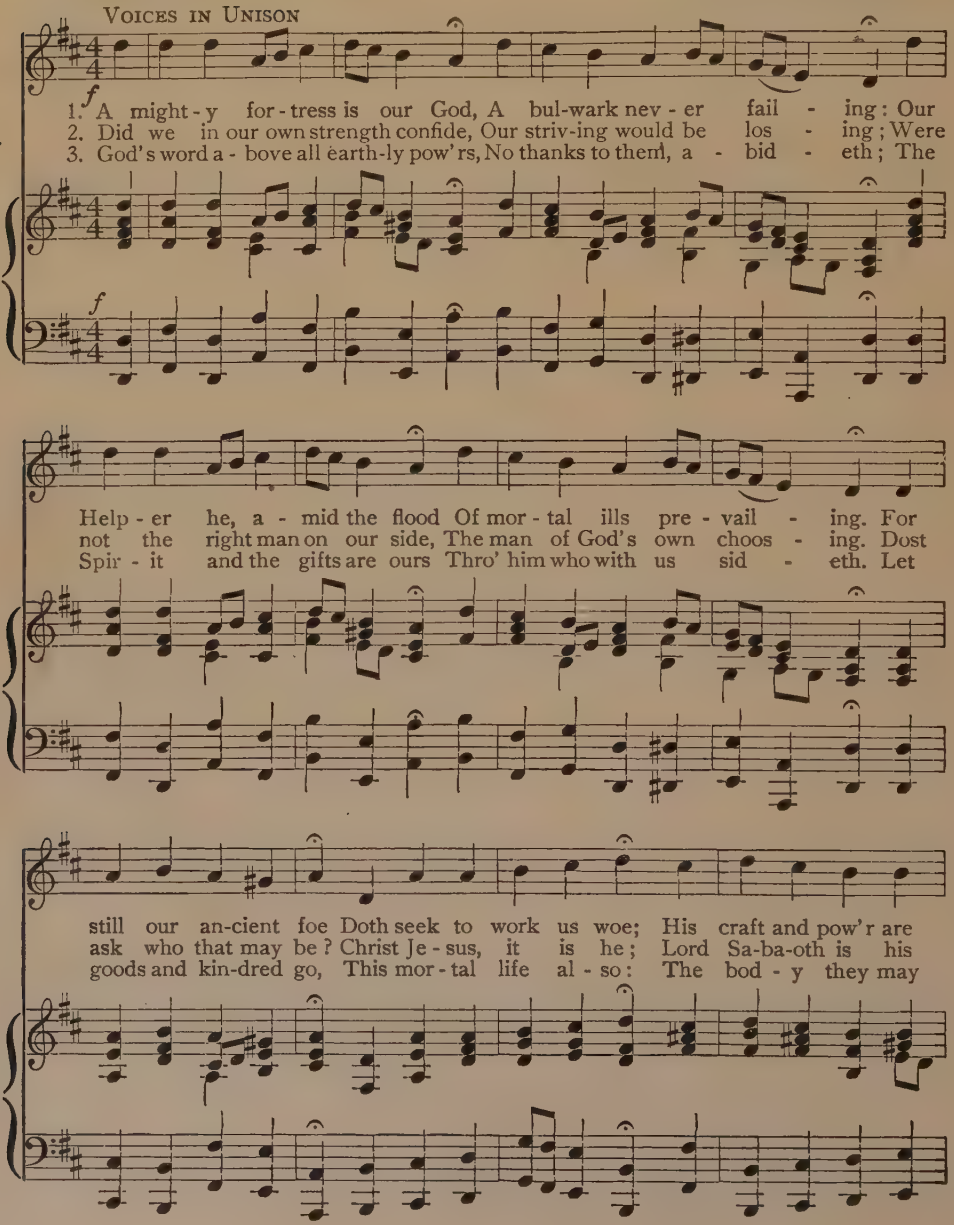
No. 36

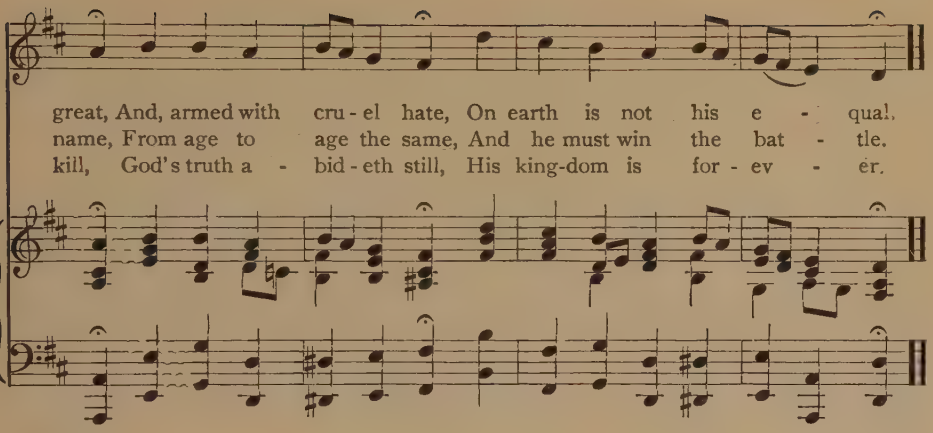
EIN FESTE BURG

MARTIN LUTHER

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546

VOICES IN UNISON

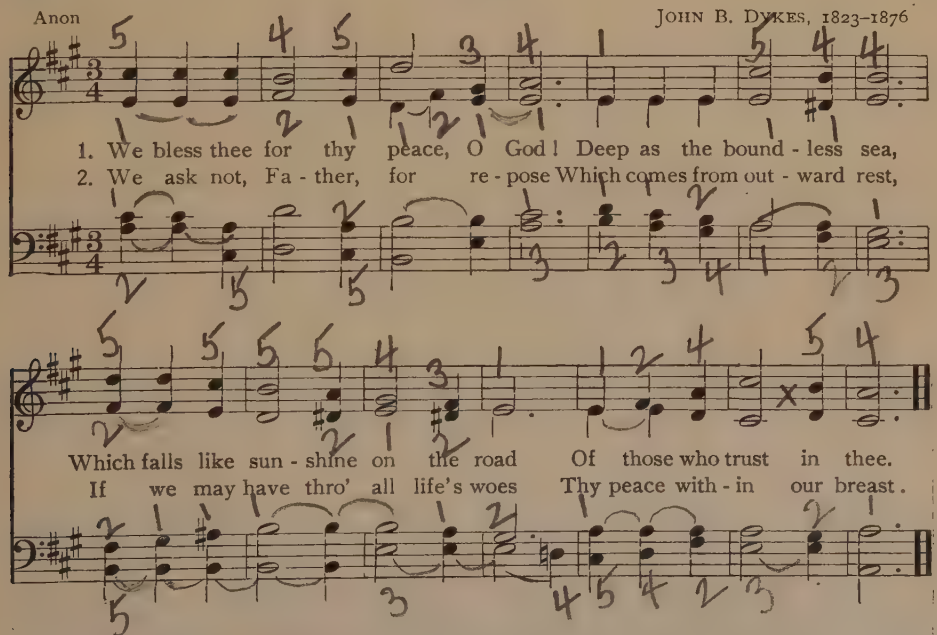

f
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing: Our
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing; Were
3. God's word a - bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth; The
Help - er he, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For
not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing. Dost
Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' him who with us sid - eth. Let
still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is he; Lord Sa-ba-oth is his
goods and kin-dred go, This mor - tal life al - so: The bod - y they may


great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
name, From age to age the same, And he must win the bat - tle.
kill, God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king-dom is for - ev - er.

We Bless Thee for Thy Peace, O God

No. 37 ST. AGNES

Anon JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876

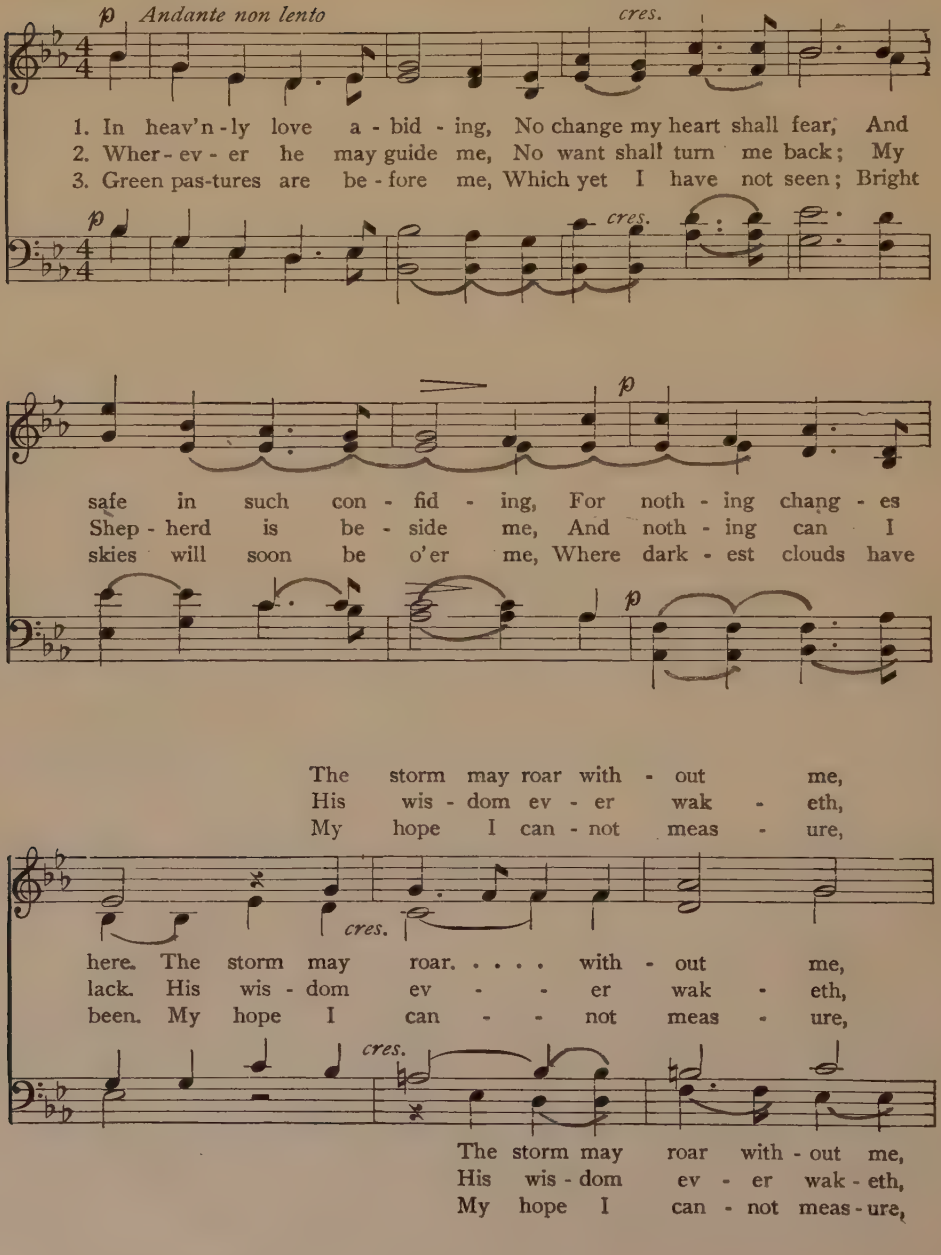
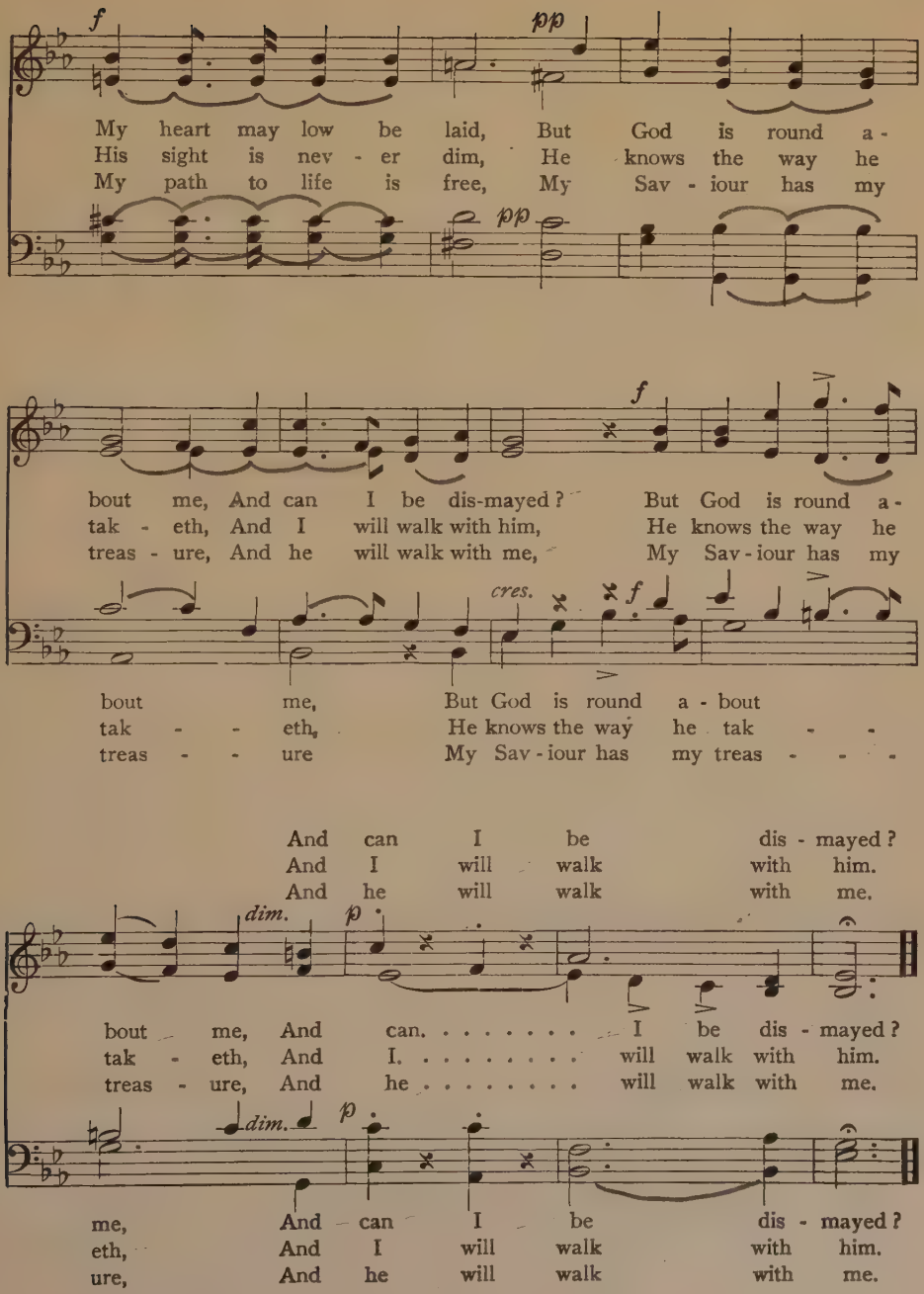

1. We bless thee for thy peace, O God! Deep as the bound - less sea,
2. We ask not, Fa - ther, for re - pose Which comes from out - ward rest,
Which falls like sun - shine on the road Of those who trust in thee.
If we may have thro' all life's woes Thy peace with - in our breast.

3 That peace which flows serene and deep—
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep:
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

4 Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

In Heavenly Love Abiding

No. 38

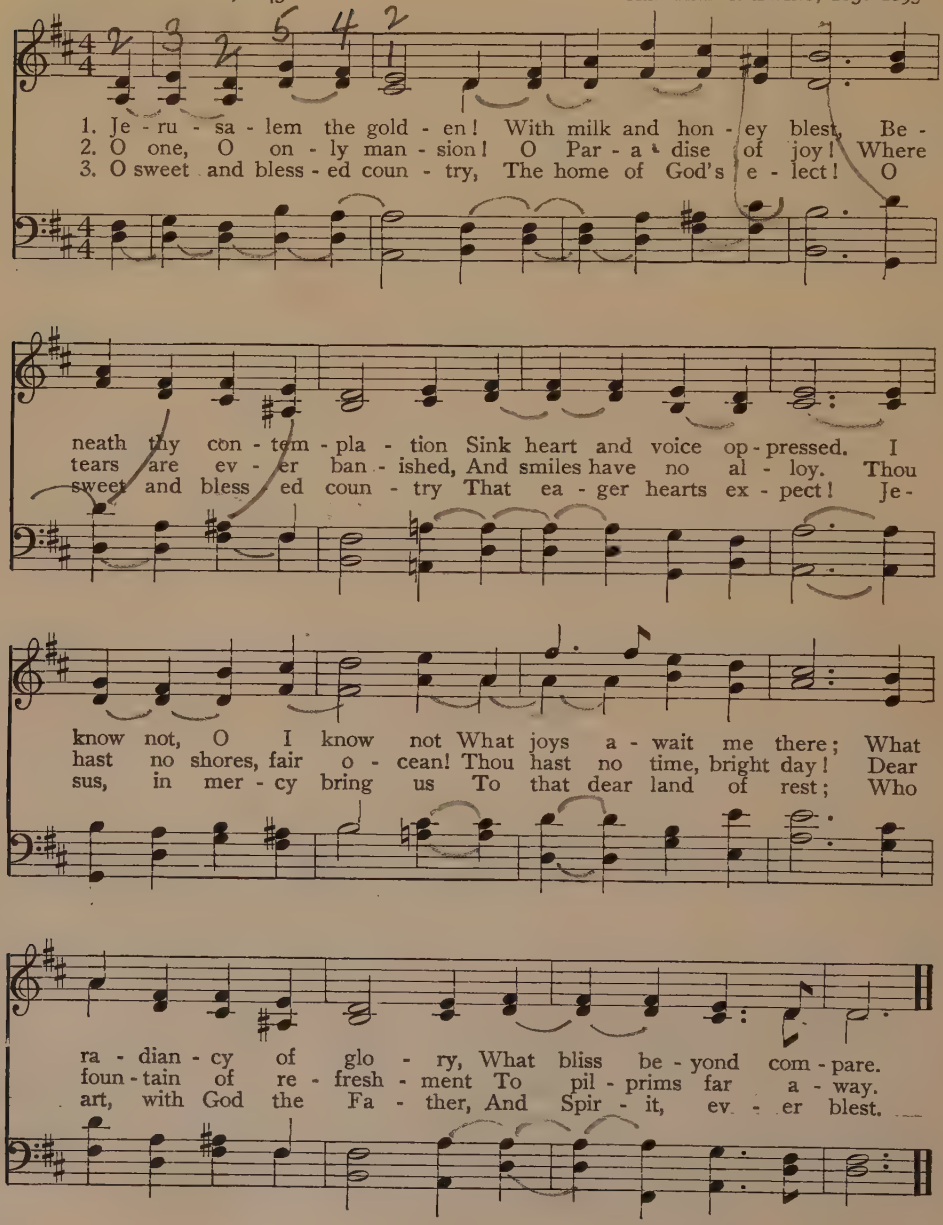
ANNA L. WARING, 1820 — FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809–1847

p
Andante non lento
cres.
1. In heav'n-ly love a-bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear; And
2. Wher-ev-er he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My
3. Green pas-tures are be-fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright
p
cres.
safe in such con-fid-ing, For noth-ing chang-es
Shep-herd is be-side me, And noth-ing can I
skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark-est clouds have
p
p
The storm may roar with-out me,
His wis-dom ev-er wak-eth,
My hope I can-not meas-ure,
cres.
here. The storm may roar. . . . with-out me,
lack. His wis-dom ev-er wak-eth,
been. My hope I can-not meas-ure,
cres.
The storm may roar with-out me,
His wis-dom ev-er wak-eth,
My hope I can-not meas-ure,

f
pp
My heart may low be laid, But God is round a-
His sight is nev - er dim, He knows the way he
My path to life is free, My Sav - iour has my
pp
f
bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? But God is round a-
tak - eth, And I will walk with him, He knows the way he
treas - ure, And he will walk with me, My Sav-iour has my
cres.
f
bout me, But God is round a - bout
tak - - eth, He knows the way he tak - -
treas - - ure My Sav-iour has my treas - - -
And can I be dis - mayed?
And I will walk with him.
And he will walk with me.
dim.
p
bout me, And can. . . . . I be dis - mayed?
tak - eth, And I. . . . . will walk with him.
treas - ure, And he . . . . . will walk with me.
dim.
p
me, And can I be dis - mayed?
eth, And I will walk with him.
ure, And he will walk with me.

Jerusalem the Golden

No. 39

EWING

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145 — ALEXANDER EWING, 1830–1895

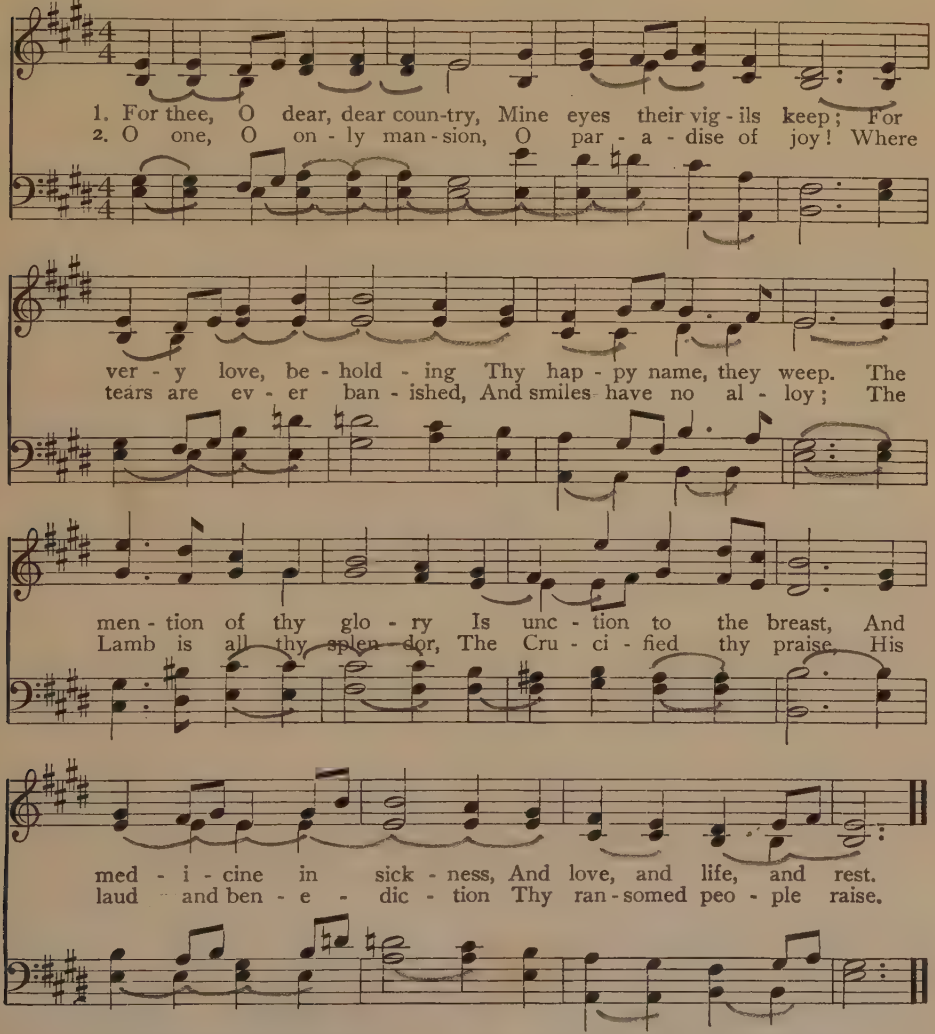

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -
2. O one, O on - ly man - sion! O Par - a - dise of joy! Where
3. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! O
neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed. I
tears are ev - er ban - ished, And smiles have no al - loy. Thou
sweet and bless - ed coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je -
know not, O I know not What joys a - wait me there; What
hast no shores, fair o - cean! Thou hast no time, bright day! Dear
sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest; Who
ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
foun - tain of re - fresh - ment To pil - prims far a - way.
art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

No. 40 For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country

ST. HILDA

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145

Arr. by W. H. WALTER, from J. H. KNECHT, 1799, and E. HUSBAND, 1871


1. For thee, O dear, dear coun-try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep; For
2. O one, O on - ly man - sion, O par - a - dise of joy! Where
ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep. The
tears are ev - er ban - ished, And smiles have no al - loy; The
men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast, And
Lamb is all thy splen - dor, The Cru - ci - fied thy praise. His
med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.
laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ran - somed peo - ple raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emerald blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints built up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

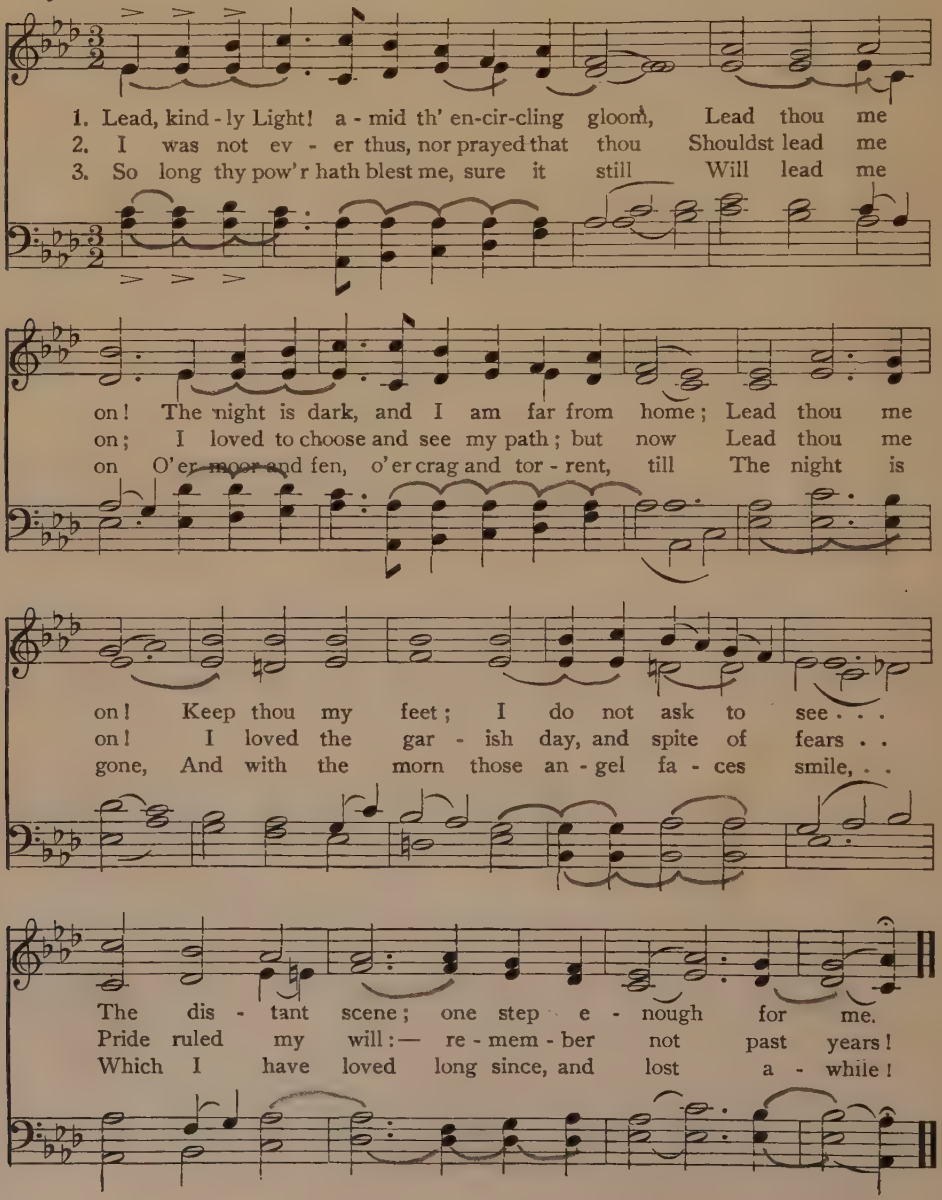
4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away:
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

Lead, Kindly Light

No. 41

LUX BENIGNA

First Tune

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801–1890 — JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876

1. Lead, kind - ly Light! a - mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me
on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is
on! Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
on! I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of fears . .
gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . .
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will:— re - mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

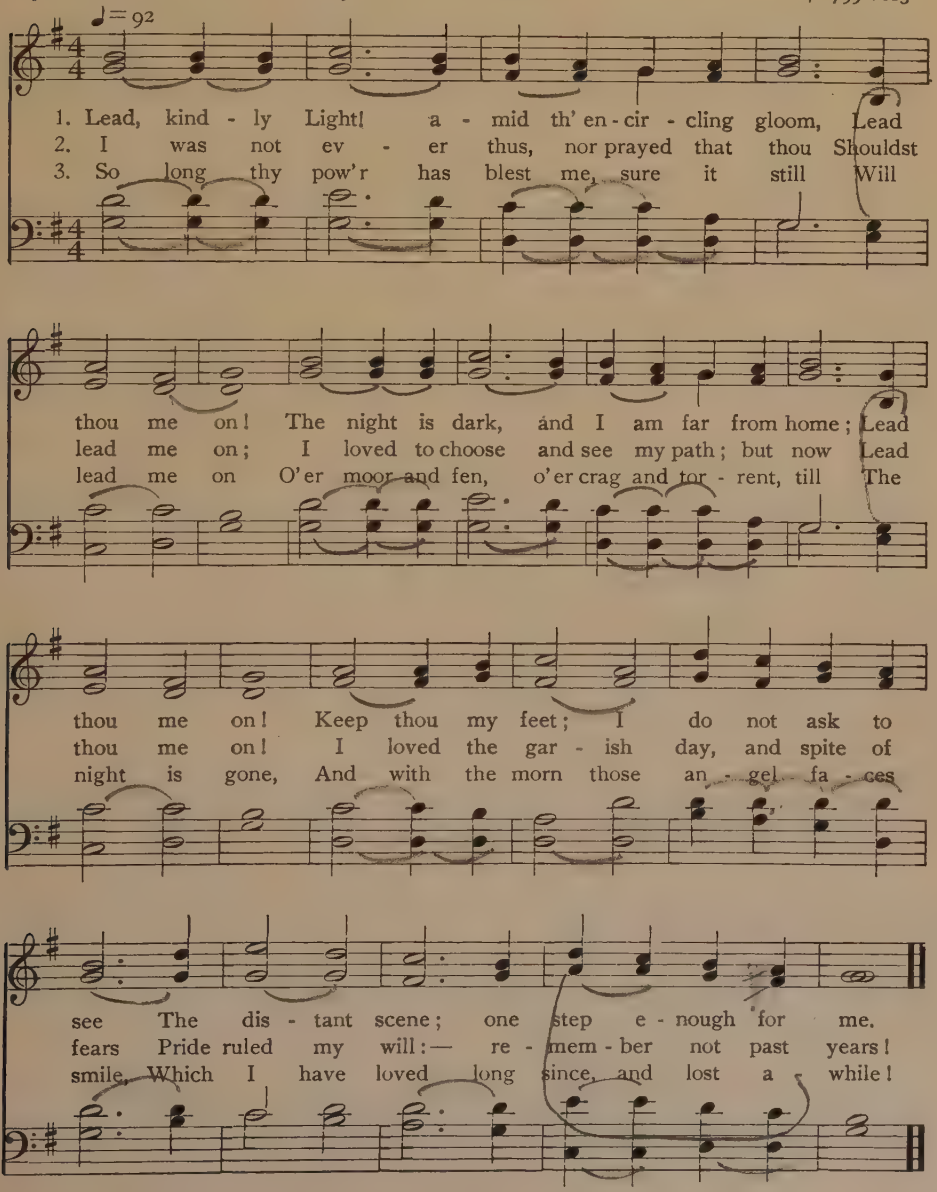
Lead, Kindly Light

No. 42

SANDON

Second Tune

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801–1890 — C. H. PURDAY, 1799–1885

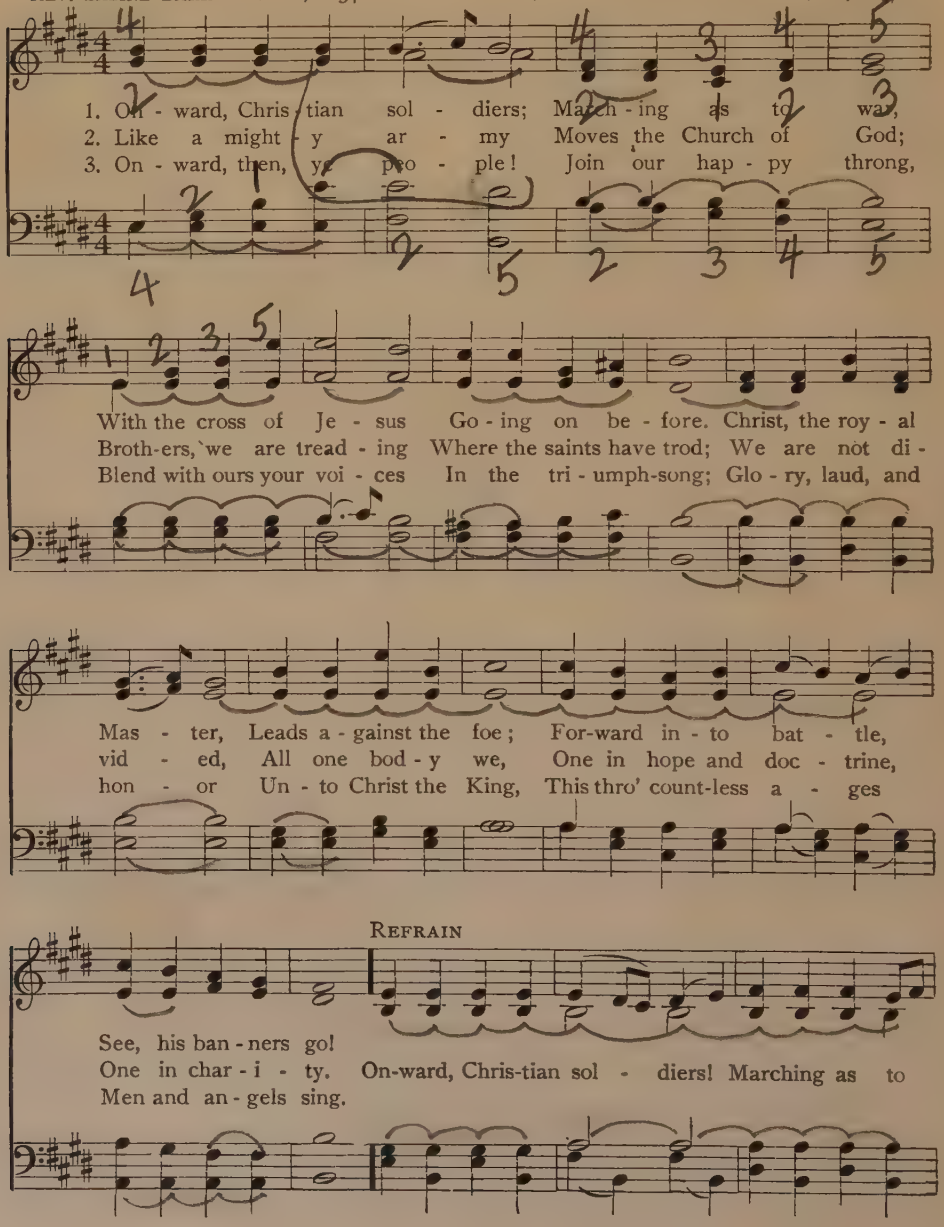

♩ = 92
1. Lead, kind - ly Light! a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom, Lead
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will
thou me on! The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead
lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead
lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The
thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to
thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of
night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces
see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
fears Pride ruled my will:— re - mem - ber not past years!
smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

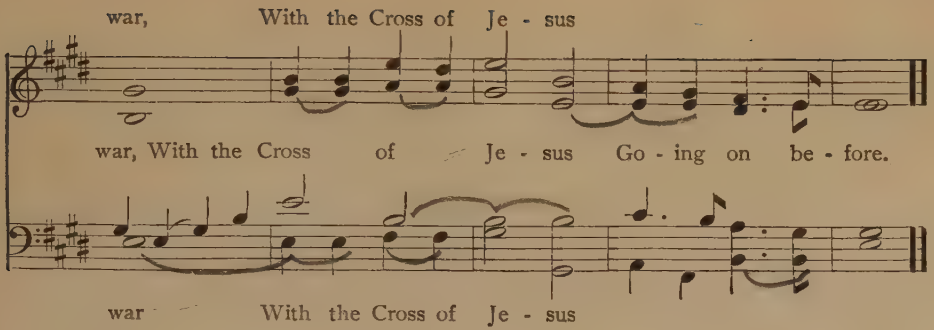
Onward, Christian Soldiers

No. 43

ST. GERTRUDE

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1834 — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1842–1900

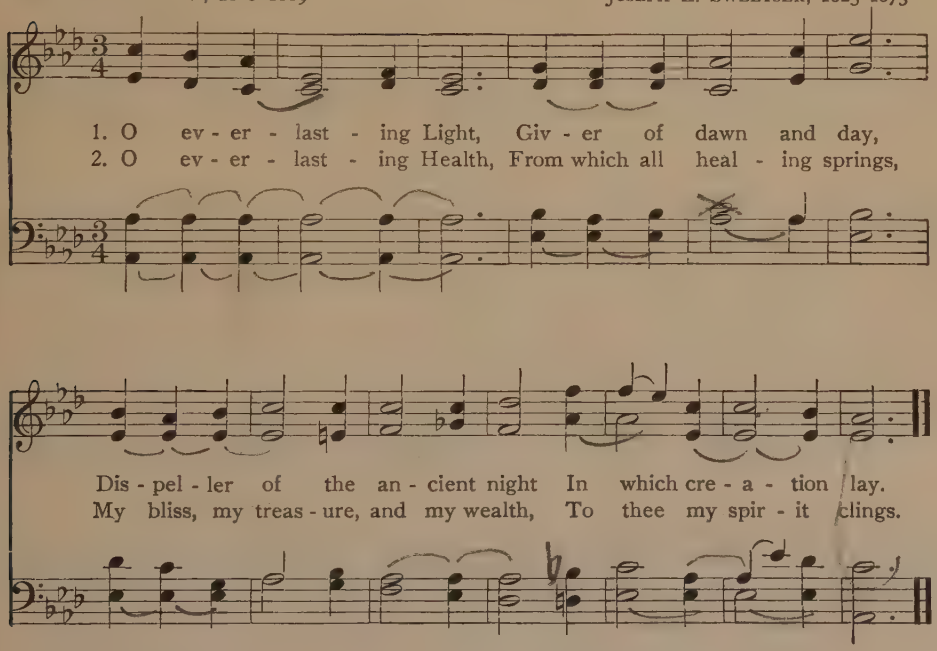

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers; March - ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God;
Broth-ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di -
3. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng,
Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and
Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle,
vid - ed, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine,
hon - or Un - to Christ the King, This thro' count-less a - ges
REFRAIN
See, his ban - ners go!
One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! Marching as to
Men and an - gels sing.



O Everlasting Light

No. 44 GREENWOOD

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–1889 JOSEPH E. SWEETSER, 1825–1873


1. O ev - er - last - ing Light, Giv - er of dawn and day,
2. O ev - er - last - ing Health, From which all heal - ing springs,
Dis - pel - ler of the an - cient night In which cre - a - tion lay.
My bliss, my treas - ure, and my wealth, To thee my spir - it clings.

3 O everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way,
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy, and light, and day.

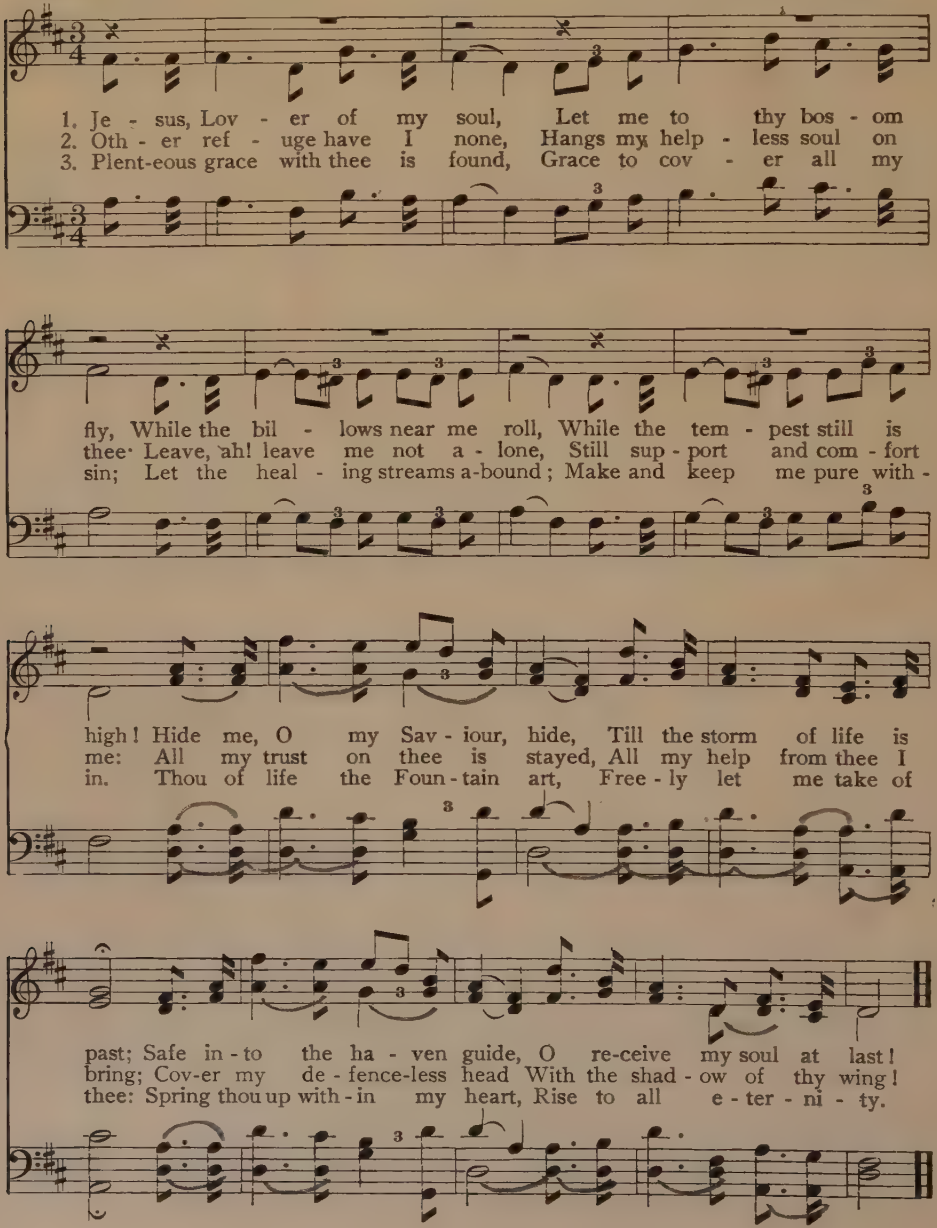
4 O everlasting Love,
Well-spring of grace and peace,
Pour down thy fullness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

No. 45

REFUGE

CHARLES WESLEY, 1708–1788 JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK, 1822–1888


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on
3. Plent-eous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my
fly, While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is
thee· Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort
sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-bound; Make and keep me pure with -
high! Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is
me: All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I
in. Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of
past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
bring; Cov-er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of thy wing!
thee: Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

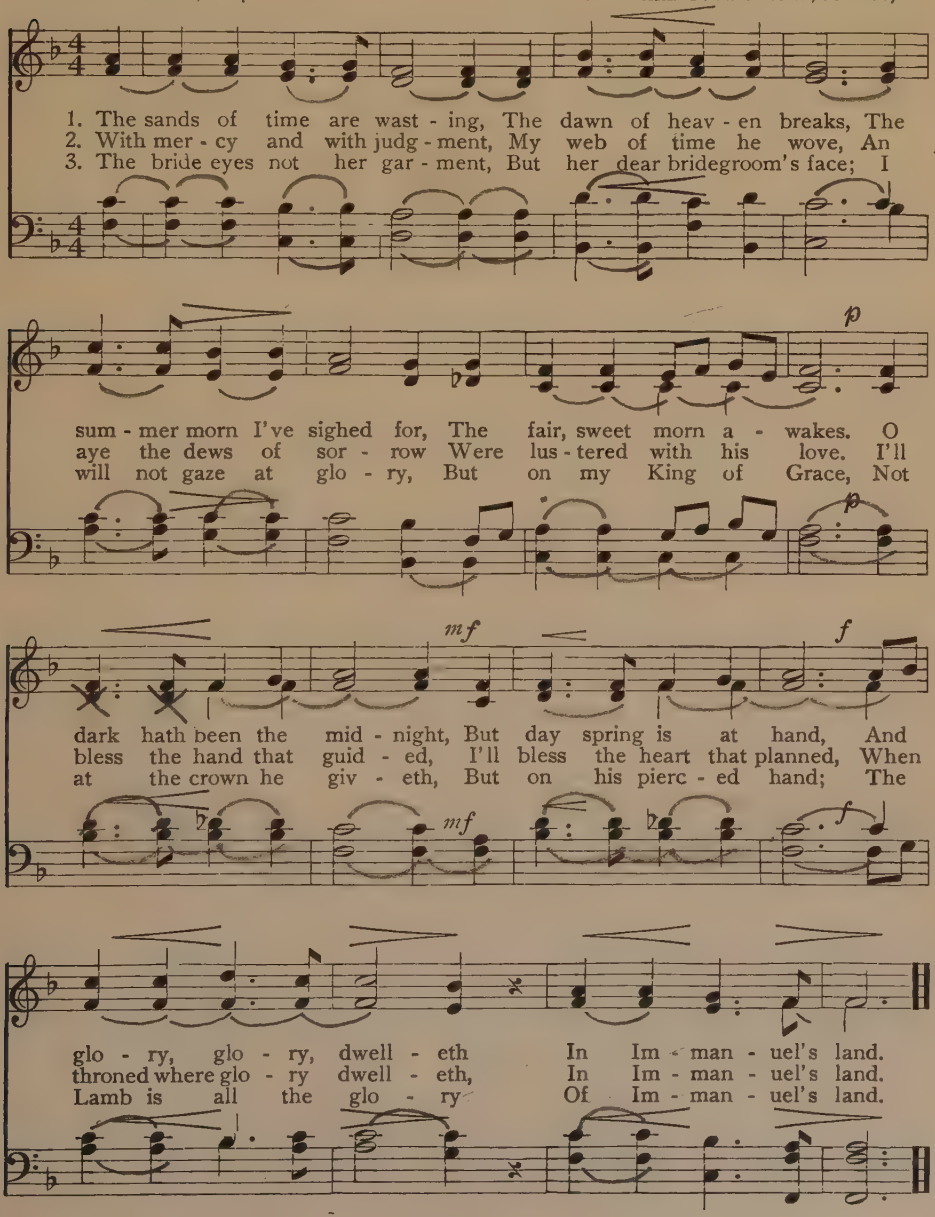
The Sands of Time Are Wasting

No. 46

RUTHERFORD

ANNIE R. COUSIN, 1824

CHRISTIAN URBAN, 1845
Har. EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1816–1876

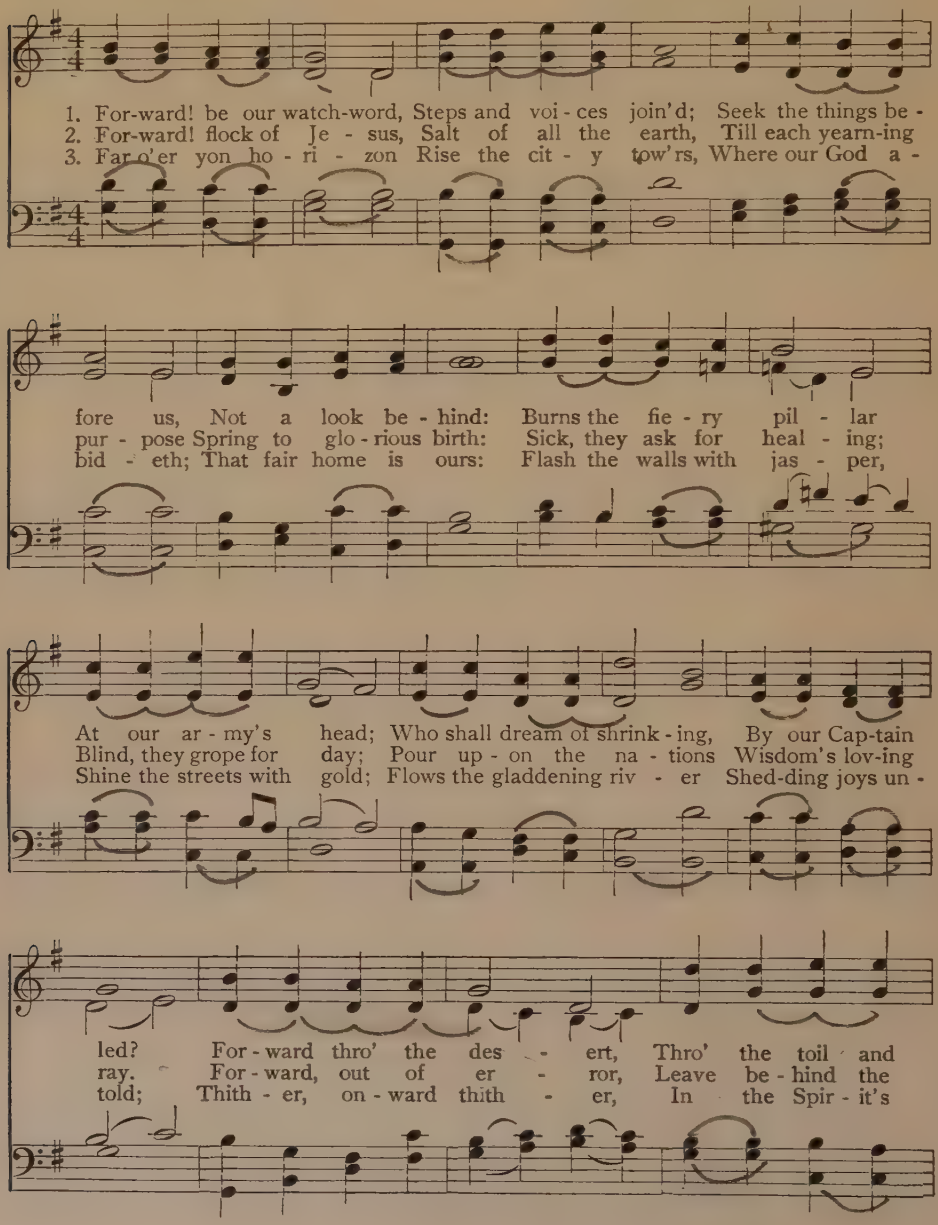

1. The sands of time are wast - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks, The
2. With mer - cy and with judg - ment, My web of time he wove, An
3. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear bridegroom's face; I
p
sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. O
aye the dews of sor - row Were lus - tered with his love. I'll
will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of Grace, Not
p
mf
f
dark hath been the mid - night, But day spring is at hand, And
bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned, When
at the crown he giv - eth, But on his pierc - ed hand; The
mf
f
glo - ry, glo - ry, dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
throned where glo - ry dwell - eth, In Im - man - uel's land.
Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land.

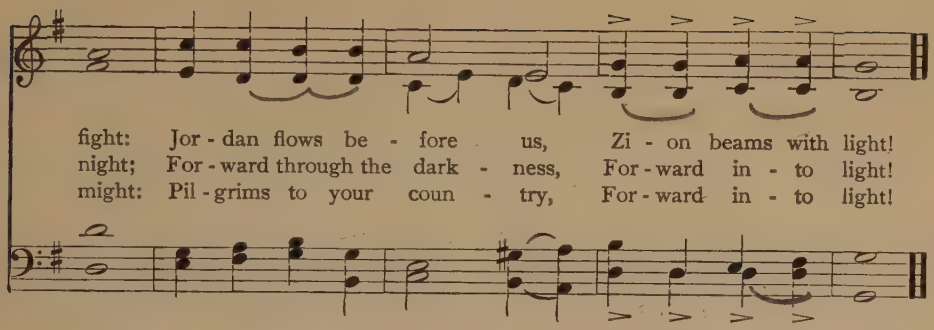
Forward! Be Our Watchword

No. 47

ALBAN

REV. HENRY ALFORD, 1810–1871 — FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732–1809

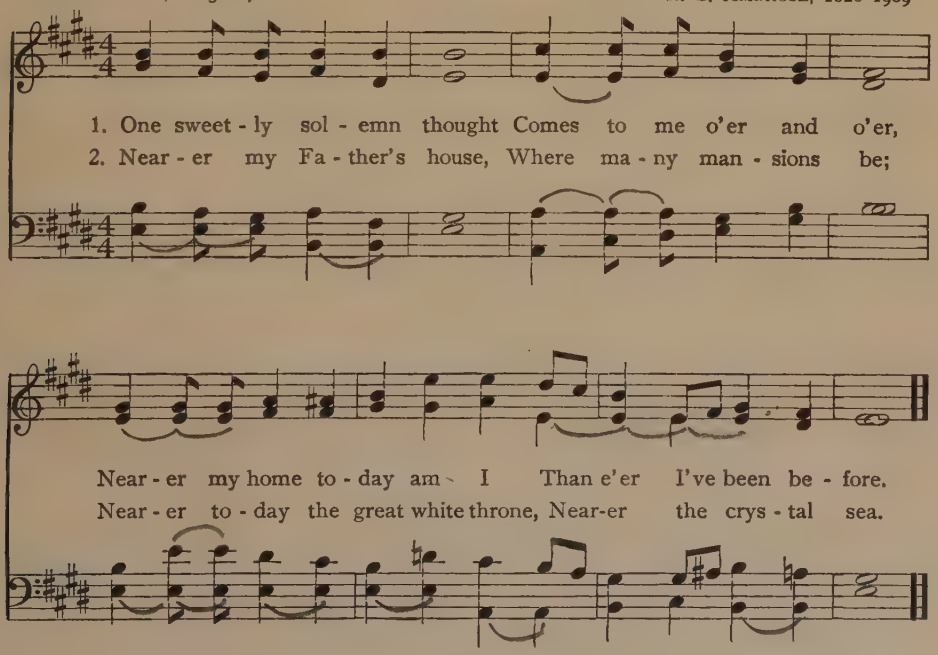

1. For-ward! be our watch-word, Steps and voi - ces join'd; Seek the things be -
2. For-ward! flock of Je - sus, Salt of all the earth, Till each yearn-ing
3. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y tow'rs, Where our God a -
fore us, Not a look be - hind: Burns the fie - ry pil - lar
pur - pose Spring to glo - rious birth: Sick, they ask for heal - ing;
bid - eth; That fair home is ours: Flash the walls with jas - per,
At our ar - my's head; Who shall dream of shrink - ing, By our Cap-tain
Blind, they grope for day; Pour up - on the na - tions Wisdom's lov-ing
Shine the streets with gold; Flows the gladdening riv - er Shed-ding joys un -
led? For - ward thro' the des - ert, Thro' the toil and
ray. For - ward, out of er - ror, Leave be - hind the
told; Thith - er, on - ward thith - er, In the Spir - it's


fight: Jor - dan flows be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light!
night; For - ward through the dark - ness, For - ward in - to light!
might: Pil - grims to your coun - try, For - ward in - to light!

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

No. 48 DOLCE DOMUM

PHŒBE CARY, 1825–1871 R. S. AMBROSE, 1826–1909


1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be;
Near - er my home to - day am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.
Near - er to - day the great white throne, Near-er the crys - tal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross,
Nearer to gain the crown.

4 Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my power of faith!
Nor let me stand at last alone
Upon the shore of death.

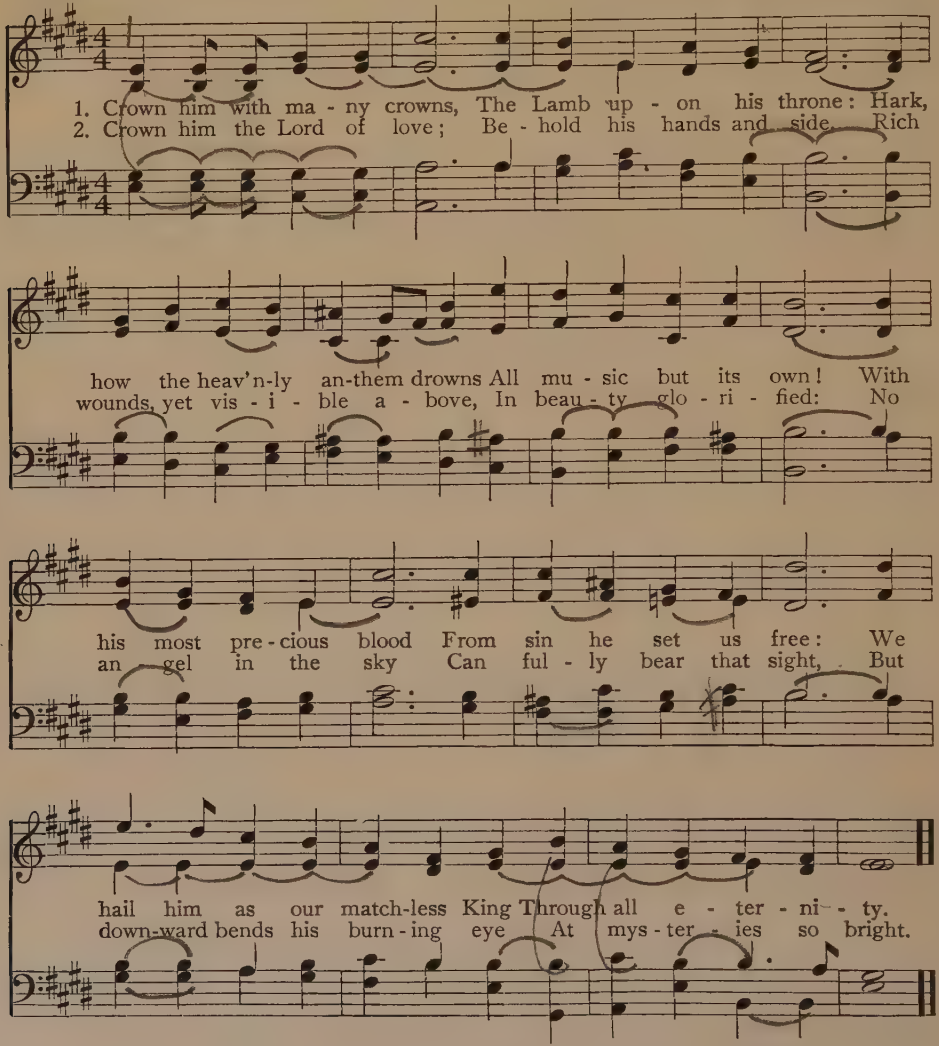
Crown Him With Many Crowns

No. 49

DIADEMATA

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1800–1893

GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1816–1893


1. Crown him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne: Hark,
2. Crown him the Lord of love; Be - hold his hands and side, Rich
how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own! With
wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied: No
his most pre - cious blood From sin he set us free: We
an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But
hail him as our match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
down-ward bends his burn - ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.

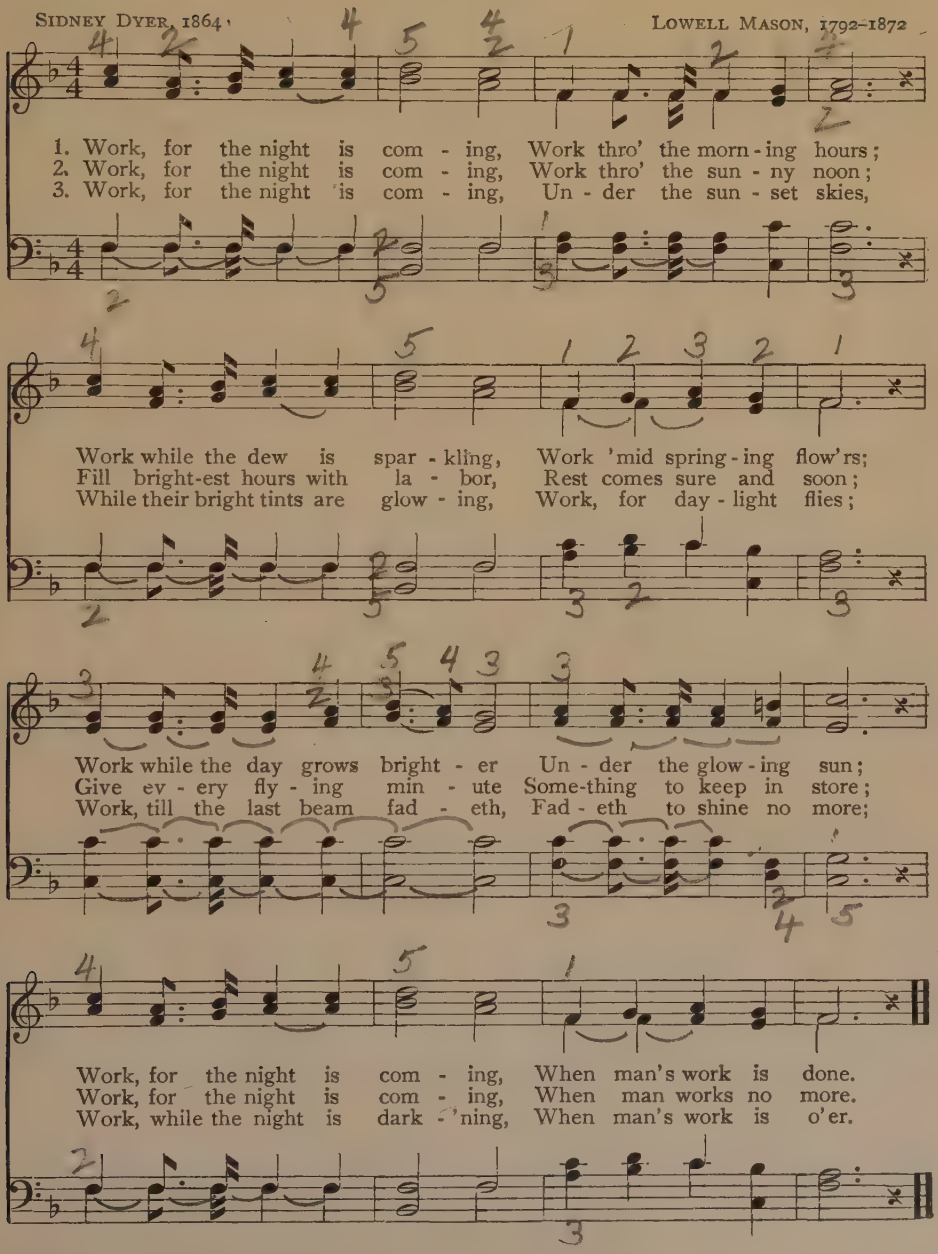
3 Crown him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways,
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him the Lord of Heaven,
One with the Father known,
One with the Spirit through him given
From yonder radiant throne!
To thee be endless praise,
For thou for us hast died:
Be thou, O Lord, through endless days
Adored and magnified.

Work, for the Night is Coming

No. 50

WORK SONG

SIDNEY DYER, 1864. LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies,
Work while the dew is spar - kling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;
Work while the day grows bright - er Un - der the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store;
Work, till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
Work, while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

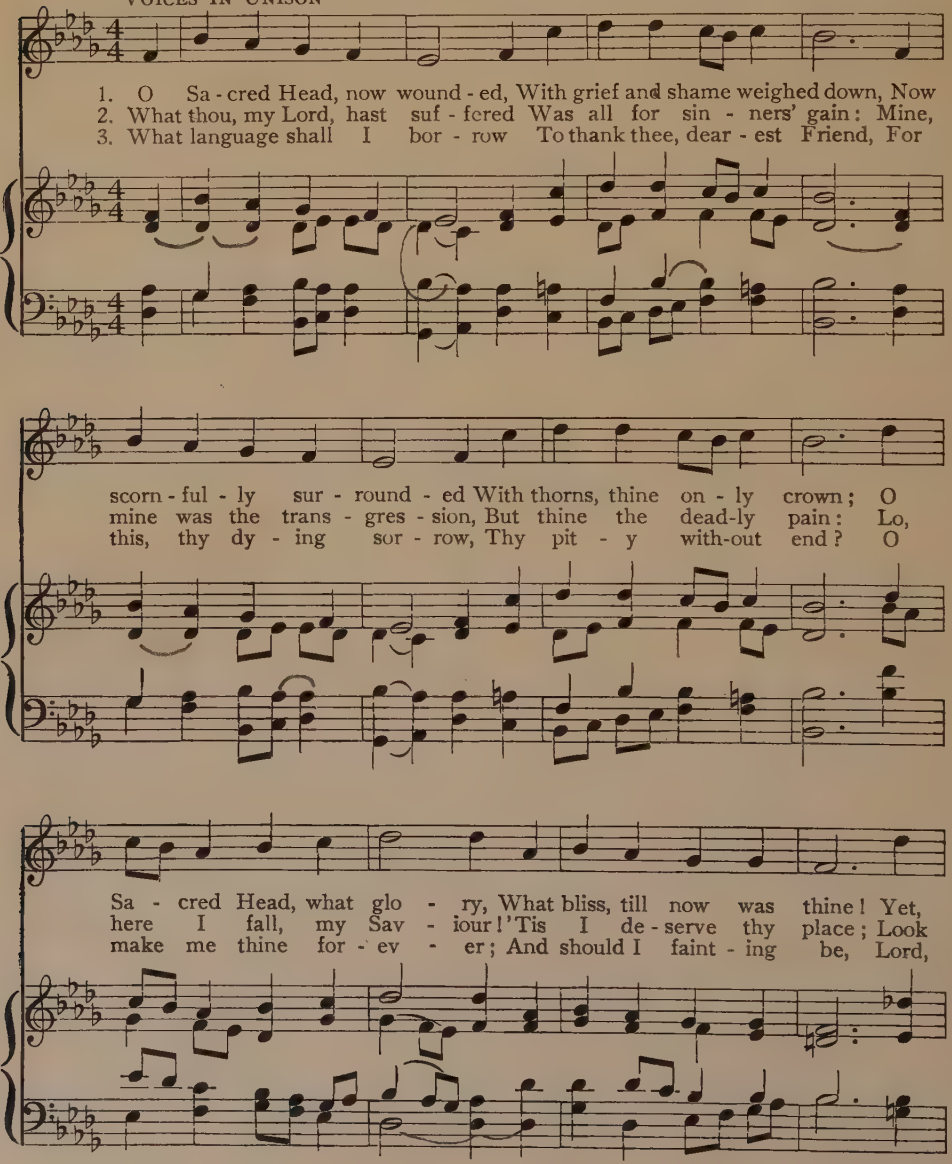
No. 51

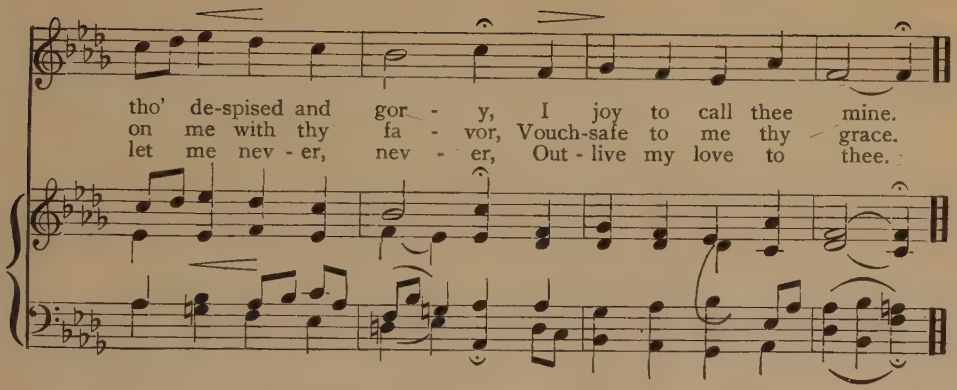
PASSION CHORALE

Ger. (a trans. from the Latin) PAUL GERHARDT, 1656
Tr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, 1804–1859

JOHANN LEONARD HASLER, 1601
Har. JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1688–1750

VOICES IN UNISON


1. O Sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down, Now
2. What thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain: Mine,
3. What language shall I bor - row To thank thee, dear - est Friend, For
scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown; O
mine was the trans - gres - sion, But thine the dead-ly pain: Lo,
this, thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with-out end? O
Sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was thine! Yet,
here I fall, my Sav - iour! 'Tis I de - serve thy place; Look
make me thine for - ev - er; And should I faint - ing be, Lord,


tho' de-spised and gor - y, I joy to call thee mine.
on me with thy fa - vor, Vouch-safe to me thy grace.
let me nev - er, nev - er, Out - live my love to thee.

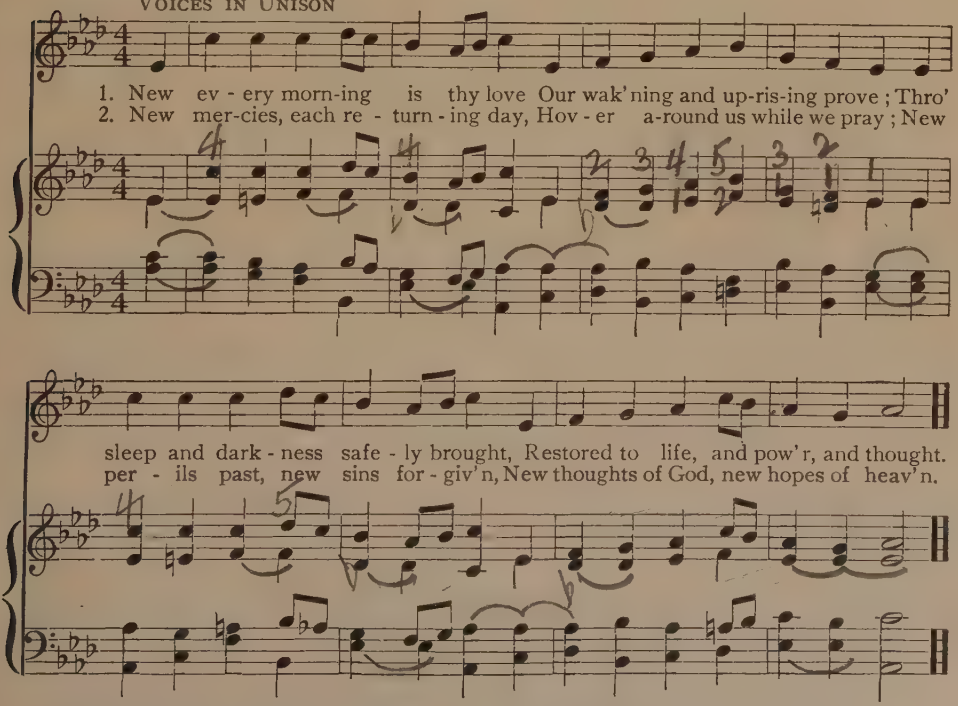
New Every Morning is Thy Love

No. 52

CANONBURY

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866 — ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1810–1856. Op. 23

VOICES IN UNISON


1. New ev - ery morn-ing is thy love Our wak'ning and up-ris-ing prove ; Thro'
2. New mer-cies, each re - turn - ing day, Hov - er a-round us while we pray ; New
sleep and dark - ness safe - ly brought, Restored to life, and pow'r, and thought.
per - ils past, new sins for - giv'n, New thoughts of God, new hopes of heav'n.

3 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

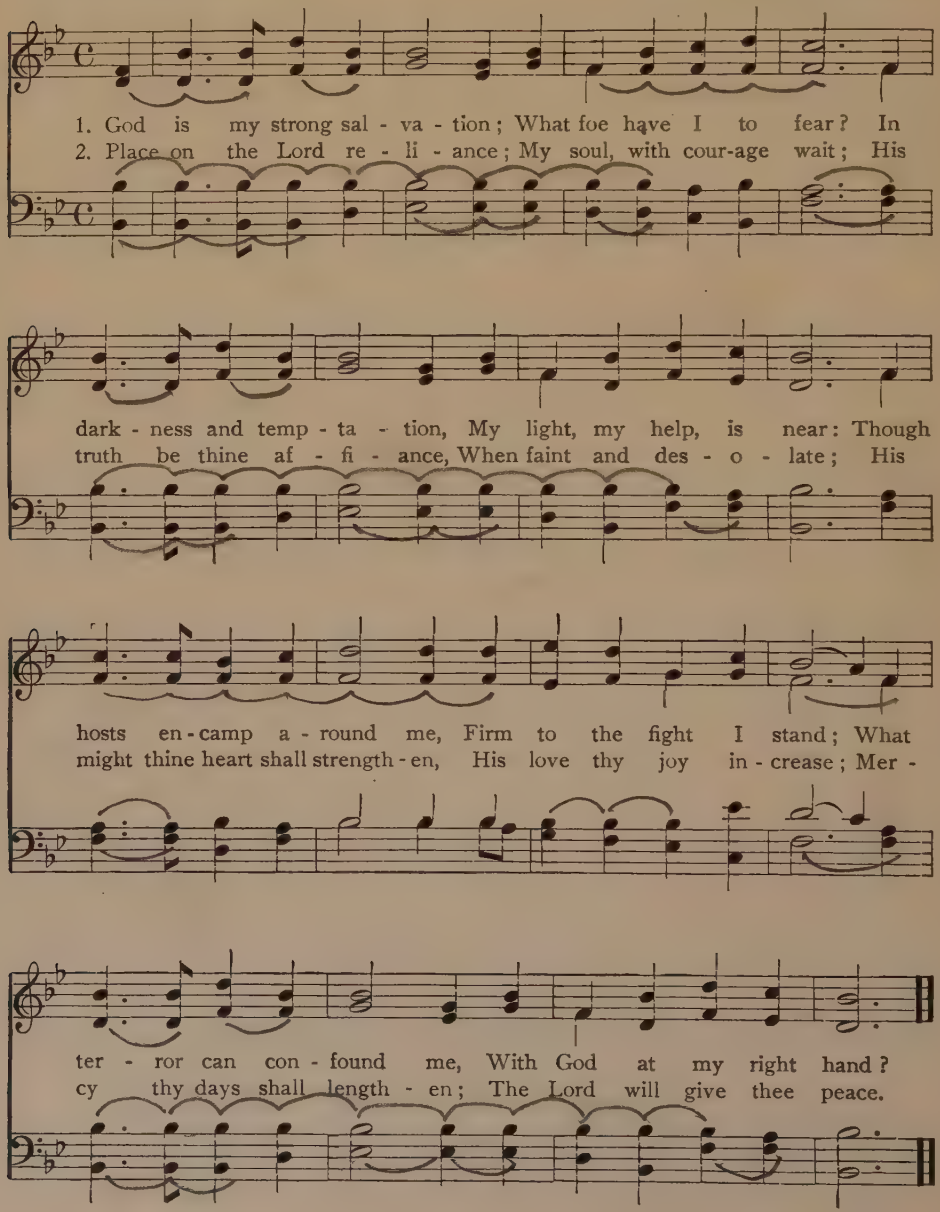
4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

God is My Strong Salvation

No. 53

WEBB

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854 — GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1803–1887


1. God is my strong sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear? In
2. Place on the Lord re - li - ance; My soul, with cour-age wait; His
dark - ness and temp - ta - tion, My light, my help, is near: Though
truth be thine af - fi - ance, When faint and des - o - late; His
hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm to the fight I stand; What
might thine heart shall strength - en, His love thy joy in - crease; Mer -
ter - ror can con - found me, With God at my right hand?
cy thy days shall length - en; The Lord will give thee peace.

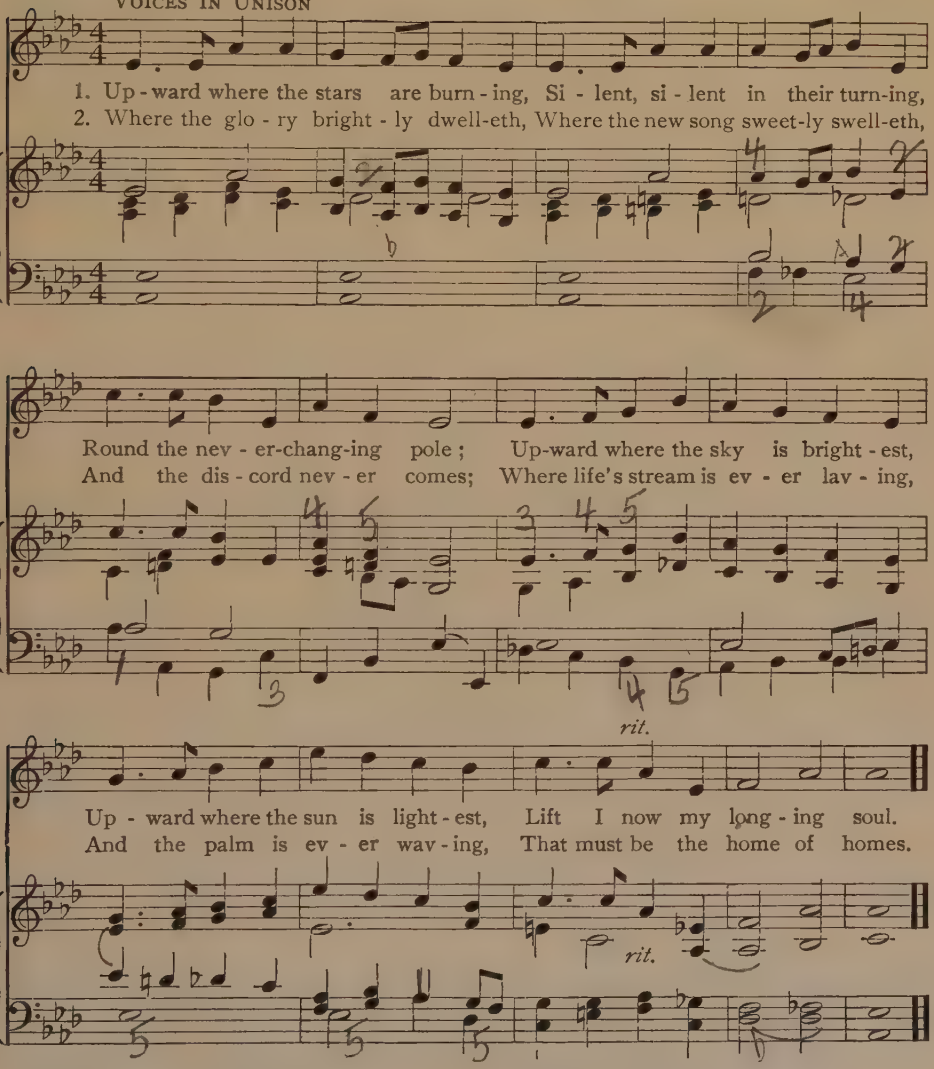
No. 54 Upward Where the Stars Are Burning

BONAR

H. BONAR, 1808–1889

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1827–1905

VOICES IN UNISON


1. Up - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent in their turn-ing,
2. Where the glo - ry bright - ly dwell-eth, Where the new song sweet-ly swell-eth,
Round the nev - er-chang-ing pole; Up-ward where the sky is bright - est,
And the dis - cord nev - er comes; Where life's stream is ev - er lav - ing,
rit.
Up - ward where the sun is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul.
And the palm is ev - er wav - ing, That must be the home of homes.
rit.

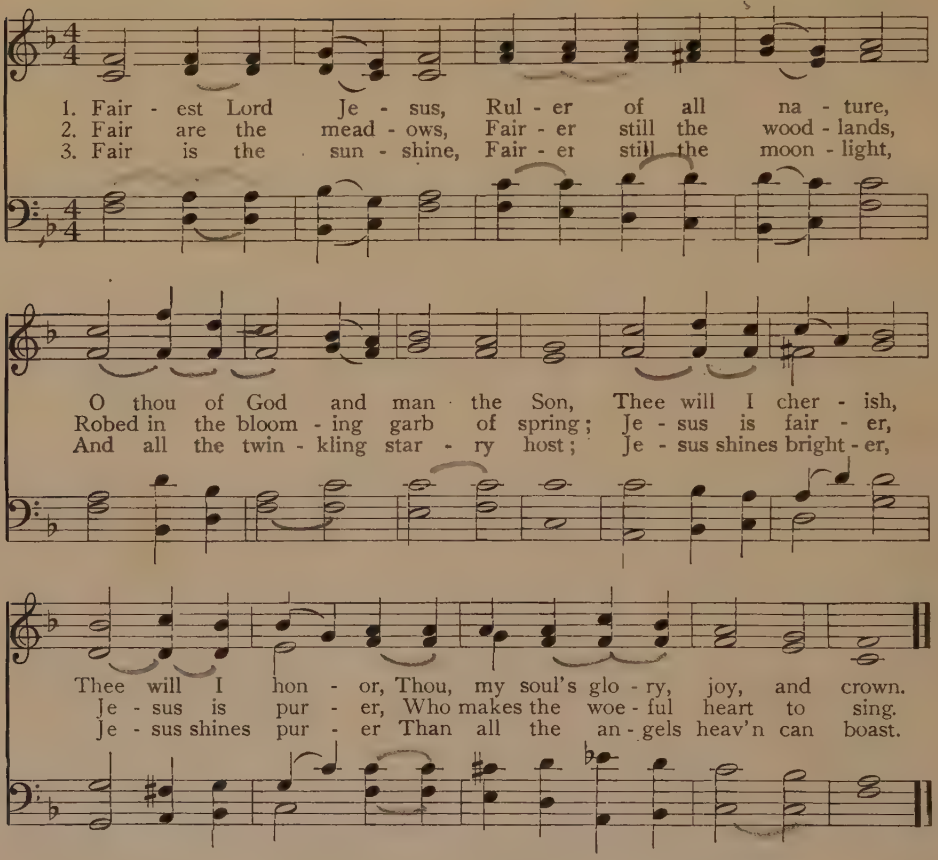
3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings:
Son of Man, they crown, they crown him,
Son of God, they own, they own him;
With his name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure
Lay we at his blessed feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his throne we meet.

Fairest Lord Jesus

No. 55 CRUSADERS' HYMN

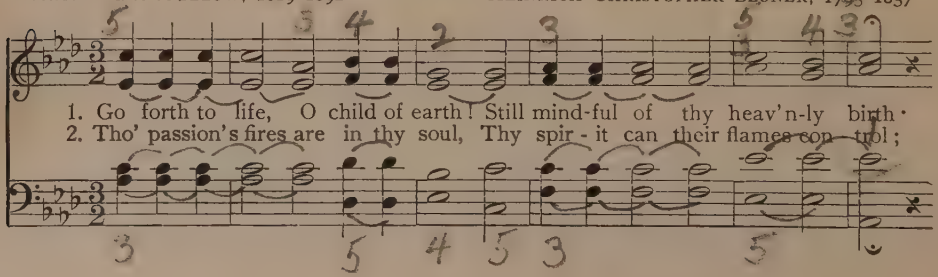
Anon (German) 1677 — German. Arr. by R. S. WILLIS, 1819–1900

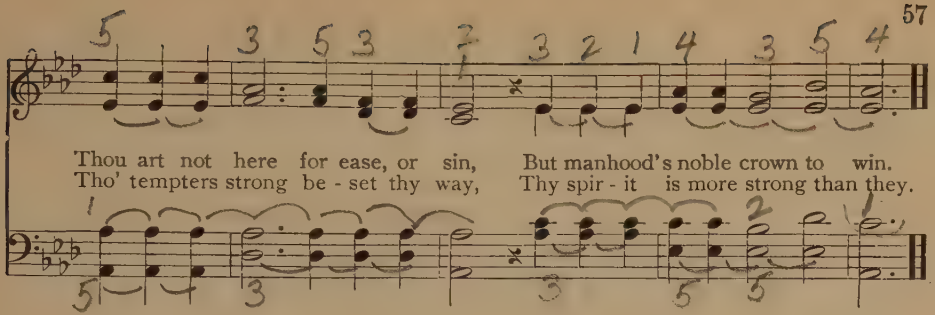

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair - er still the wood - lands,
3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light,
O thou of God and man the Son, Thee will I cher - ish,
Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
And all the twin - kling star - ry host; Je - sus shines bright - er,
Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
Je - sus shines pur - er Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast.

Go Forth to Life, O Child of Earth

No. 56 MISSIONARY CHANT

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819–1892 — HEINRICH CHRISTOPHER ZEUNER, 1795–1857


1. Go forth to life, O child of earth! Still mind-ful of thy heav'n-ly birth·
2. Tho' passion's fires are in thy soul, Thy spir - it can their flames con - trol;


Thou art not here for ease, or sin, But manhood's noble crown to win.
Tho' tempters strong be - set thy way, Thy spir - it is more strong than they.

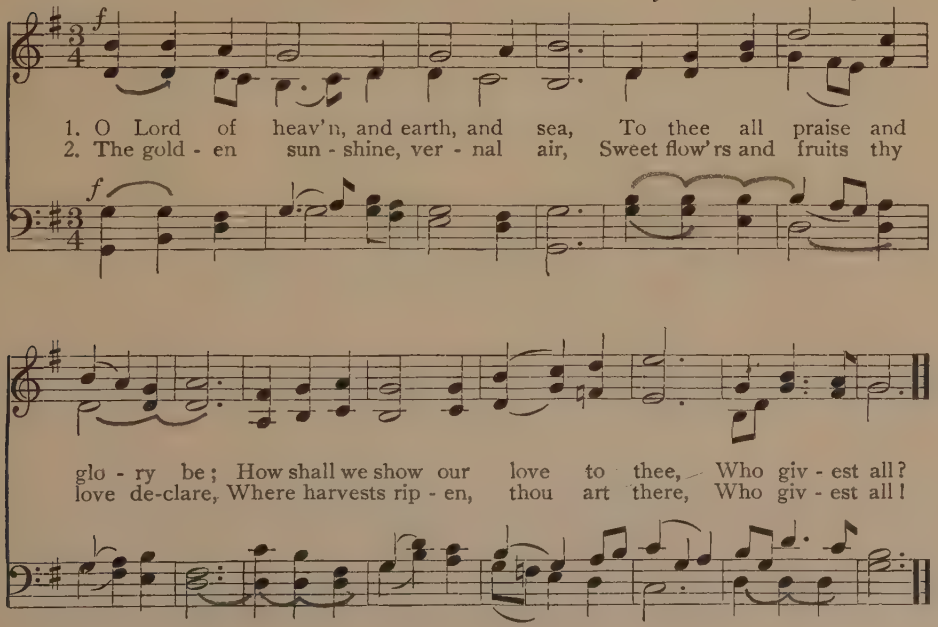
3 Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

4 Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere.

O Lord of Heaven, and Earth, and Sea

No. 57 ALMSGIVING

REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807–1885 JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876


1. O Lord of heav'n, and earth, and sea, To thee all praise and
2. The gold - en sun - shine, ver - nal air, Sweet flow'rs and fruits thy
glo - ry be; How shall we show our love to thee, Who giv - est all?
love de-clare, Where harvests rip - en, thou art there, Who giv - est all!

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all!

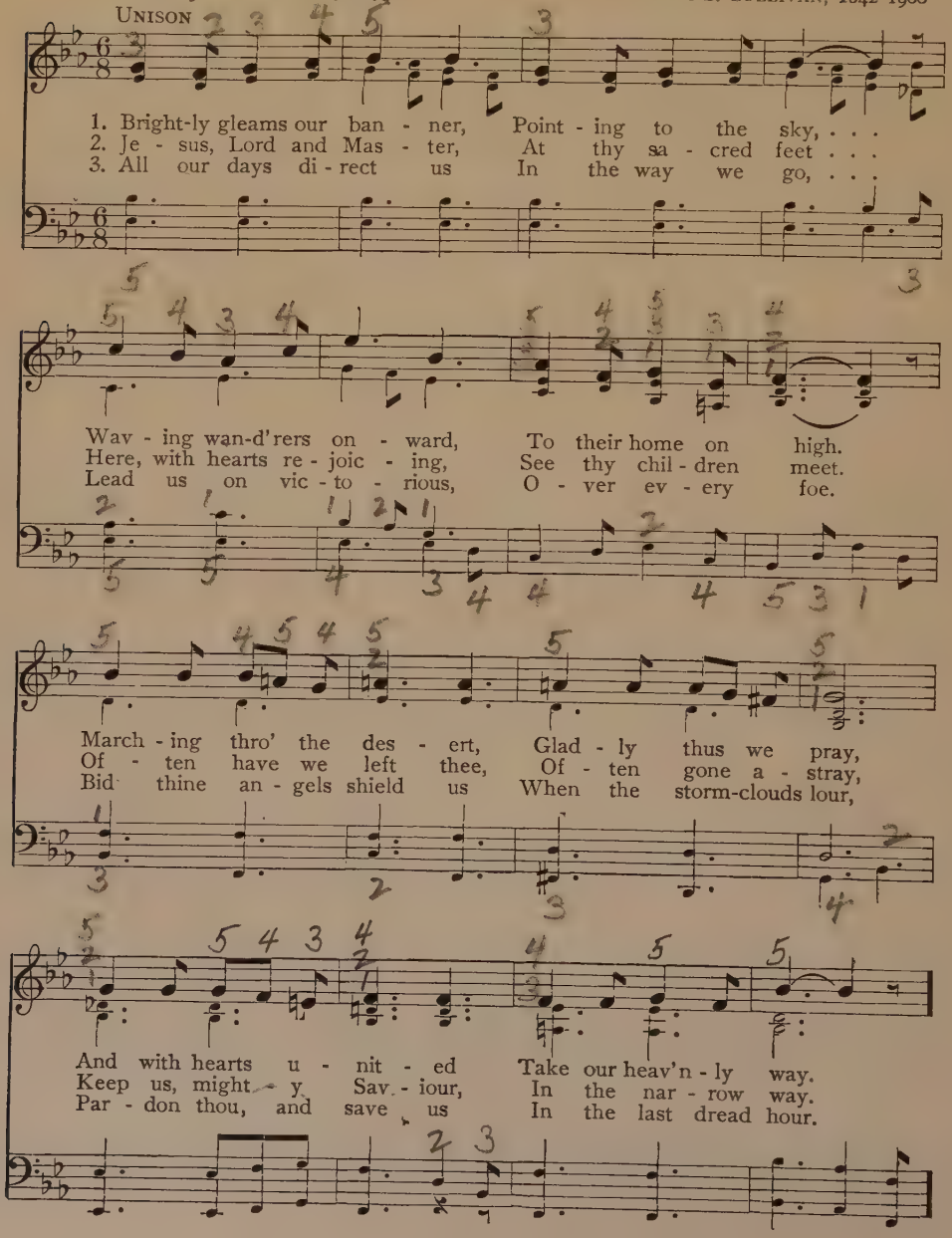
4 To thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with thee live,
Who givest all!

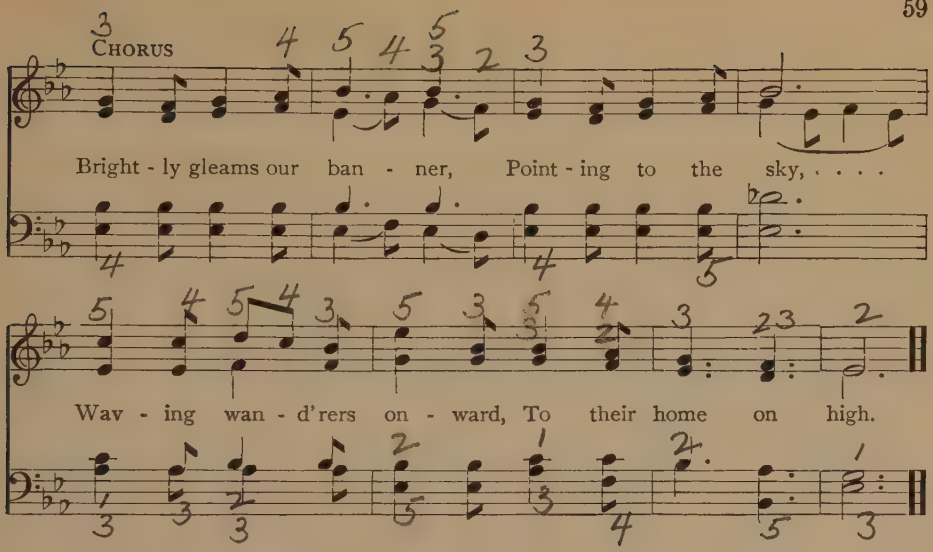
Brightly Gleams Our Banner

No. 58

BANNER

REV. THOMAS J. POTTER, 1827–1873 — ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1842–1900

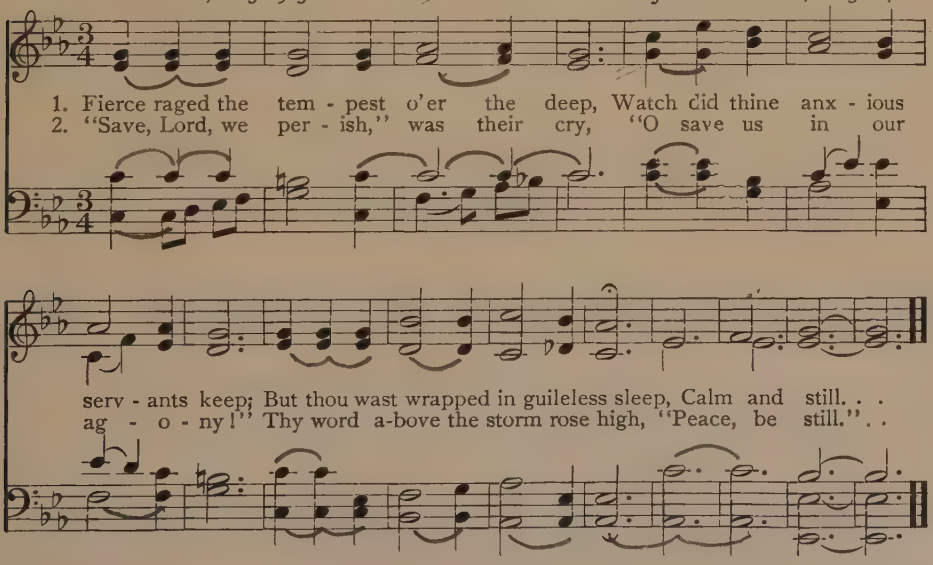
UNISON

1. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky, . . .
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At thy sa - cred feet . . .
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go, . . .
Wav - ing wan-d'rers on - ward, To their home on high.
Here, with hearts re - joic - ing, See thy chil - dren meet.
Lead us on vic - to - rious, O - ver ev - ery foe.
March - ing thro' the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
Of - ten have we left thee, Of - ten gone a - stray,
Bid thine an - gels shield us When the storm-clouds lour,
And with hearts u - nit - ed Take our heav'n - ly way.
Keep us, might - y Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.
Par - don thou, and save us In the last dread hour.



Fierce Raged the Tempest O'er the Deep

No. 59 ST. AELRED

GODFREY THRING, 1823–1903 JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876


1. Fierce raged the tem - pest o'er the deep, Watch did thine anx - ious
2. "Save, Lord, we per - ish," was their cry, "O save us in our
serv - ants keep; But thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep, Calm and still. . .
ag - o - ny!" Thy word a-bove the storm rose high, "Peace, be still." . .

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap
At thy will.

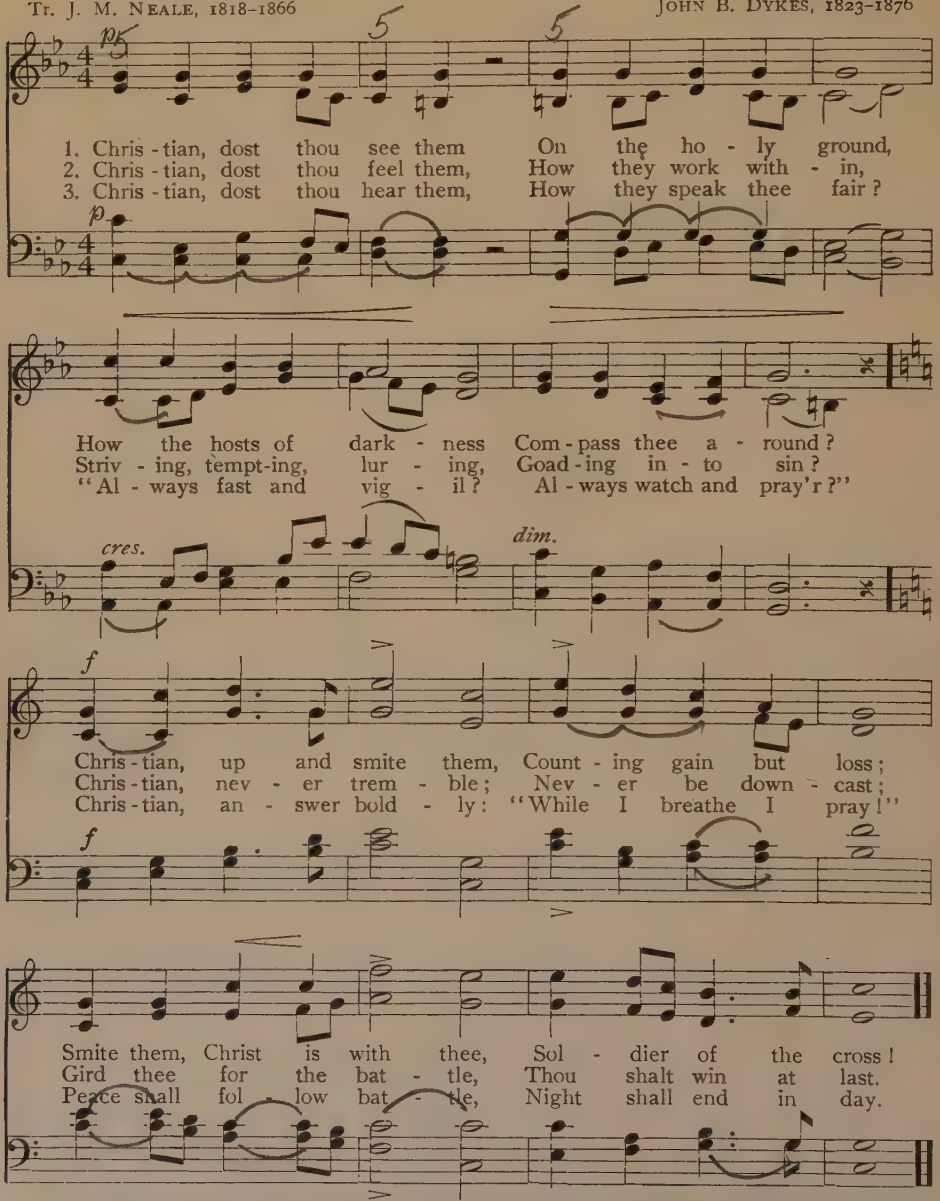
4 So when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

Christian, Dost Thou See Them

No. 60 ST. ANDREW OF CRETE

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE, 700
Tr. J. M. NEALE, 1818–1866

JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876


p
1. Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
2. Chris - tian, dost thou feel them, How they work with - in,
3. Chris - tian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair?
How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?
Striv - ing, tempt-ing, lur - ing, Goad - ing in - to sin?
"Al - ways fast and vig - il? Al - ways watch and pray'r?"
cres.
dim.
f
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
Chris - tian, nev - er trem - ble; Nev - er be down - cast;
Chris - tian, an - swer bold - ly: "While I breathe I pray!"
Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the cross!
Gird thee for the bat - tle, Thou shalt win at last.
Peace shall fol - low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.

NOTE.—First eight measures in unison; first stanza, sopranos and altos; second stanza, basses and tenors; third stanza, all the voices.

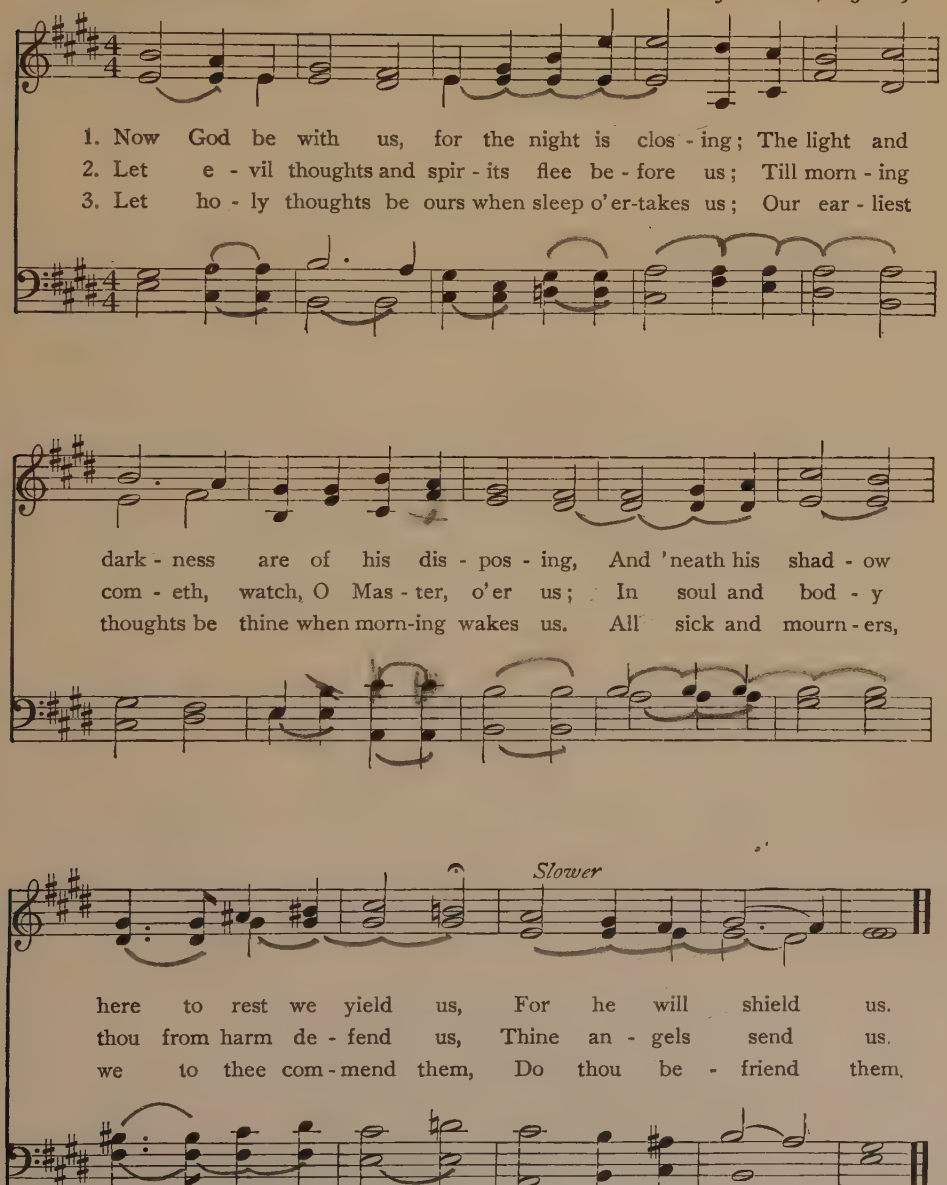
Now God Be With Us

No. 61

NIGHTFALL

BOHEMIAN BRETHREN, 1530

J. BARNBY, 1838–1896


1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing; The light and
2. Let e - vil thoughts and spir - its flee be - fore us; Till morn - ing
3. Let ho - ly thoughts be ours when sleep o'er-takes us; Our ear - liest
dark - ness are of his dis - pos - ing, And 'neath his shad - ow
com - eth, watch, O Mas - ter, o'er us; In soul and bod - y
thoughts be thine when morn-ing wakes us. All sick and mourn - ers,
Slower
here to rest we yield us, For he will shield us.
thou from harm de - fend us, Thine an - gels send us.
we to thee com - mend them, Do thou be - friend them.

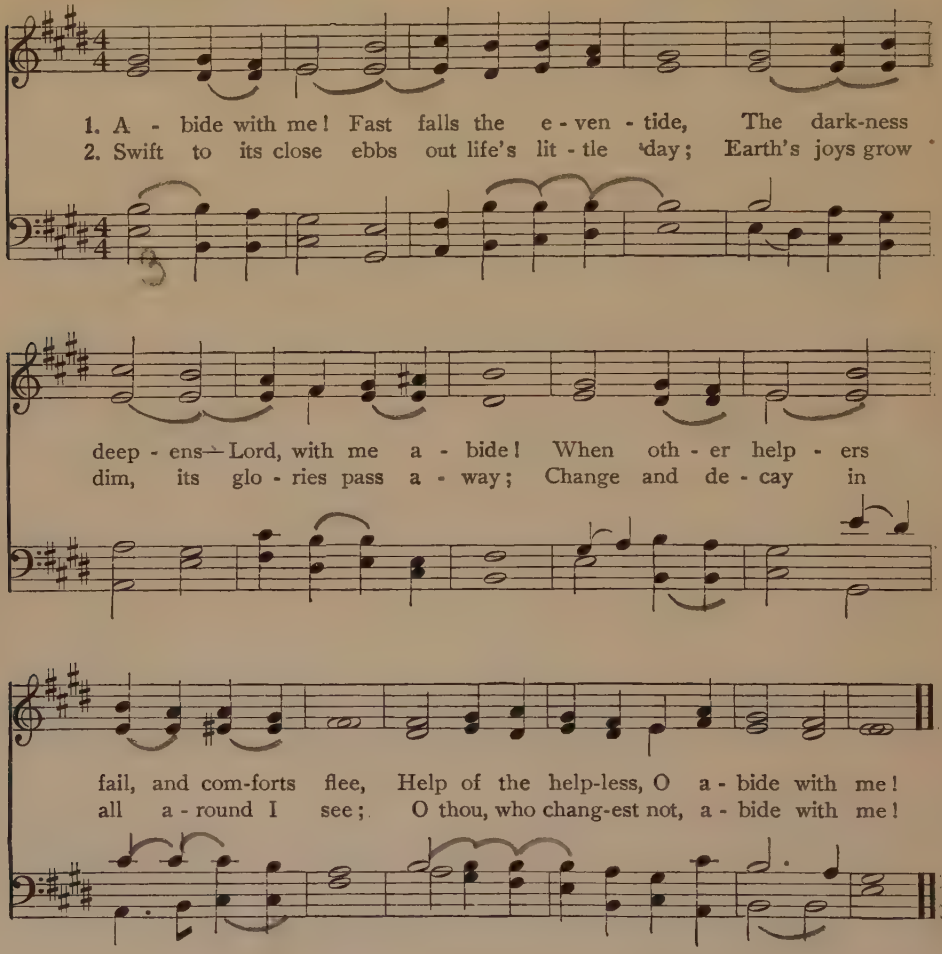
Abide With Me! Fast Falls the Eventide

No. 62

EVENTIDE

HENRY F. LYTE, 1793–1847. Abr.

WILLIAM H. MONK, 1823–1889


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with me!

3 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.

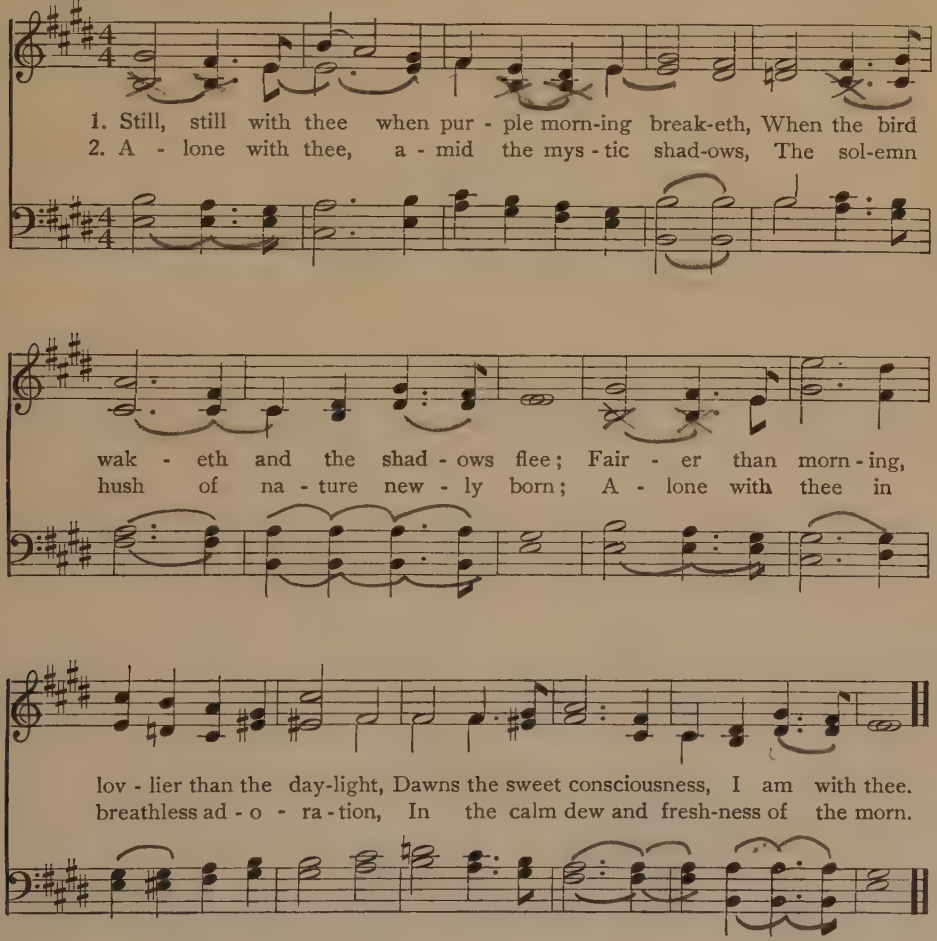
4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Still, Still With Thee

No. 63

BERLIN

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1811–1896 FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809–1847


1. Still, still with thee when pur - ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird
2. A - lone with thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad-ows, The sol-emn
wak - eth and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,
hush of na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with thee in
lov - lier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.
breathless ad - o - ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh-ness of the morn.

3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

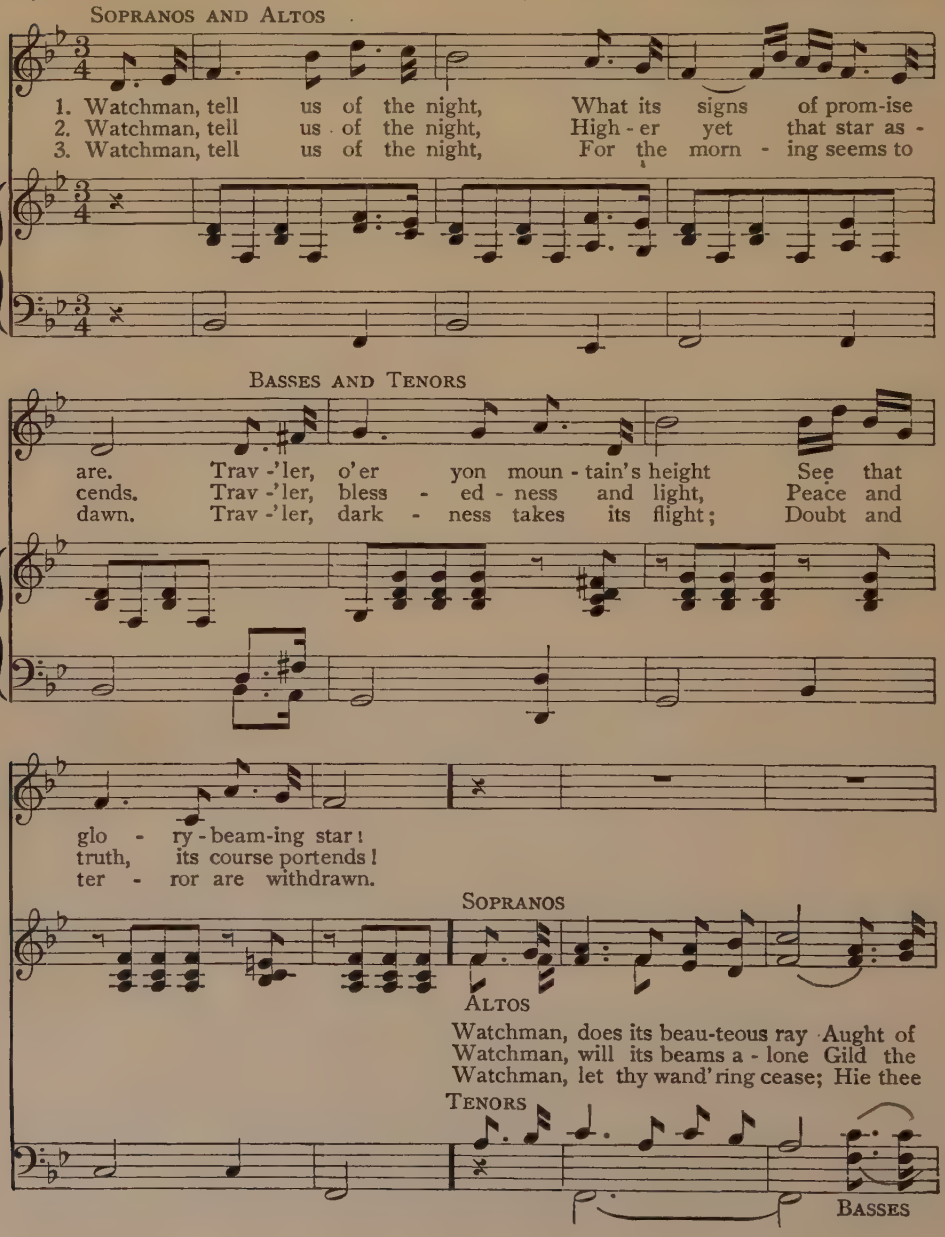
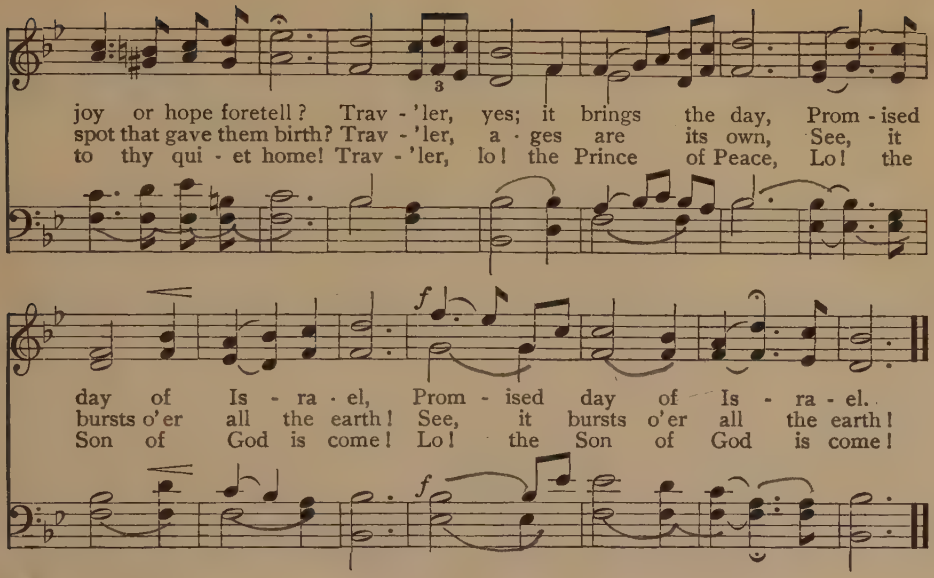
4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee:
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee.

Watchman, Tell Us of the Night

No. 64

DAY STAR

JOHN BOWRING, 1792–1872 — FRANZ ABT, 1819–1885

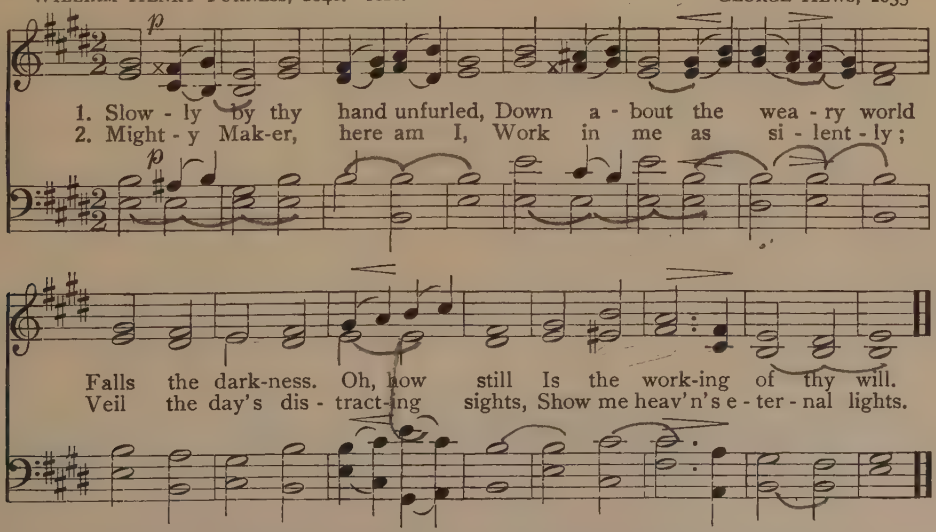

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS
1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise
2. Watchman, tell us of the night, High - er yet that star as -
3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morn - ing seems to
BASSES AND TENORS
are. Trav -'ler, o'er yon moun - tain's height See that
cends. Trav -'ler, bless - ed - ness and light, Peace and
dawn. Trav -'ler, dark - ness takes its flight; Doubt and
glo - ry - beam-ing star!
truth, its course portends!
ter - ror are withdrawn.
SOPRANOS
ALTOS
Watchman, does its beau-teous ray Aught of
Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease; Hie thee
TENORS
BASSES

joy or hope foretell? Trav - 'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom - ised
spot that gave them birth? Trav - 'ler, a - ges are its own, See, it
to thy qui - et home! Trav - 'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the
day of Is - ra - el, Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el.
bursts o'er all the earth! See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come!

Slowly By Thy Hand Unfurled

No. 65

HOLLEY

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 1840. Abr. GEORGE HEWS, 1835


1. Slow - ly by thy hand unfurled, Down a - bout the wea - ry world
2. Might - y Mak-er, here am I, Work in me as si - lent - ly;
Falls the dark-ness. Oh, how still Is the work-ing of thy will.
Veil the day's dis - tract-ing sights, Show me heav'n's e - ter - nal lights.

3 Thou who dwellest there, I know
Dwellest here within me, too;
May the perfect love of God
Heré, as there, be shed abroad.

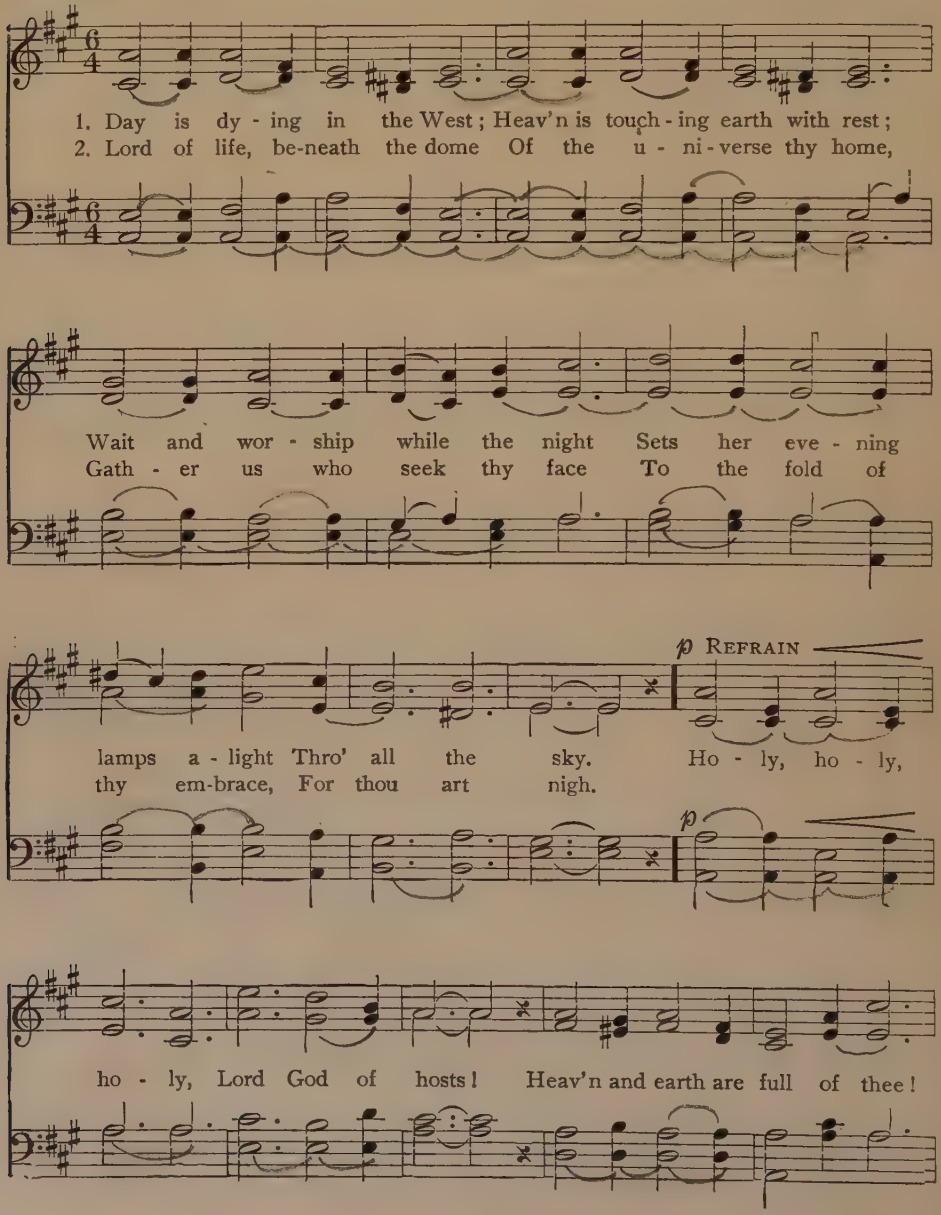
4 Let my soul attunéd be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

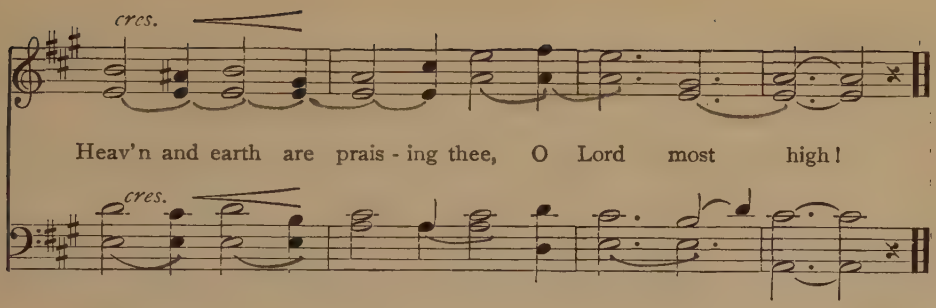
Day is Dying in the West

No. 66

CHAUTAUQUA

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1841 — W. F. SHERWIN, 1826–1888


1. Day is dy - ing in the West; Heav'n is touch - ing earth with rest;
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse thy home,
Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning
Gath - er us who seek thy face To the fold of
p REFRAIN
lamps a - light Thro' all the sky. Ho - ly, ho - ly,
thy em-brace, For thou art nigh.
p
ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of thee!

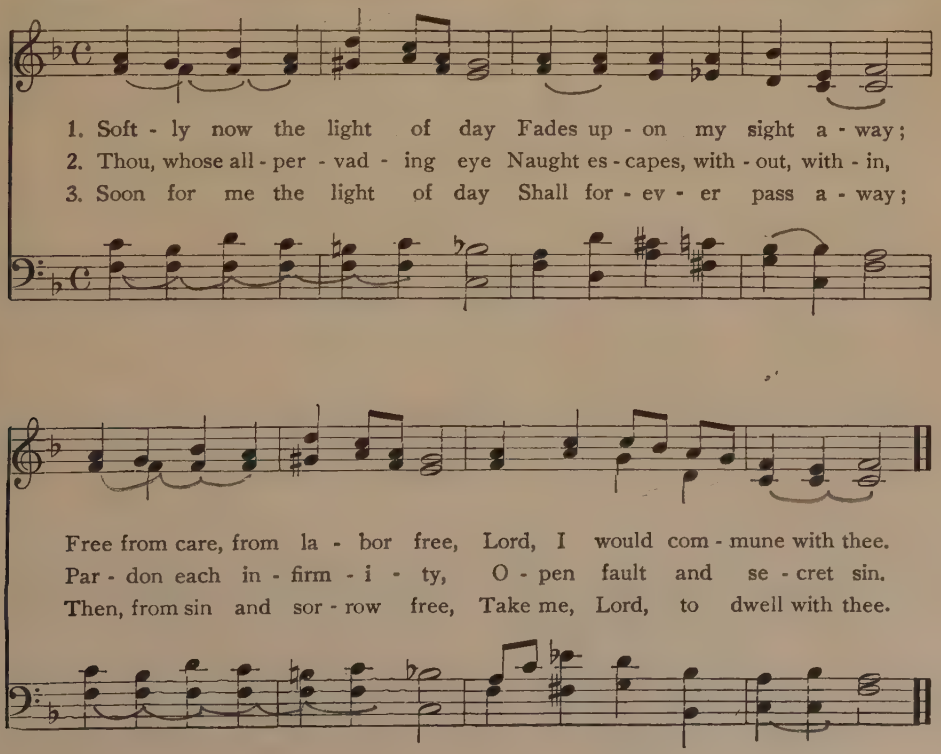


Softly Now the Light of Day

No. 67

WEBER

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE, 1799–1859 CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1786–1826

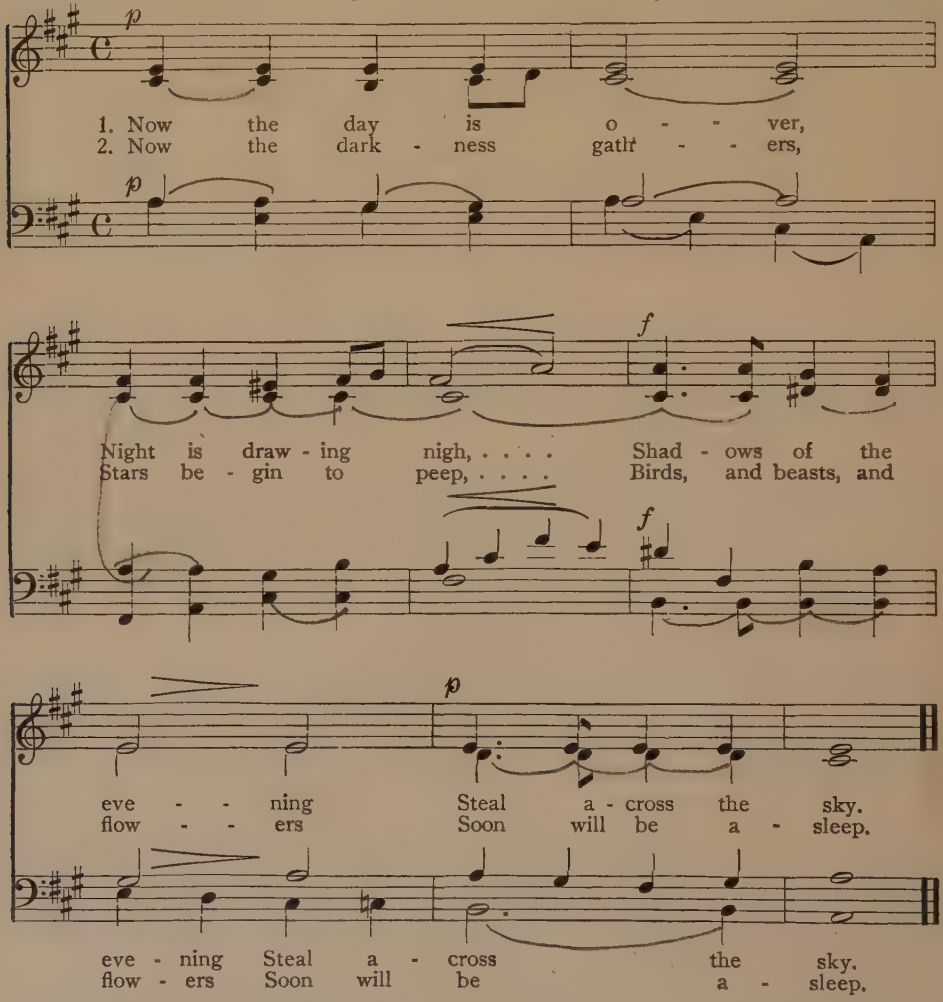

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

Now the Day is Over

No. 68

MERRIAL

REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, 1865 — JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896


p
1. Now the day is o - - ver,
2. Now the dark - ness gath - - ers,
f
Night is draw - ing nigh, ... Shad - ows of the
Stars be - gin to peep, ... Birds, and beasts, and
p
eve - - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
flow - - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee,
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

5 Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

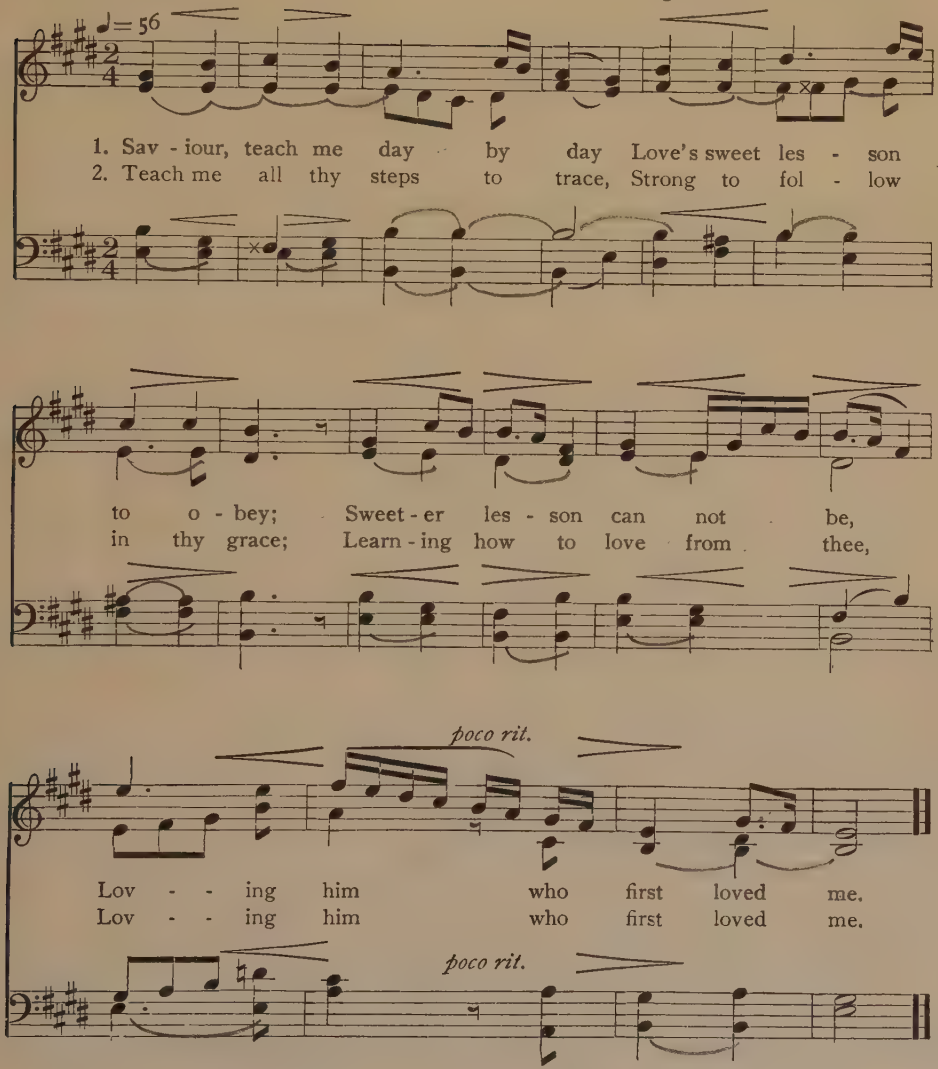
6 When the morning wakens
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Saviour, Teach Me Day By Day

No. 69

JANE E. LEESON, 1842

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1786–1826
Arranged from "Der Freischütz"


♩= 56
1. Sav - iour, teach me day by day Love's sweet les - son
2. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low
to o - bey; Sweet - er les - son can not be,
in thy grace; Learn - ing how to love from thee,
poco rit.
Lov - - ing him who first loved me.
Lov - - ing him who first loved me.
poco rit.

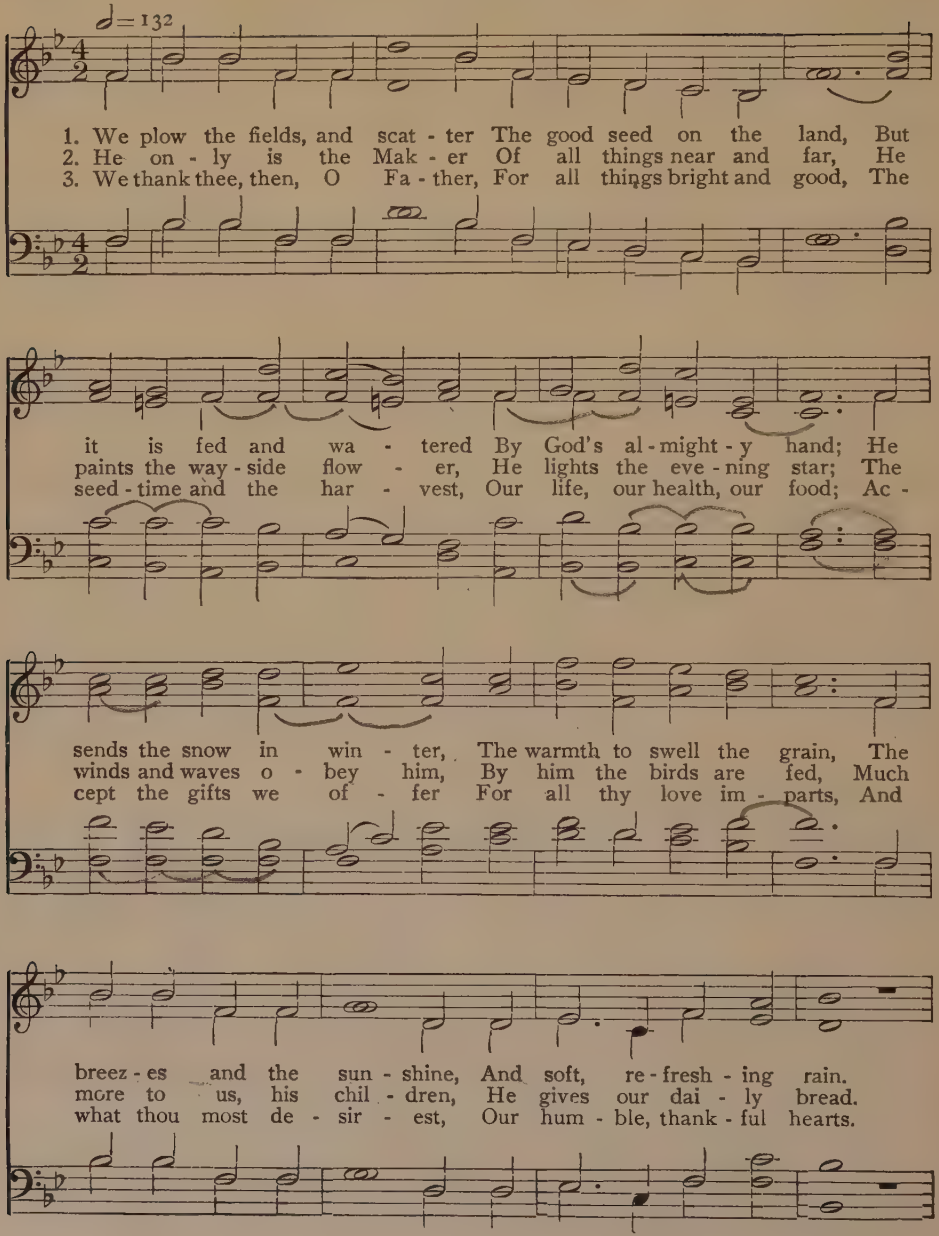
3 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

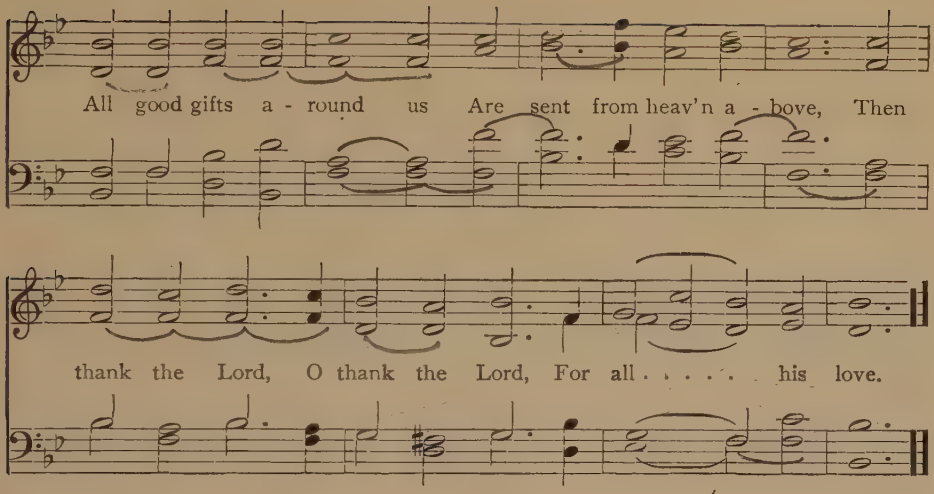
4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Loving him who first loved me.

A Harvest Song

No. 70

FOR THANKSGIVING

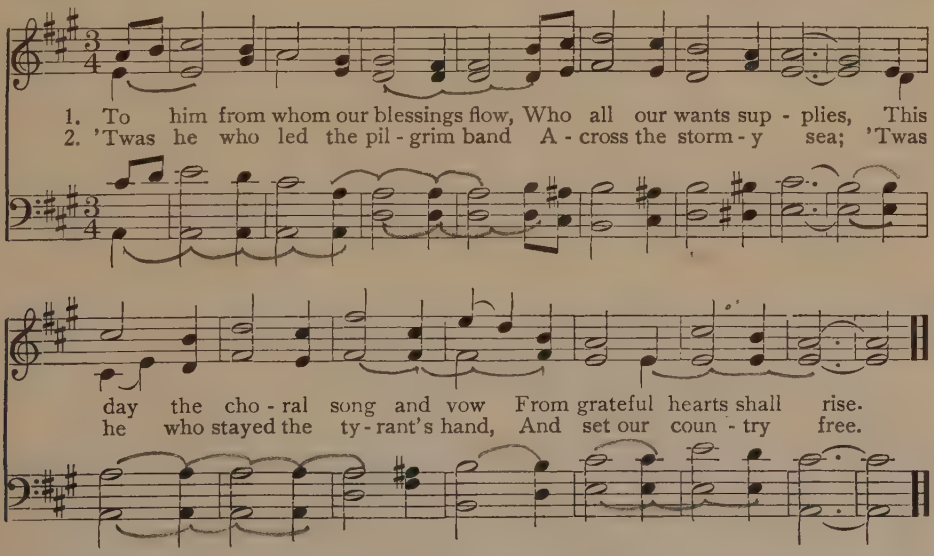

♩= 132
1. We plow the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - might - y hand; He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft, re - fresh - ing rain.
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far, He paints the way - side flow - er, He lights the eve - ning star; The more to us, his chil - dren, He gives our dai - ly bread.
3. We thank thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good, The seed - time and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food; Ac - cept the gifts we of - fer For all thy love im - parts, And what thou most de - sir - est, Our hum - ble, thank - ful hearts.



To Him From Whom Our Blessings Flow

No. 71 MANOAH

Anon. Arr. from GIOACCHINO ROSSINI, 1791–1868


1. To him from whom our blessings flow, Who all our wants sup - plies, This
2. 'Twas he who led the pil - grim band A - cross the storm - y sea; 'Twas
day the cho - ral song and vow From grateful hearts shall rise.
he who stayed the ty - rant's hand, And set our coun - try free.

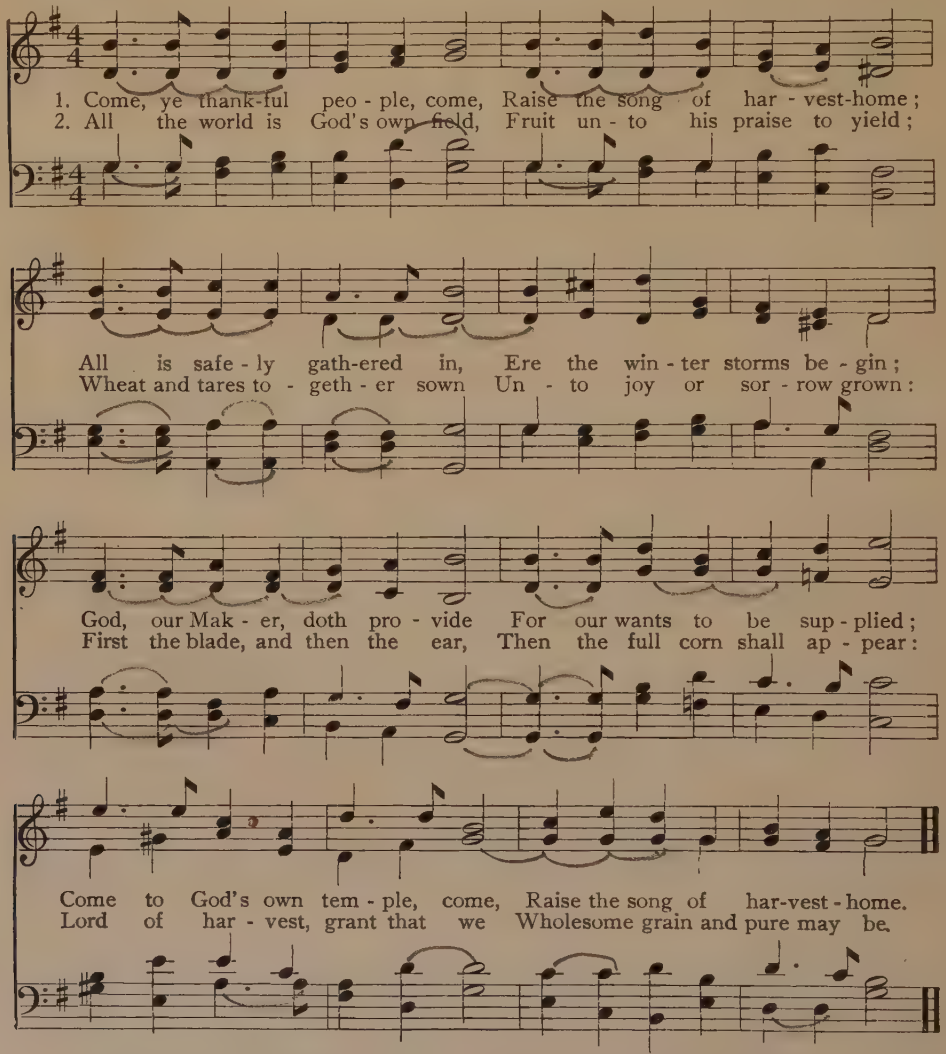
3 When shivering on a strand unknown,
In sickness and distress,
Our fathers looked to God alone
To save, protect, and bless.

4 Be thou our nation's strength and shield
In manhood as in youth;
Thine arm for our protection wield,
And guide us by thy truth.

Come, Ye Thankful People

No. 72

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR

H. ALFORD, 1810–1871 — G. J. ELVEY, 1816–1893

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home;
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to his praise to yield;
All is safe - ly gath-ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown Un - to joy or sor - row grown:
God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest - home.
Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fires the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

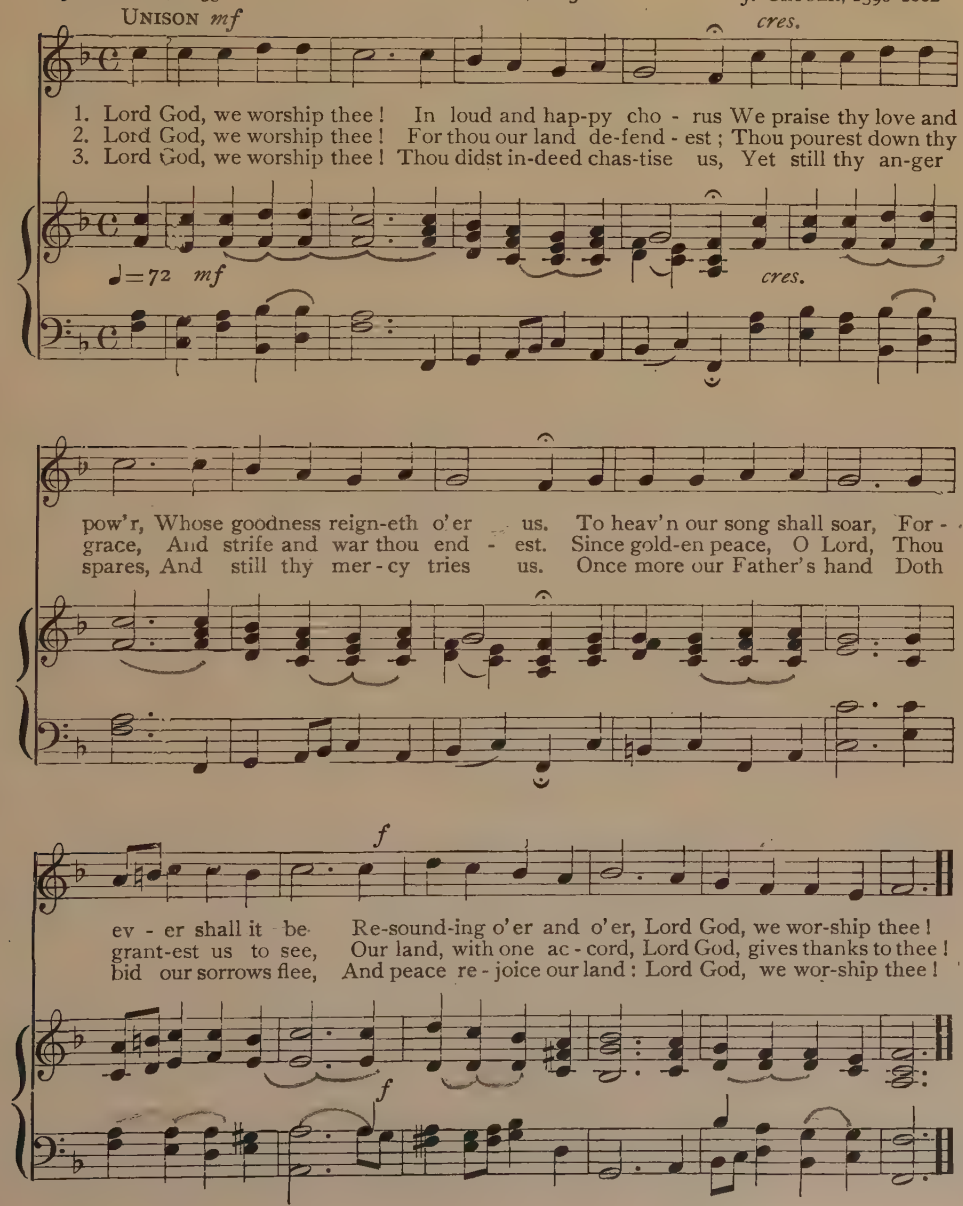
4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To thy final harvest-home!
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

Lord God, We Worship Thee

No. 73

NUN DANKET

J. FRANCK, 1653. Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1863 — J. CRUGER, 1598–1662

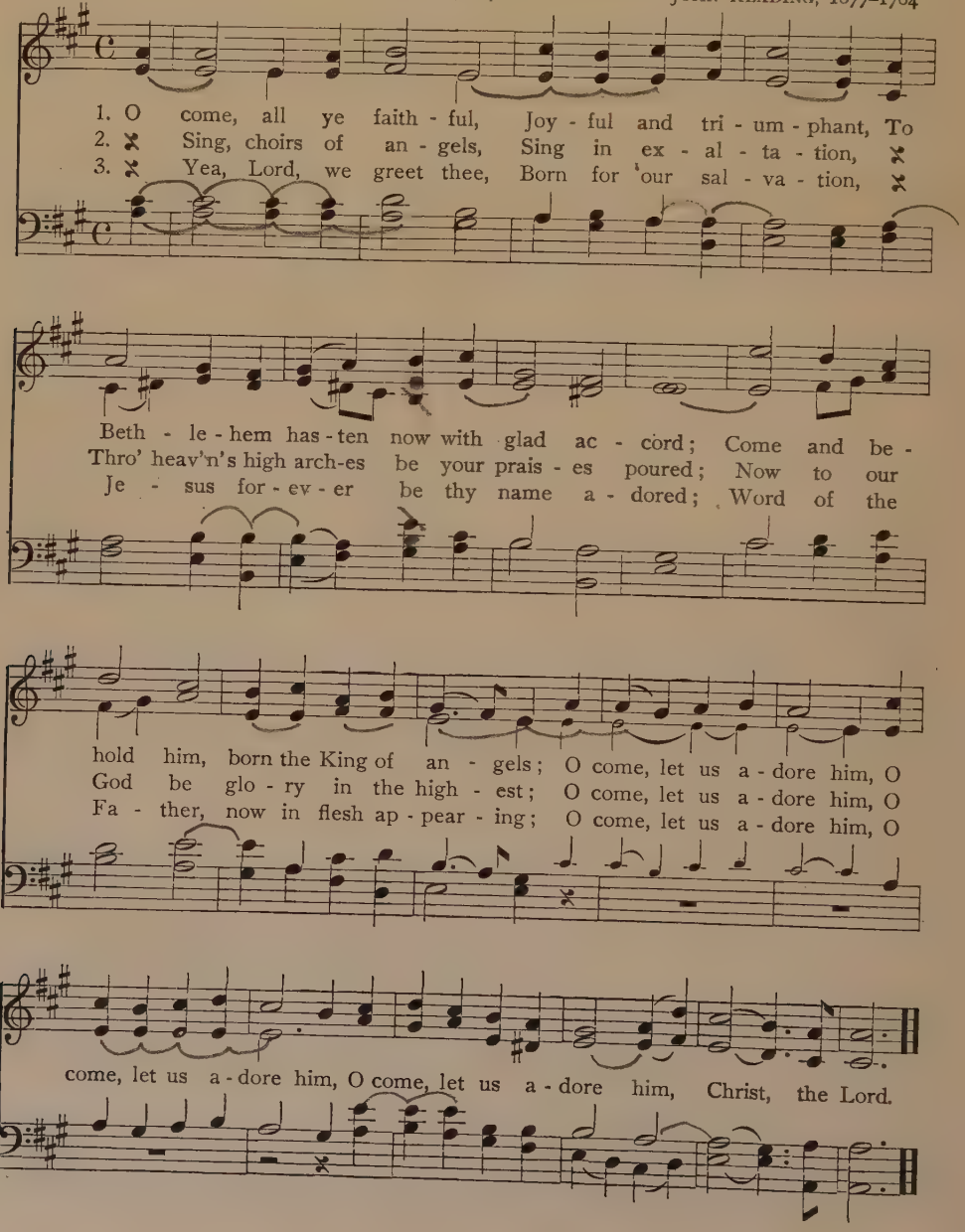

UNISON mf
cres.
1. Lord God, we worship thee! In loud and hap-py cho - rus We praise thy love and
2. Lord God, we worship thee! For thou our land de-fend - est; Thou pourest down thy
3. Lord God, we worship thee! Thou didst in-deed chas-tise us, Yet still thy an-ger
♩=72 mf
cres.
pow'r, Whose goodness reign-eth o'er us. To heav'n our song shall soar, For -
grace, And strife and war thou end - est. Since gold-en peace, O Lord, Thou
spares, And still thy mer - cy tries us. Once more our Father's hand Doth
f
ev - er shall it be Re-sound-ing o'er and o'er, Lord God, we wor-ship thee!
grant-est us to see, Our land, with one ac - cord, Lord God, gives thanks to thee!
bid our sorrows flee, And peace re - joice our land: Lord God, we wor-ship thee!
f

O Come, All Ye Faithful

No. 74

ADESTE FIDELES

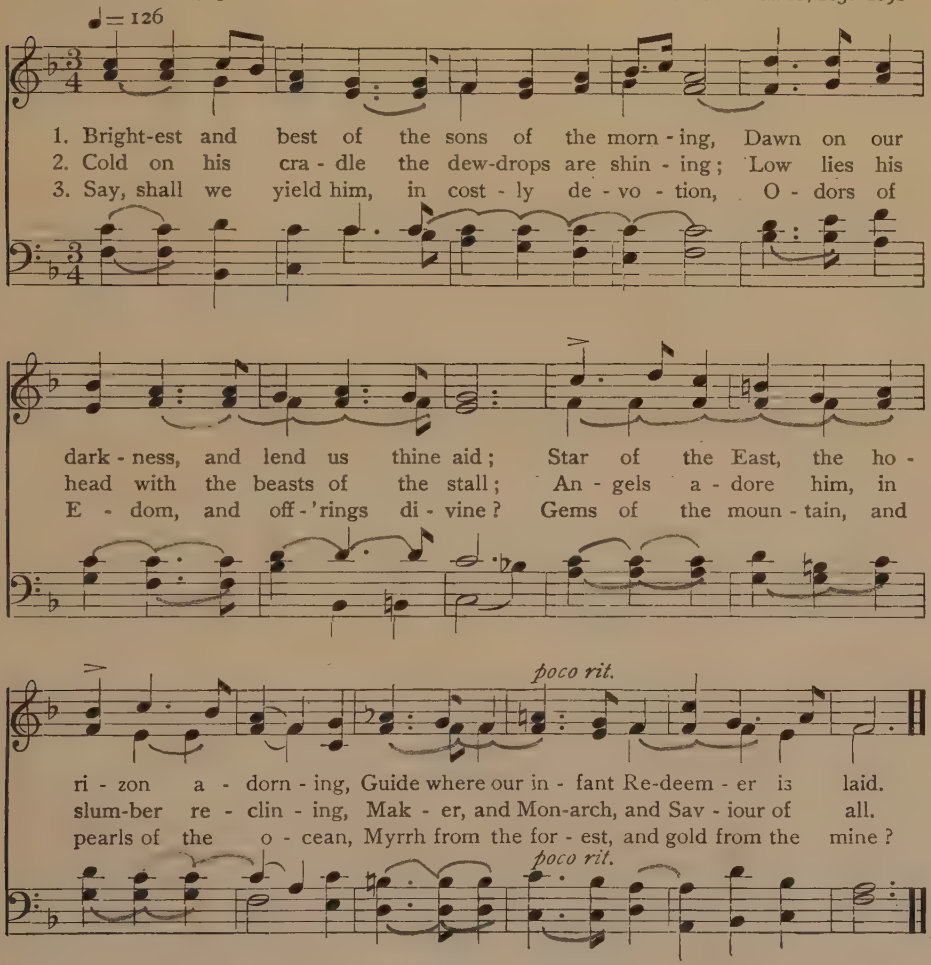
Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.) Tr. F. OAKELEY, 1841 — JOHN READING, 1677–1764


1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, To
2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - al - ta - tion,
3. Yea, Lord, we greet thee, Born for our sal - va - tion,
Beth - le - hem has - ten now with glad ac - cord; Come and be -
Thro' heav'n's high arch-es be your prais - es poured; Now to our
Je - sus for - ev - er be thy name a - dored; Word of the
hold him, born the King of an - gels; O come, let us a - dore him, O
God be glo - ry in the high - est; O come, let us a - dore him, O
Fa - ther, now in flesh ap - pear - ing; O come, let us a - dore him, O
come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, Christ, the Lord.

Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning

No. 75

SANTA LAURA

BISHOP HEBER, 1783–1826 — W. A. BARRETT, 1836–1891

♩= 126
1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
2. Cold on his cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing; Low lies his
3. Say, shall we yield him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of
dark - ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho -
head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore him, in
E - dom, and off - 'rings di - vine? Gems of the moun - tain, and
poco rit.
ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er is laid.
slum-ber re - clin - ing, Mak - er, and Mon-arch, and Sav - iour of all.
pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, and gold from the mine?
poco rit.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

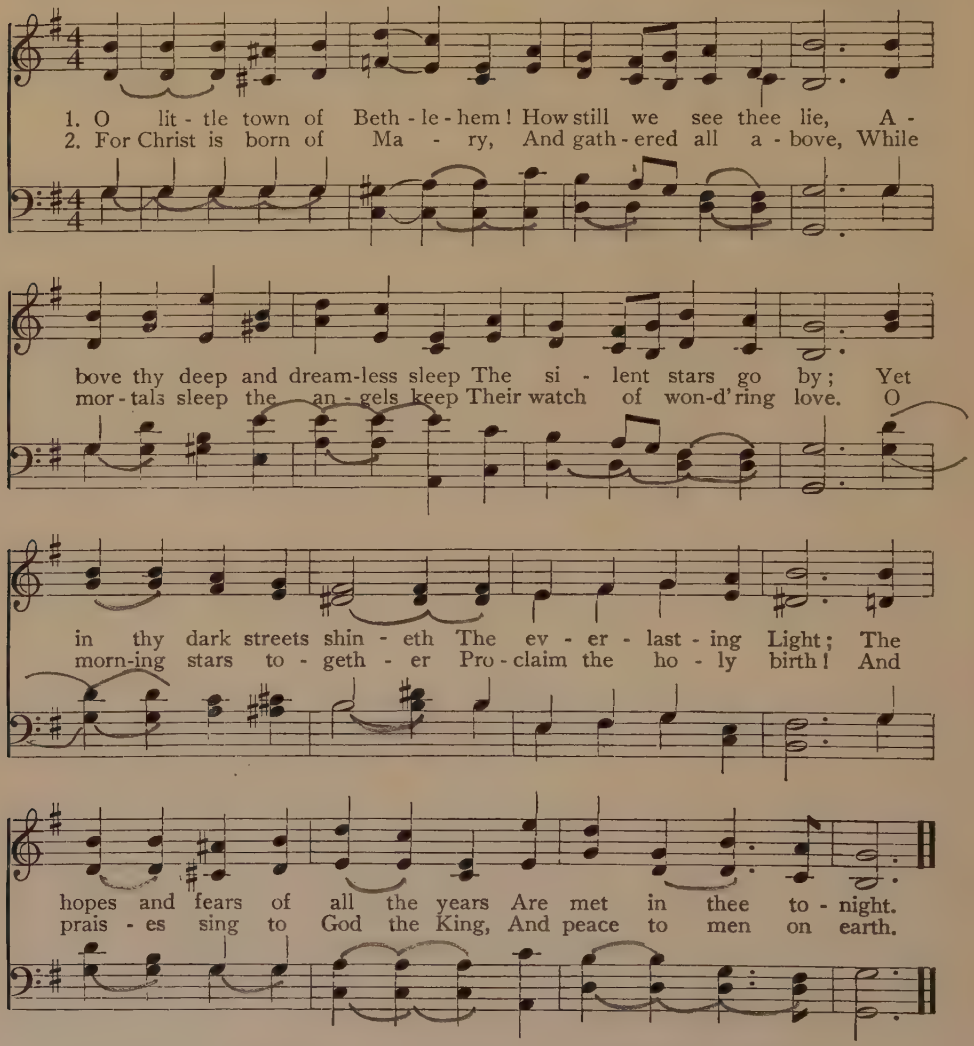
5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

O Little Town of Bethlehem

No. 76

ST. LOUIS

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS, 1835–1893 — L. H. REDNER, 1880


1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie, A -
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove, While
bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by; Yet
mor - tals sleep the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love. O
in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
morn-ing stars to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth! And
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

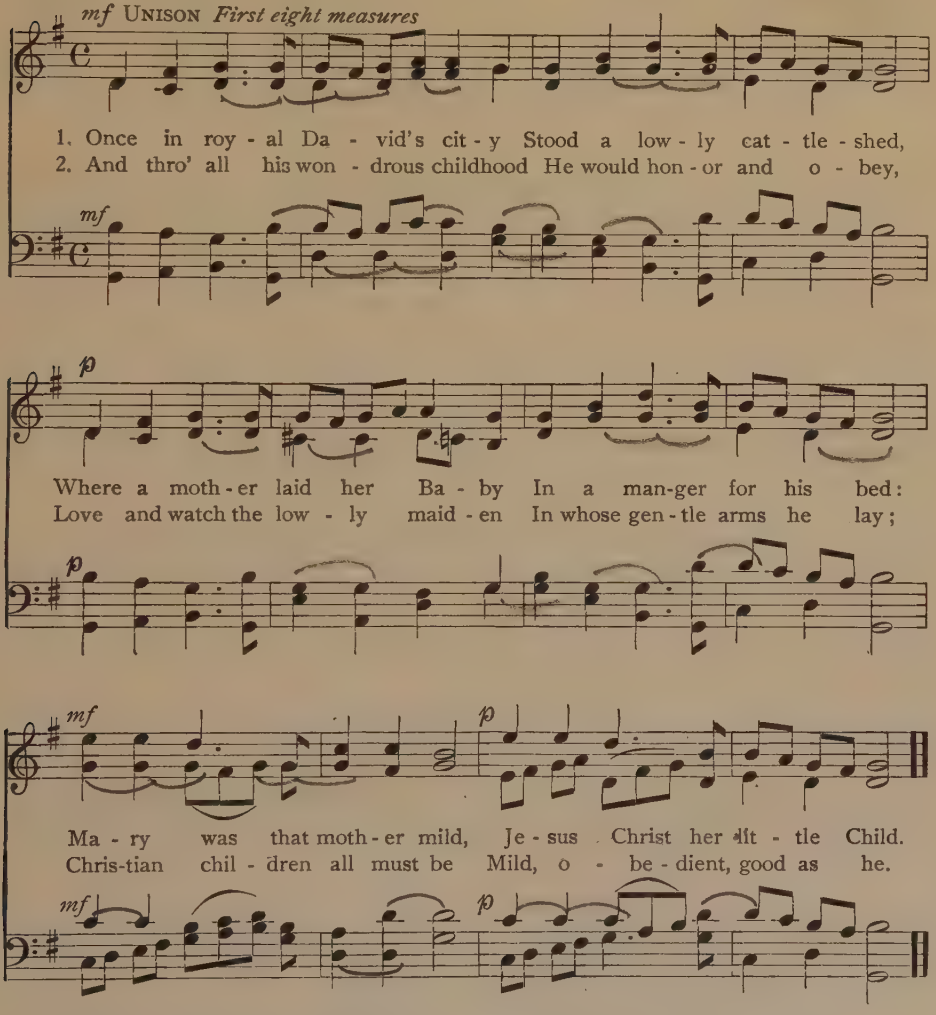
4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray,
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great, glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!

Once in Royal David's City

No. 77

IRBY

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1823–1876 — HENRY J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876


mf UNISON First eight measures
1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed,
2. And thro' all his won - drous childhood He would hon - or and o - bey,
mf
p
Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man-ger for his bed:
Love and watch the low - ly maid - en In whose gen - tle arms he lay;
p
mf
p
Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.
Chris-tian chil - dren all must be Mild, o - be - dient, good as he.
mf
p

3 And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

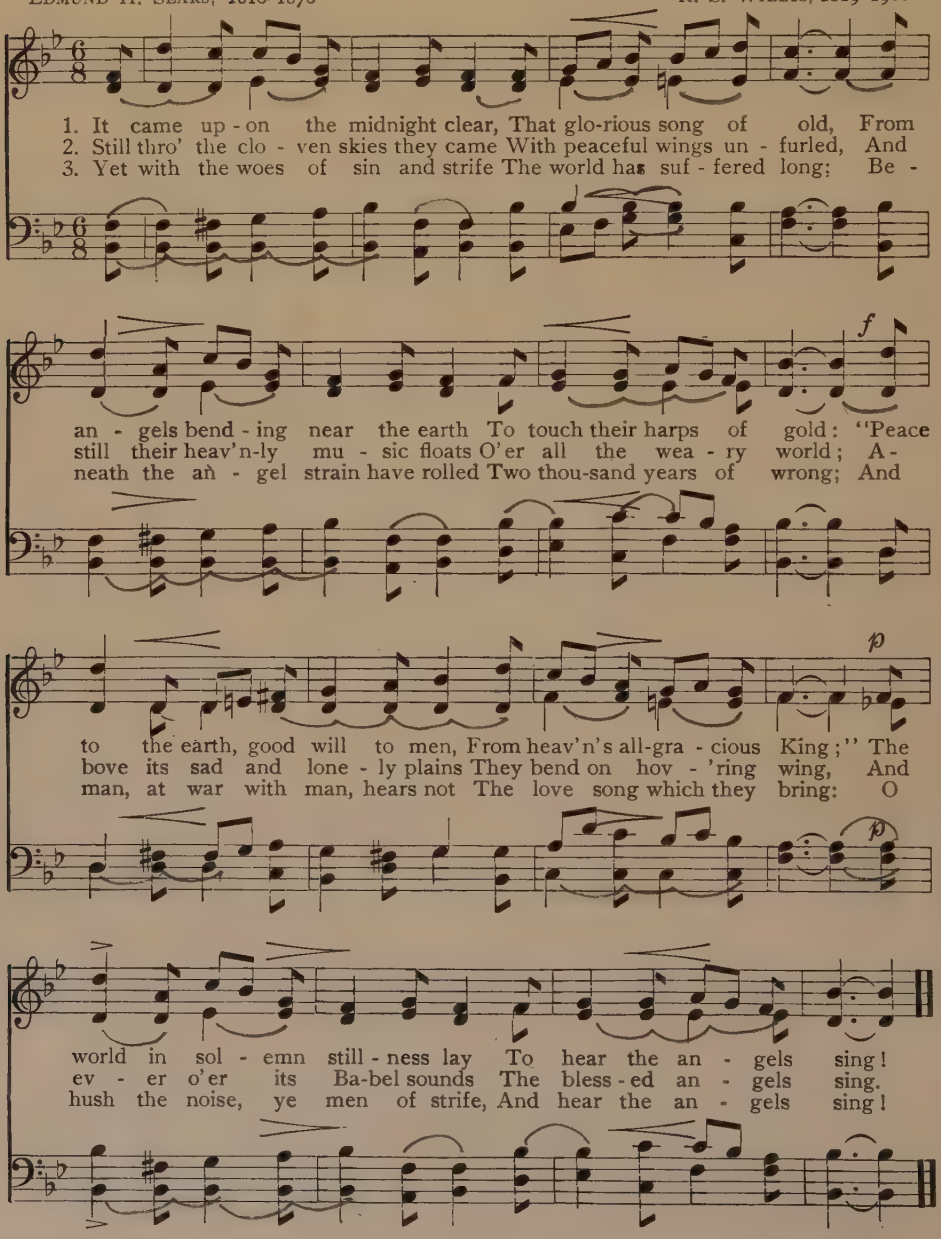
4 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

No. 78

CAROL

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1810–1876 R. S. WILLIS, 1819–1900

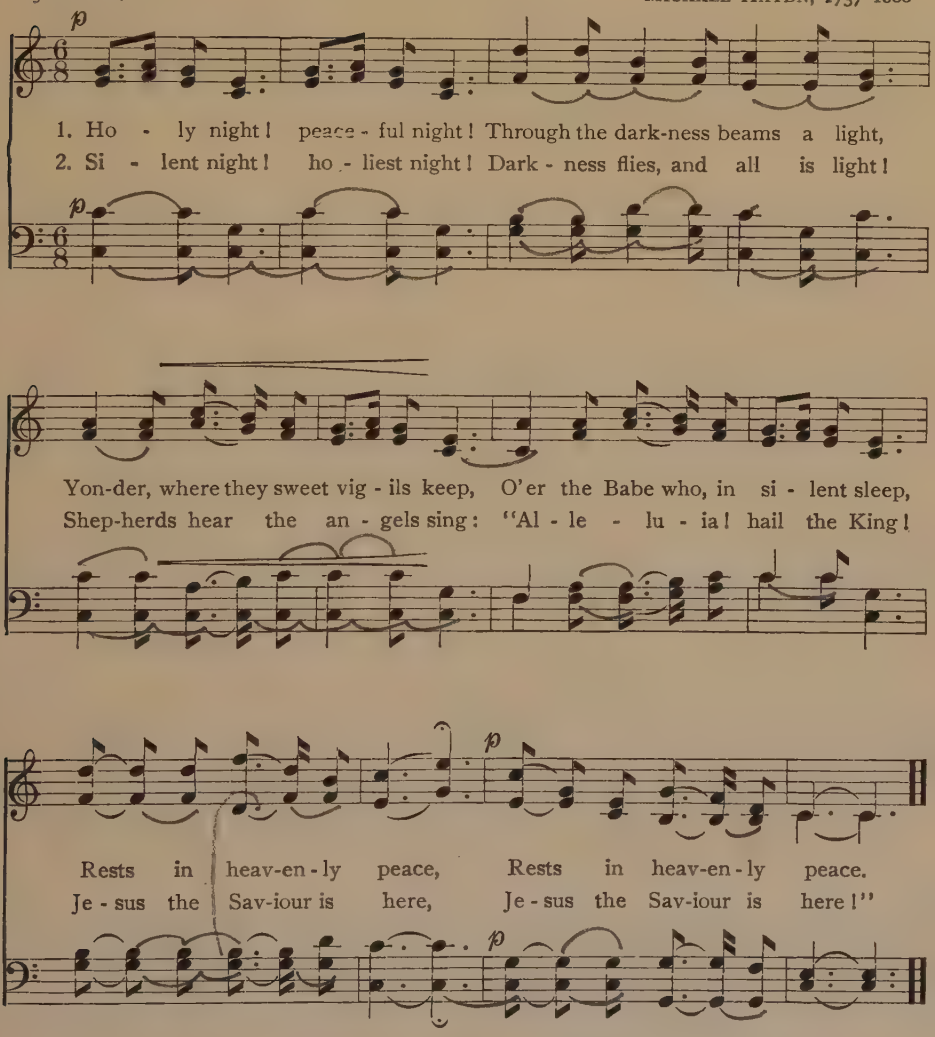

1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glo-rious song of old, From
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they came With peaceful wings un - furled, And
3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife The world has suf - fered long; Be -
f
an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace
still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A -
neath the an - gel strain have rolled Two thou-sand years of wrong; And
p
to the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all-gra - cious King;" The
bove its sad and lone - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing, And
man, at war with man, hears not The love song which they bring: O
p
world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing!
ev - er o'er its Ba-bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing.
hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing!

Holy Night! Peaceful Night

No. 79

HOLY NIGHT

J. MOHR, 1818 — MICHAEL HAYDN, 1737–1806


1. Ho - ly night! peace - ful night! Through the dark-ness beams a light,
2. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Dark - ness flies, and all is light!
Yon-der, where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who, in si - lent sleep,
Shep-herds hear the an - gels sing: "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
Rests in heav-en - ly peace, Rests in heav-en - ly peace.
Je - sus the Sav-iour is here, Je - sus the Sav-iour is here!"

3 Silent night! holiest night!
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!
See the eastern wise men bring
Gifts and homage to our King!
Jesus the Saviour is here!

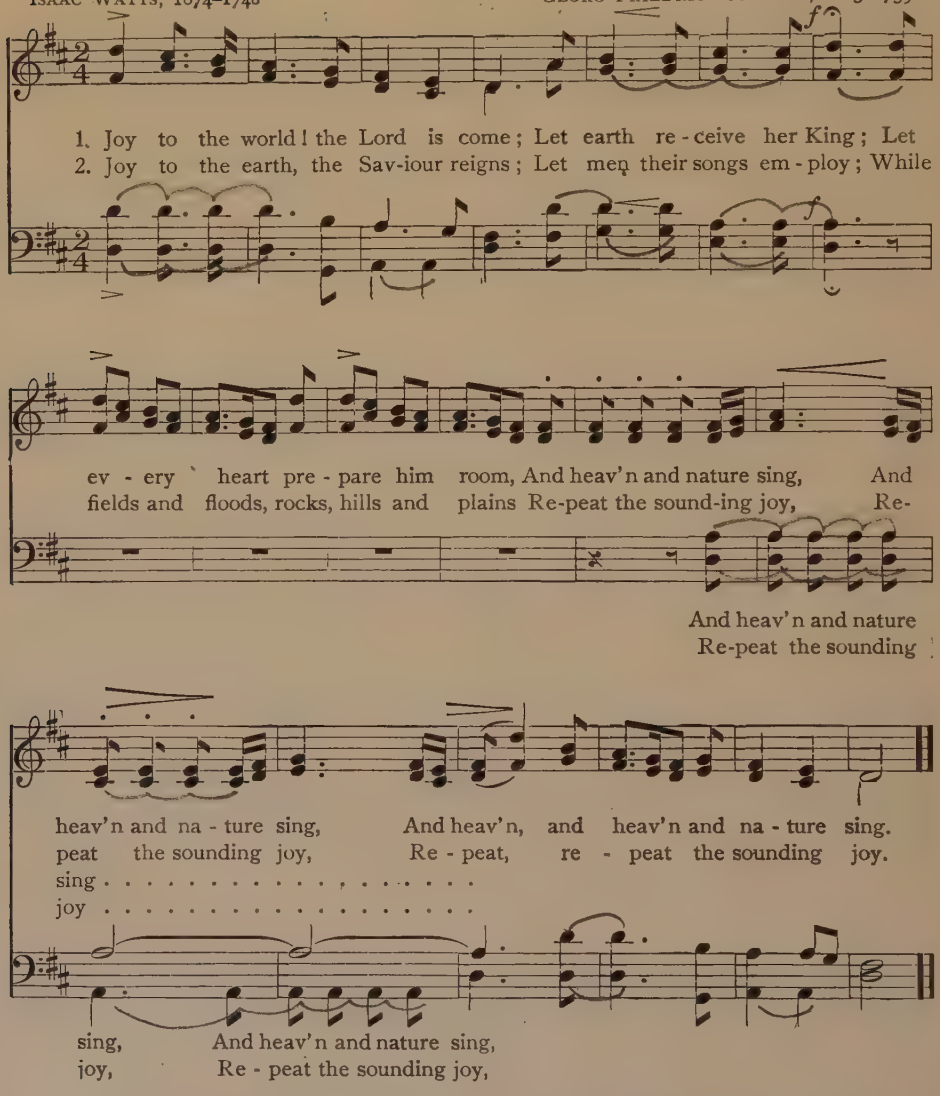
4 Silent night! holiest night!
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!
With the angels let us sing
Alleluia to our King!
Jesus our Saviour is here!

Joy to the World

No. 80

ANTIOCH

ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748 — GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL, 1685–1759


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the earth, the Sav-iour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While
ev-ery heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
And heav'n and nature
Re-peat the sounding
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re-peat, re-peat the sounding joy.
sing
joy
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,
joy, Re-peat the sounding joy,

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

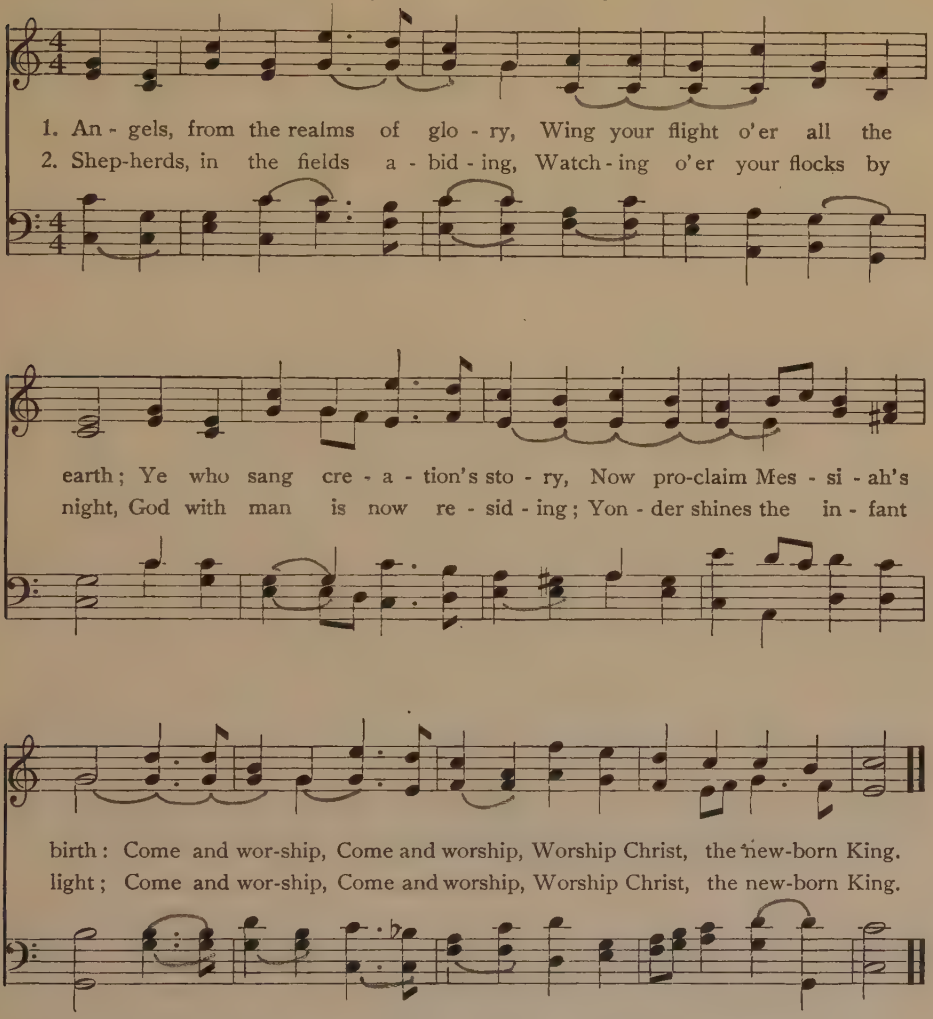
4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Angels, From the Realms of Glory

No. 81

REGENT SQUARE

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1771–1854 — HENRY SMART, 1812–1879


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the
2. Shep-herds, in the fields a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by
earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's
night, God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yon - der shines the in - fant
birth: Come and wor-ship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.
light; Come and wor-ship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
‖: Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
‖: Come and worship, :‖
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shout the Glad Tidings

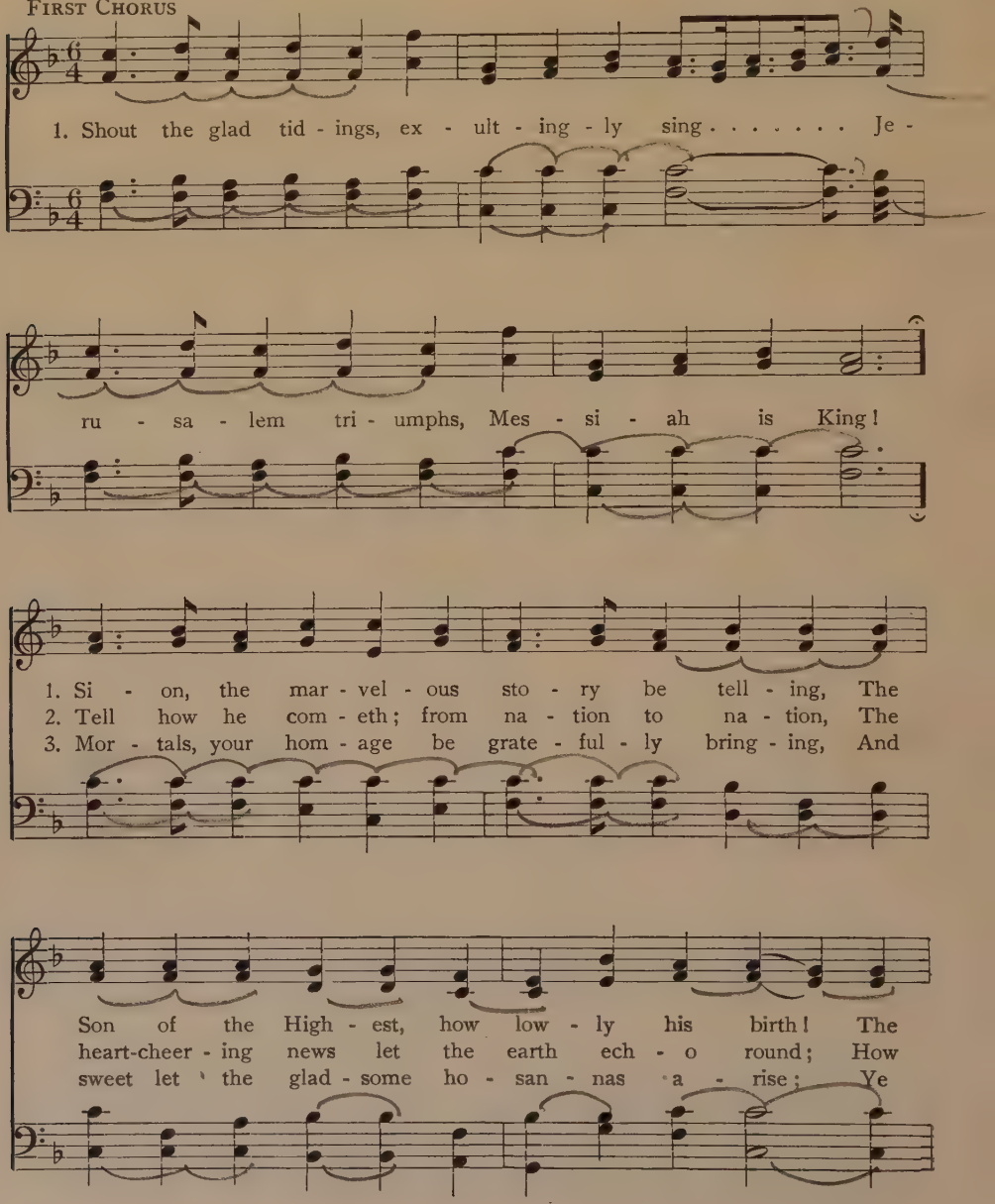
No. 82

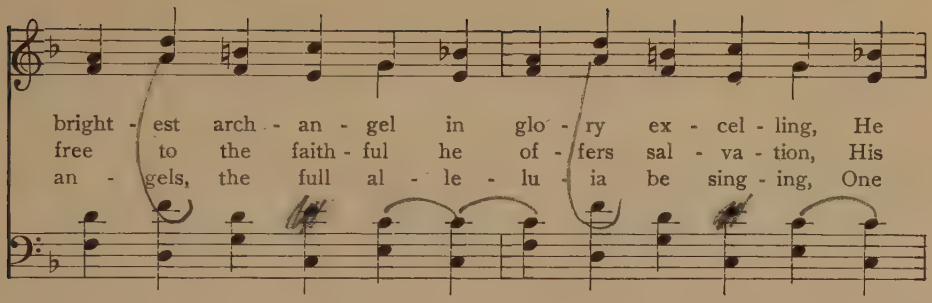
AVISON

REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG, 1796–1877

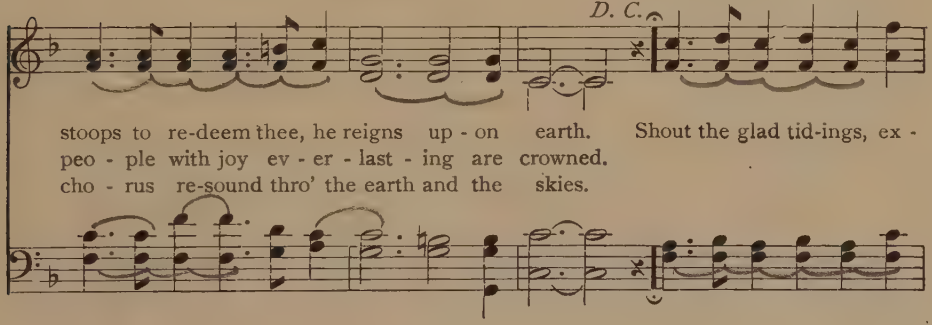
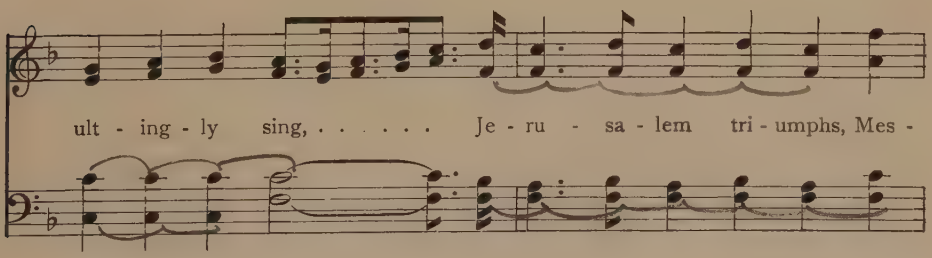
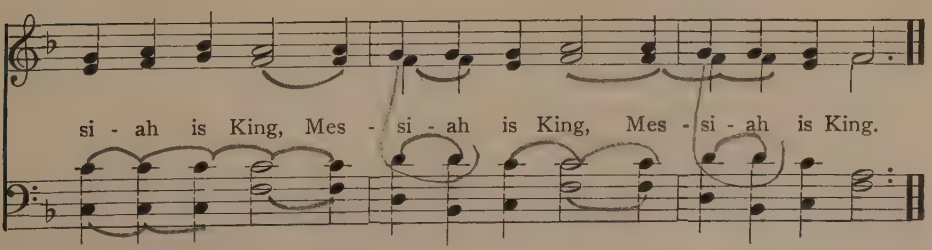
C. AVISON, 1710–1770

FIRST CHORUS


1. Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing . . . . . Je -
ru - sa - lem tri - umphs, Mes - si - ah is King!
1. Si - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The
2. Tell how he com - eth; from na - tion to na - tion, The
3. Mor - tals, your hom - age be grate - ful - ly bring - ing, And
Son of the High - est, how low - ly his birth! The
heart-cheer - ing news let the earth ech - o round; How
sweet let the glad - some ho - san - nas a - rise; Ye


bright - est arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He
free to the faith - ful he of - fers sal - va - tion, His
an - gels, the full al - le - lu - ia be sing - ing, One

Repeat 1st Chorus after 1st and 2d stanzas. Chorus after 3d stanza.

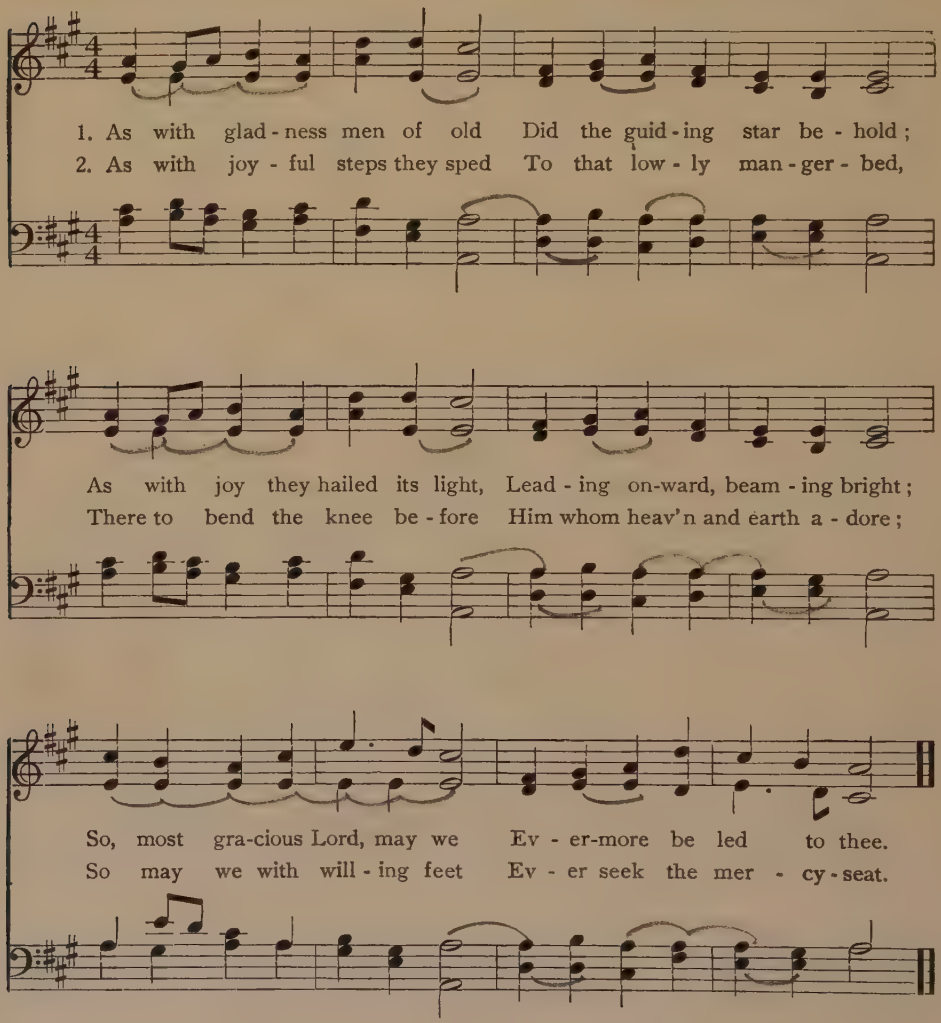

D. C.
stoops to re-deem thee, he reigns up - on earth. Shout the glad tid-ings, ex -
peo - ple with joy ev - er - last - ing are crowned.
cho - rus re-sound thro' the earth and the skies.



As With Gladness Men of Old

No. 83

DIX

WILLIAM CHATTERTON DIX, 1860 German. Arr. by WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823–1889


1. As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold;
2. As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger - bed,
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on-ward, beam - ing bright;
There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom heav'n and earth a - dore;
So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev - er-more be led to thee.
So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek the mer - cy - seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

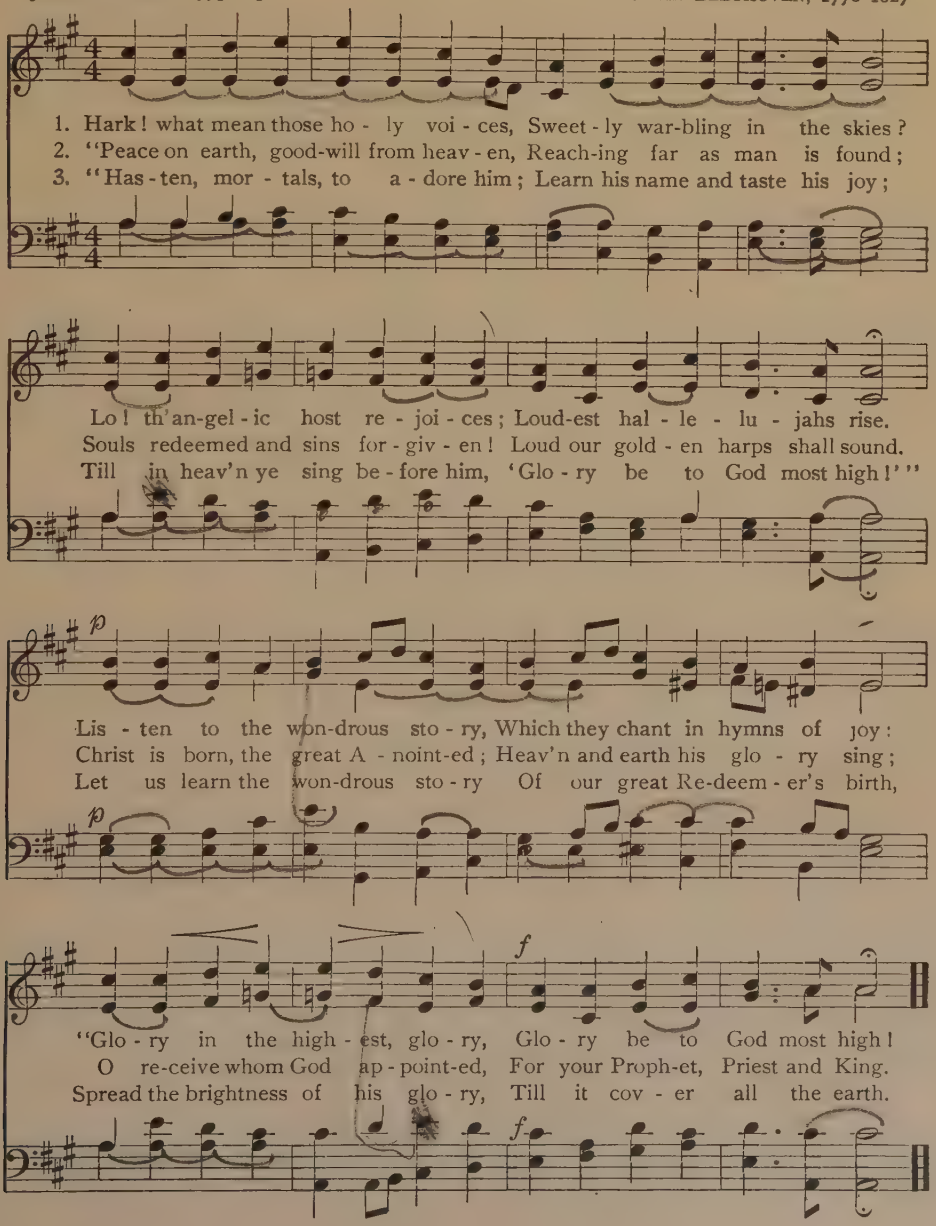
4 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun, which goes not down:
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices

No. 84

HYMN TO JOY

JOHN CAWOOD, 1775–1852 — L. VAN BEETHOVEN, 1770–1827


1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi - ces, Sweet - ly war-bling in the skies?
2. "Peace on earth, good-will from heav - en, Reach-ing far as man is found;
3. "Has - ten, mor - tals, to a - dore him; Learn his name and taste his joy;
Lo! th'an-gel - ic host re - joi - ces; Loud-est hal - le - lu - jahs rise.
Souls redeemed and sins for - giv - en! Loud our gold - en harps shall sound.
Till in heav'n ye sing be - fore him, 'Glo - ry be to God most high!'"
p
Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:
Christ is born, the great A - noint-ed; Heav'n and earth his glo - ry sing;
Let us learn the won-drous sto - ry Of our great Re-deem - er's birth,
p
f
"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high!
O re-ceive whom God ap - point-ed, For your Proph-et, Priest and King.
Spread the brightness of his glo - ry, Till it cov - er all the earth.
f

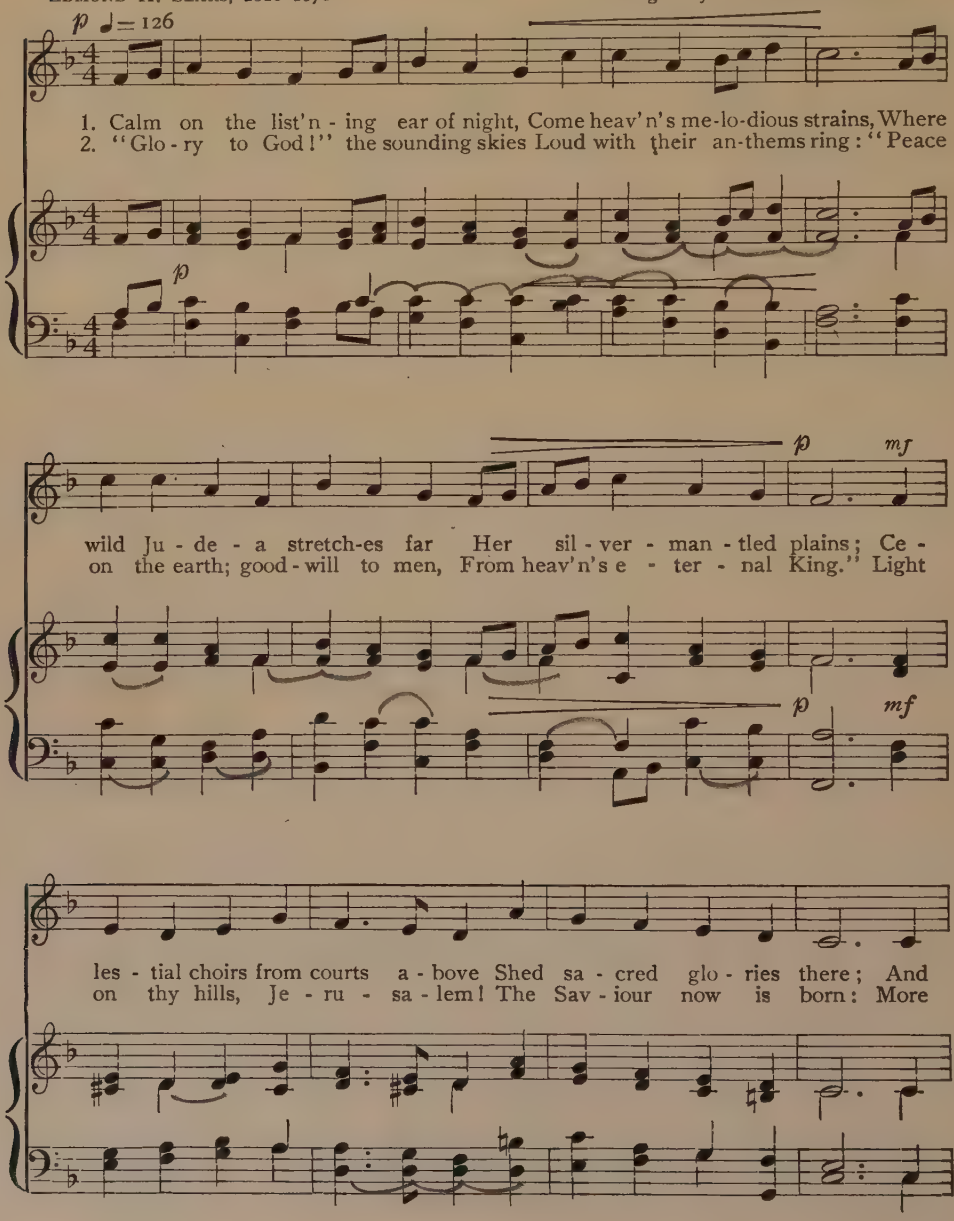
Calm On the Listening Ear of Night

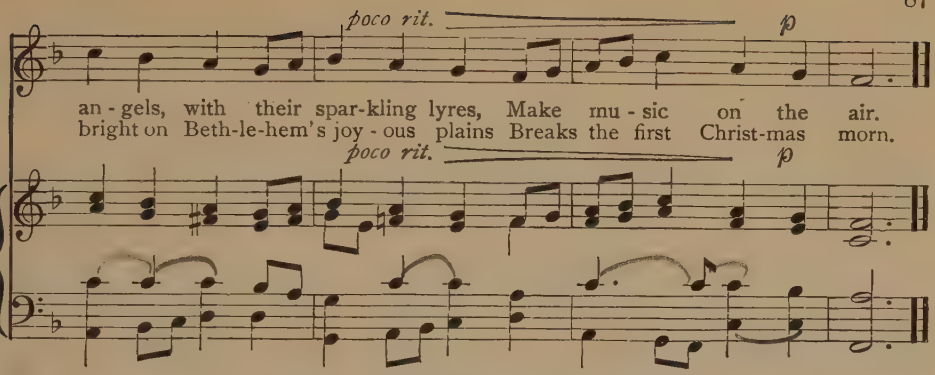
No. 85

NOËL

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1810–1876

Traditional Air
Rearranged by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN


p ♩= 126
1. Calm on the list'n - ing ear of night, Come heav'n's me-lo-dious strains, Where
2. "Glo - ry to God!" the sounding skies Loud with their an-thems ring: "Peace
p
wild Ju - de - a stretch-es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains; Ce -
on the earth; good - will to men, From heav'n's e - ter - nal King." Light
p mf
les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there; And
on thy hills, Je - ru - sa - lem! The Sav - iour now is born: More


poco rit.
p
an - gels, with their spar-kling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.
bright on Beth-le-hem's joy - ous plains Breaks the first Christ-mas morn.
poco rit.
p

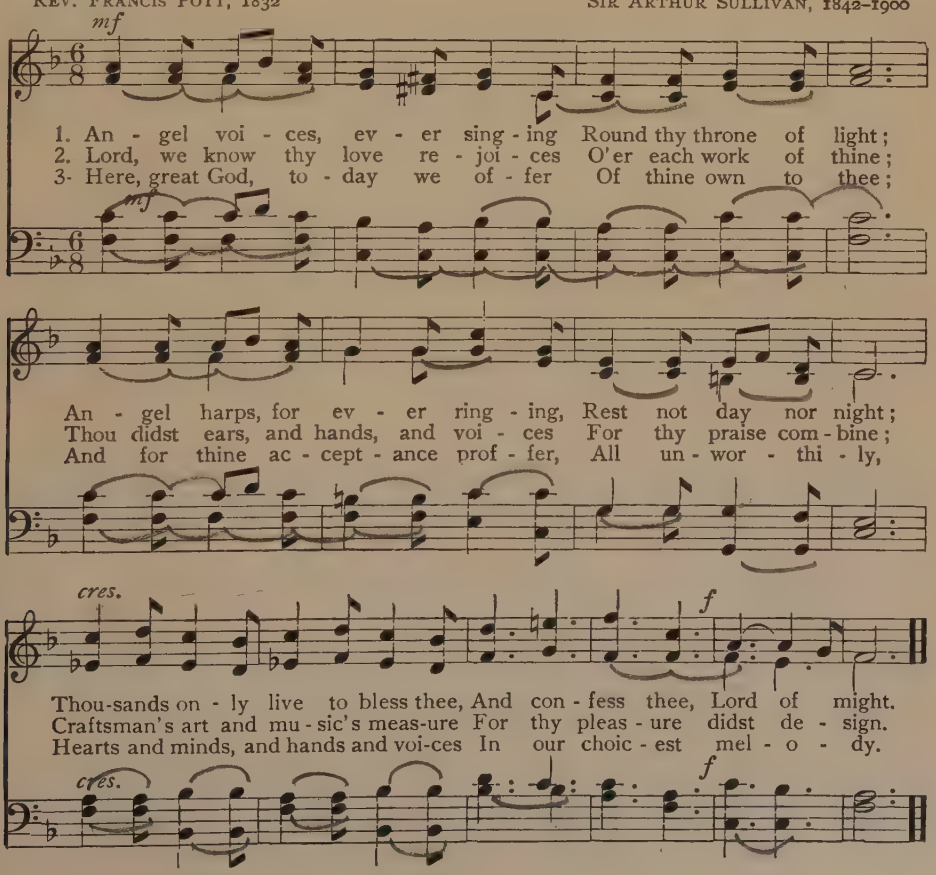
No. 86

Angel Voices Ever Singing

ANGEL VOICES

REV. FRANCIS POTT, 1832

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900

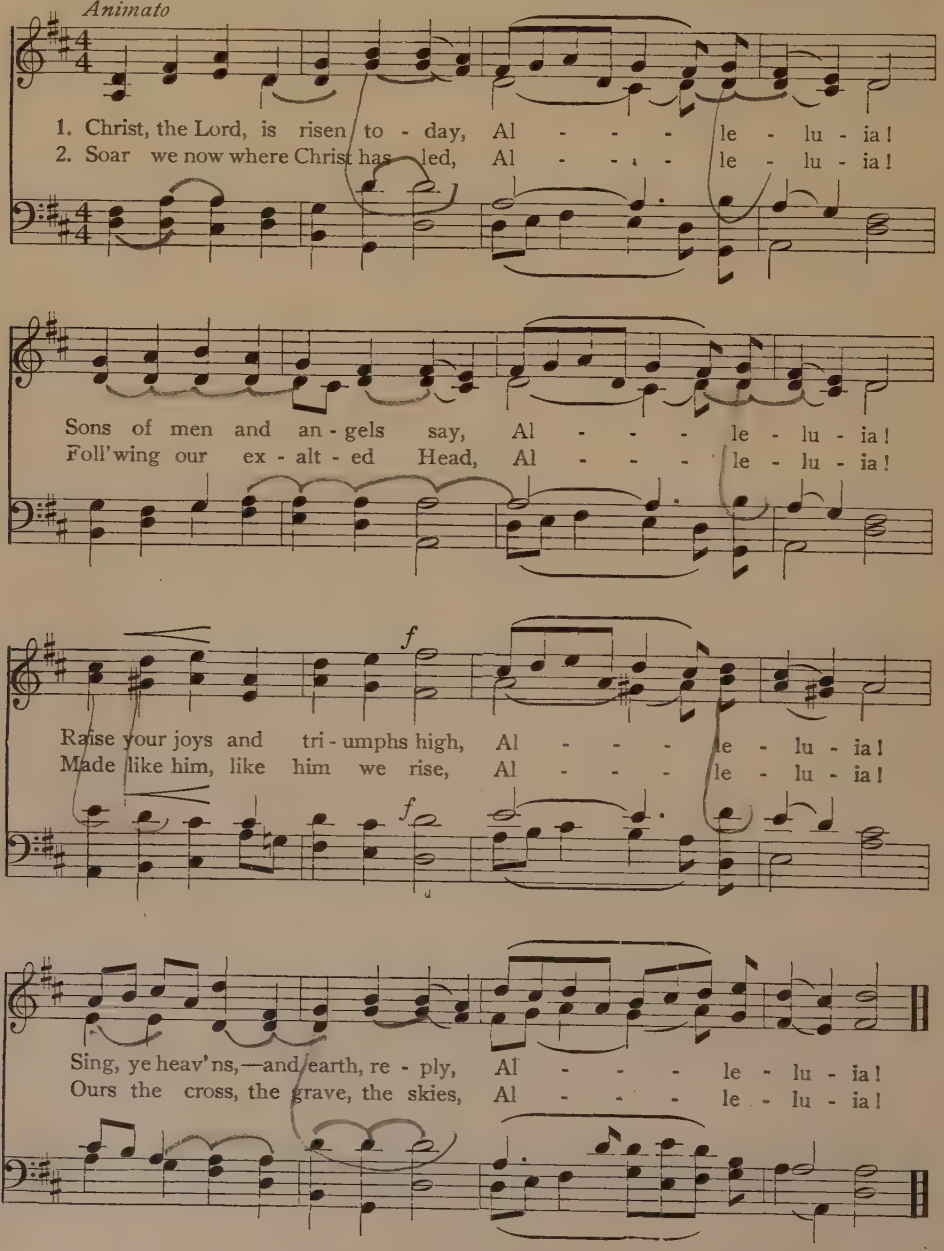

mf
1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round thy throne of light;
2. Lord, we know thy love re - joi - ces O'er each work of thine;
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of thine own to thee;
mf
An - gel harps, for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voi - ces For thy praise com - bine;
And for thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly,
cres.
f
Thou-sands on - ly live to bless thee, And con - fess thee, Lord of might.
Craftsman's art and mu - sic's meas-ure For thy pleas - ure didst de - sign.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voi-ces In our choic - est mel - o - dy.
cres.
f

No. 87 Christ, the Lord, Is Risen To-day

EASTER HYMN

CHARLES WESLEY, 1708–1788 — LYRA DAVIDICA, 1708

Animato

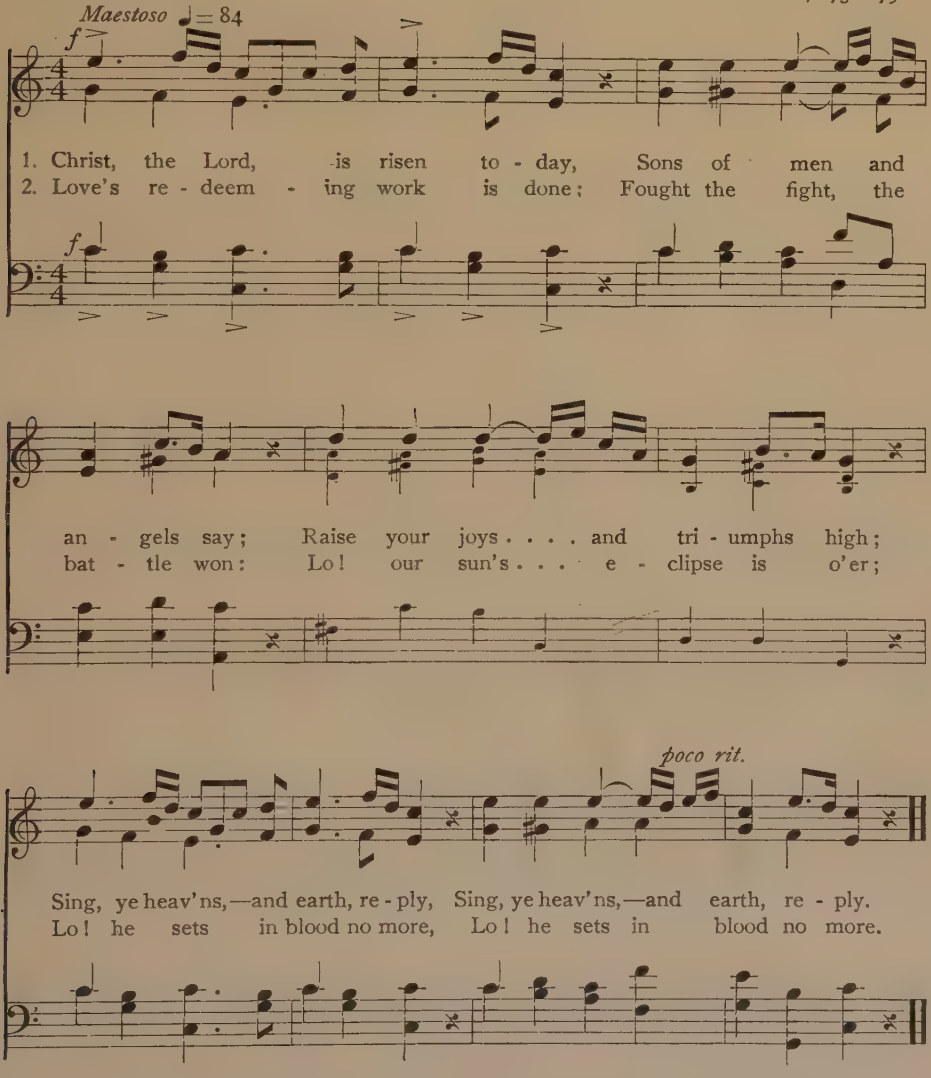

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
2. Soar we now where Christ has led, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Sons of men and an - gels say, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Foll'wing our ex - alt - ed Head, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
f
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Made like him, like him we rise, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
f
Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, re - ply, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Al - - - - le - lu - ia!

Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day

No. 88

MOZART

CHARLES WESLEY, 1708–1788 — WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, 1756–1791


Maestoso ♩ = 84
f
1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Sons of men and
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Fought the fight, the
f
an - gels say; Raise your joys . . . . and tri - umphs high;
bat - tle won: Lo! our sun's . . . . e - clipse is o'er;
poco rit.
Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, re - ply, Sing, ye heav'ns,—and earth, re - ply.
Lo! he sets in blood no more, Lo! he sets in blood no more.

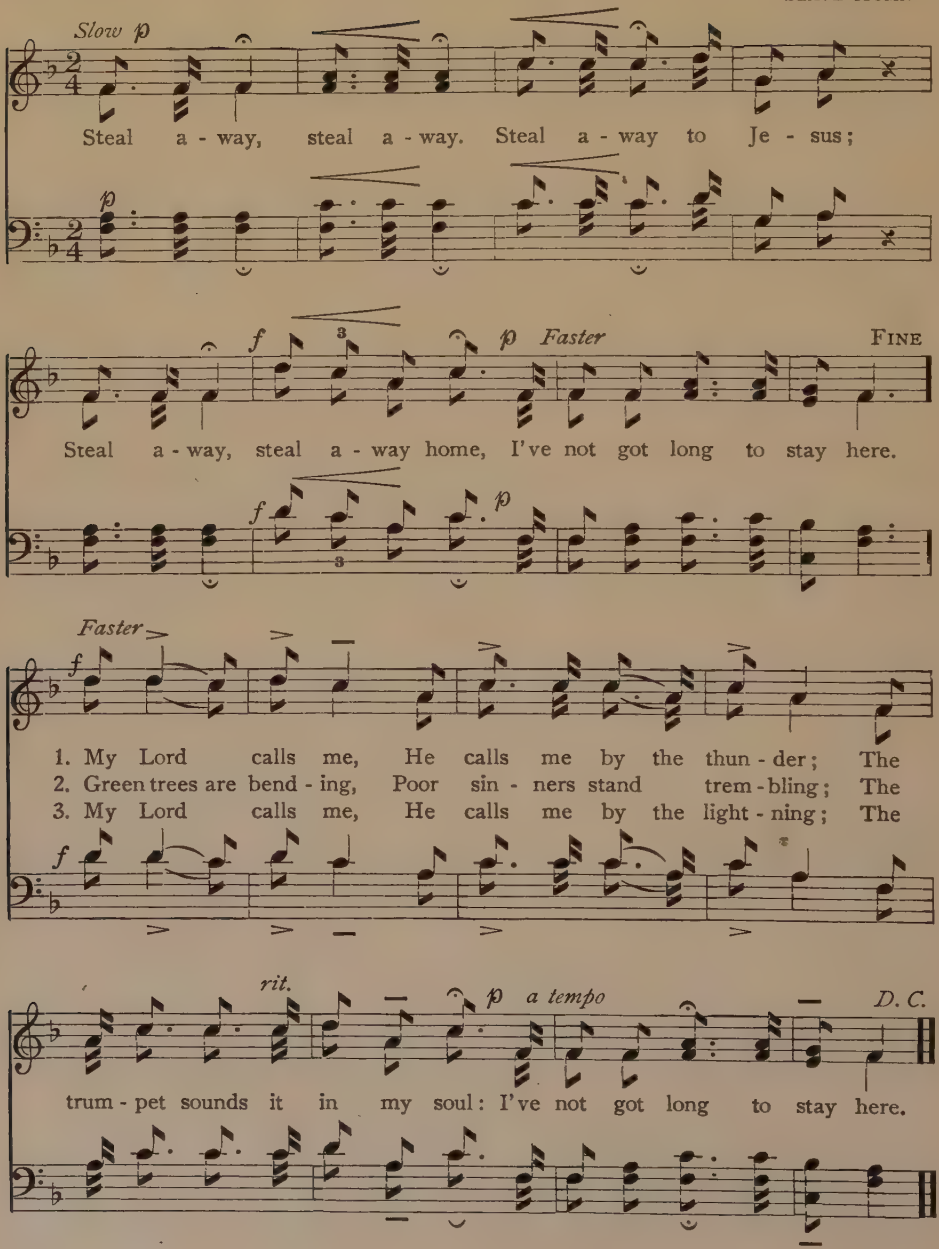
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save;
Where's thy victory, O Grave?

Steal Away

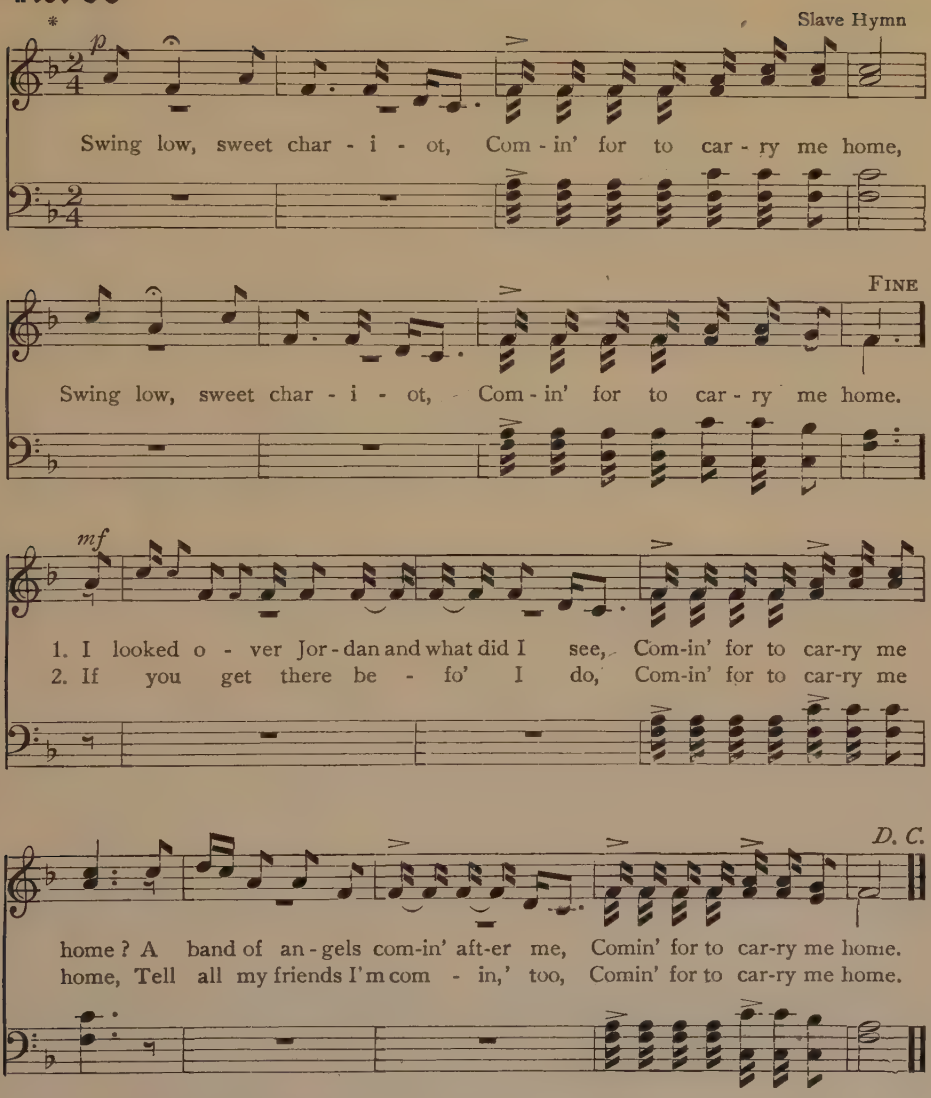
No. 89

SLAVE HYMN


Slow p
Steal a - way, steal a - way. Steal a - way to Je - sus;
f
p Faster
FINE
Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I've not got long to stay here.
Faster
1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The
2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand trem - bling; The
3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - ning; The
rit.
a tempo
D. C.
trum - pet sounds it in my soul: I've not got long to stay here.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

No. 90


Slave Hymn
p
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - in' for to car - ry me home,
Fine
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com - in' for to car - ry me home.
mf
1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan and what did I see, Com-in' for to car-ry me
2. If you get there be - fo' I do, Com-in' for to car-ry me
D. C.
home? A band of an - gels com-in' aft-er me, Comin' for to car-ry me home.
home, Tell all my friends I'm com - in,' too, Comin' for to car-ry me home.

3 The brightest day that eber I saw,
Comin' for to carry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Comin' for to carry me home.

4 I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Comin' for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heabenly bound,
Comin' for to carry me home.

*The first two measures in each score may be used as a solo.

When Israel Was in Egypt's Land

No. 91

GO DOWN MOSES

Slave Hymn

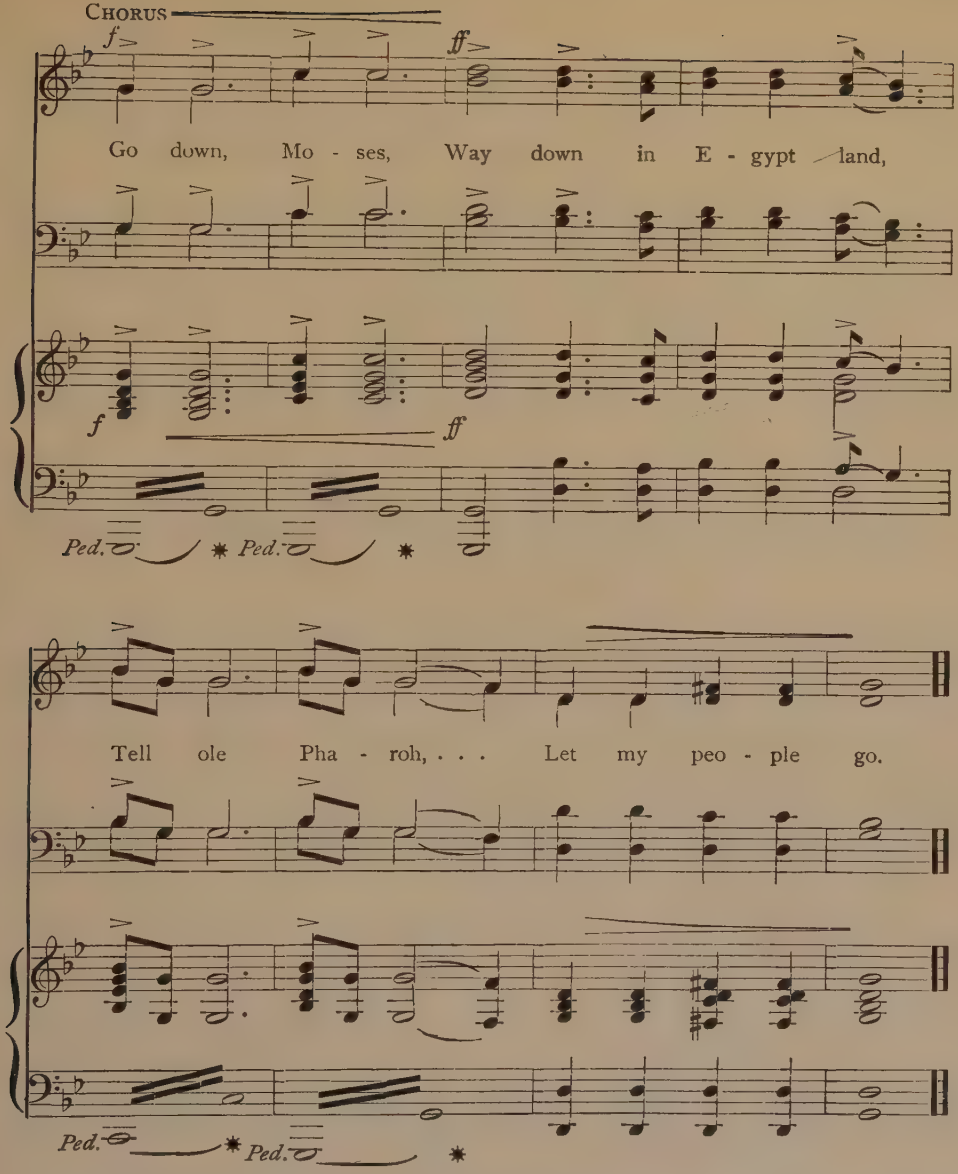
mf SOLO CHORUS SOLO

1. When Is - rael was in E-gypt's land: Let my peo - ple go; Op -
2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Mo - ses said, Let my peo - ple go; If
3. No more shall they in bond - age toil, Let my peo - ple go; Let

mf ♩=72

CHORUS

pressed so hard they could not stand, Let my peo - ple go.
not I'll smite your first born dead, Let my peo - ple go.
them come out with E - gypt's spoil, Let my peo - ple go.



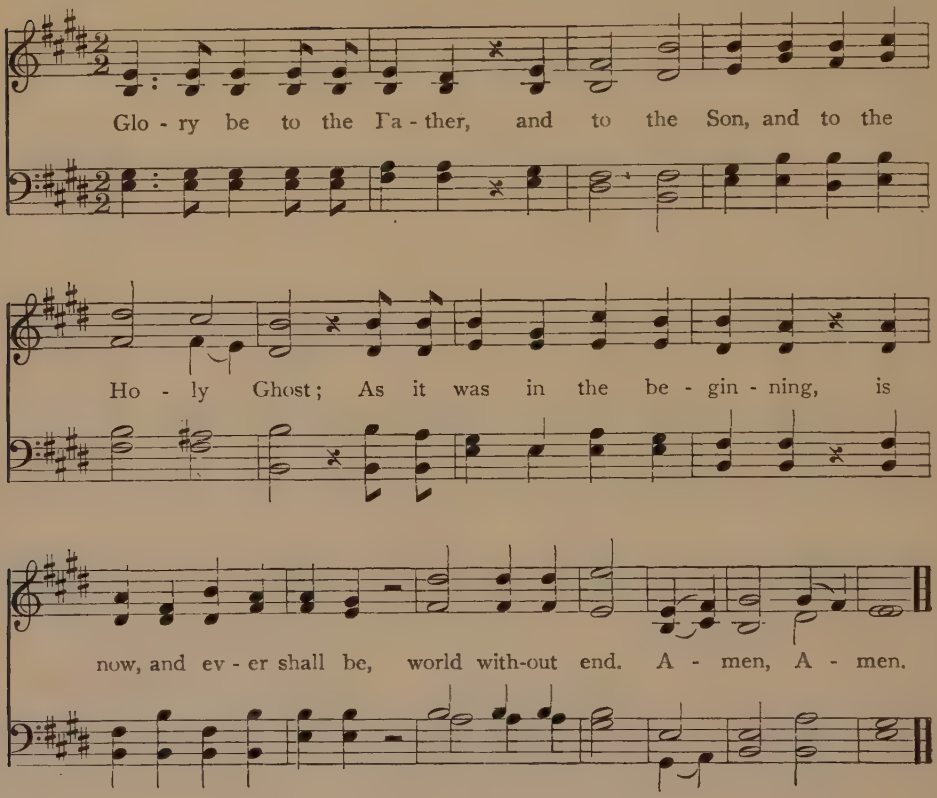
4 When Israel out of Egypt came,
Let my people go;
And left the proud, oppressive land,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, etc.

5 O 'twas a dark and dismal night,
Let my people go,
When Moses led the Israelites,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, etc.

Gloria Patri

No. 92

THOMAS GREATOREX, 1758–1831


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the
Ho - ly Ghost; As it was in the be - gin - ning, is
now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men, A - men.

Amens

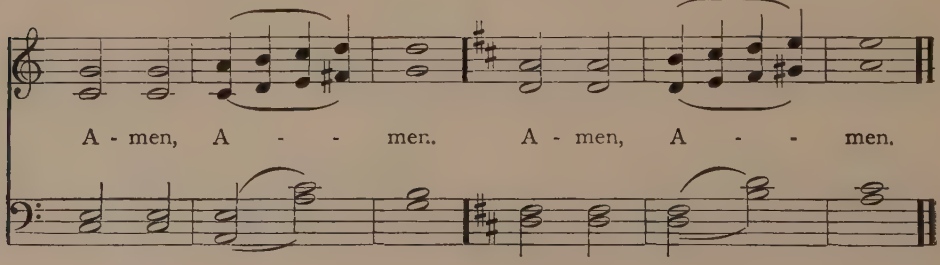
No. 93

DRESDEN AMEN

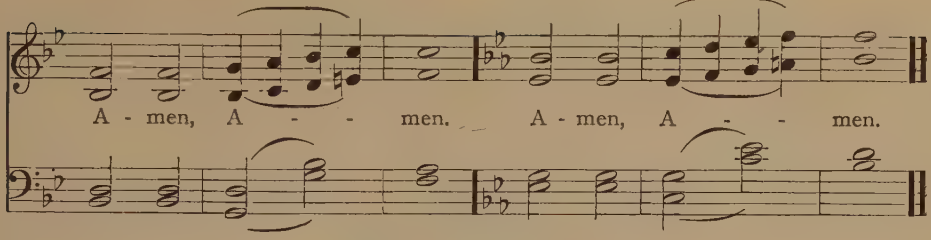
JOHANN GOTTLIEB NAUMANN, 1741–1801

No. 1.—*For keys of C and G*

No. 2.—*For keys of D and A*

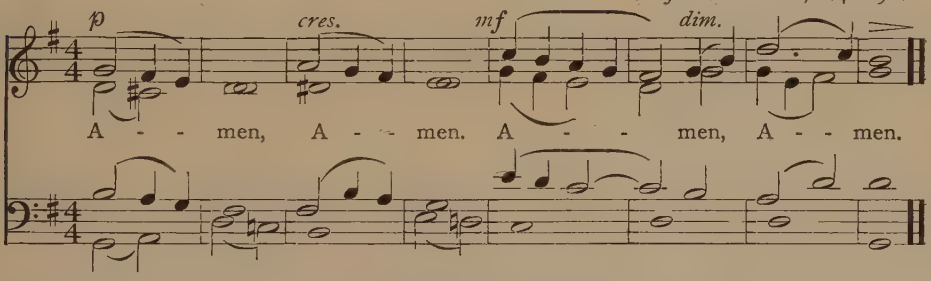


No. 3.—*For keys of B♭ and F*

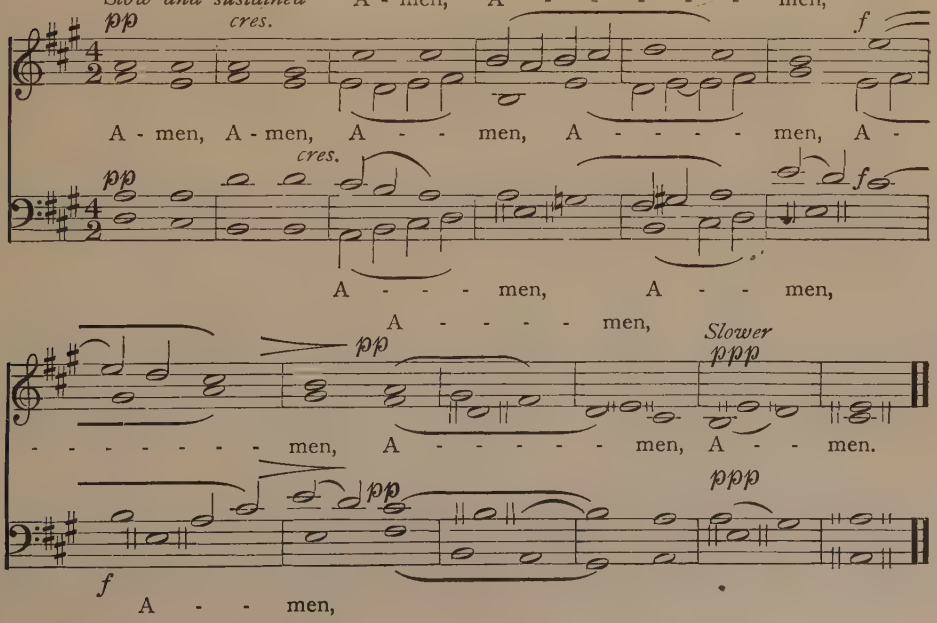


No. 4.—*For keys of E♭ and B♭*

No. 94 Fourfold Amen

JOHN STAINER, 1840–1901

No. 95 Sevenfold Amen

JOHN STAINER



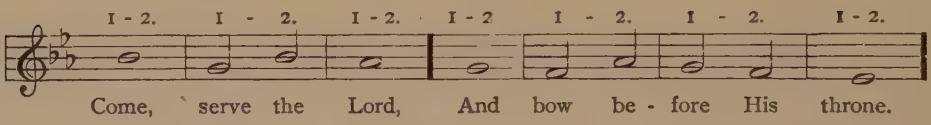
Chanting

The object of all rules for chanting is to secure an interpretation of the words that will fulfill the requirements of correct and intelligent reading. In so far as the rendering of a chant departs from the requirements of good reading, so far, at least, it is not good chanting.

The following suggestions are from a recognized authority on chanting:

The ordinary chant consists of two parts. In the first part are four notes; in the second, six. Take, for instance, the melody of the following single chant:

Now this should be sung *in strict time*, faster or slower, as the case may be, but preserving the proportion of the length of the several notes. This is easy when there is only one syllable to one note, as in the following example:



This may be considered the chant proper. But *before* the chant proper there comes a *recitation* of a greater or less number of words, which requires a variable length of time.

On reaching the *accented syllable*, and beginning with it, the *music* of the chant commences, in strict time, the upright strokes (in the printed Psalter) corresponding to the bars in the printed music.

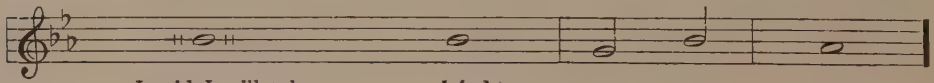
The *accented syllable* is therefore the *beginning of the first measure of the chant.* The accented syllable is not to be *long dwelt upon*, or to be *sung louder* than the rest; it simply is the point of beginning of the steady time of chanting.

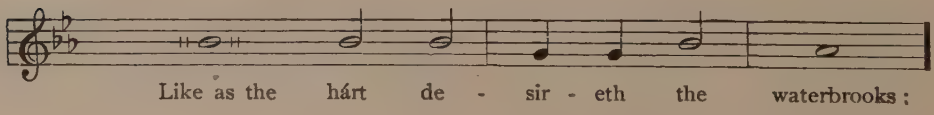
This accented syllable may be the only one before the first bar, as in the example just given. In that case it is to be held just the length of one measure (two beats).

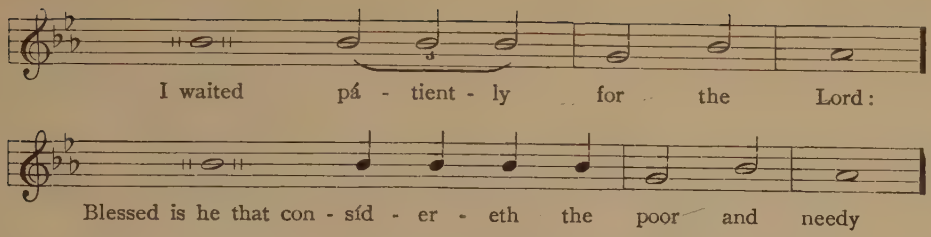
But there may be, between this accented syllable and the first bar, one, two, or three other syllables.

How are they to be treated?

Not by dwelling on the accented syllable, but by *dividing the whole measure equally between the two, three, or four syllables, giving to the accented syllable only the ordinary stress and accent belonging to the first beat in the measure*, as in the following examples:



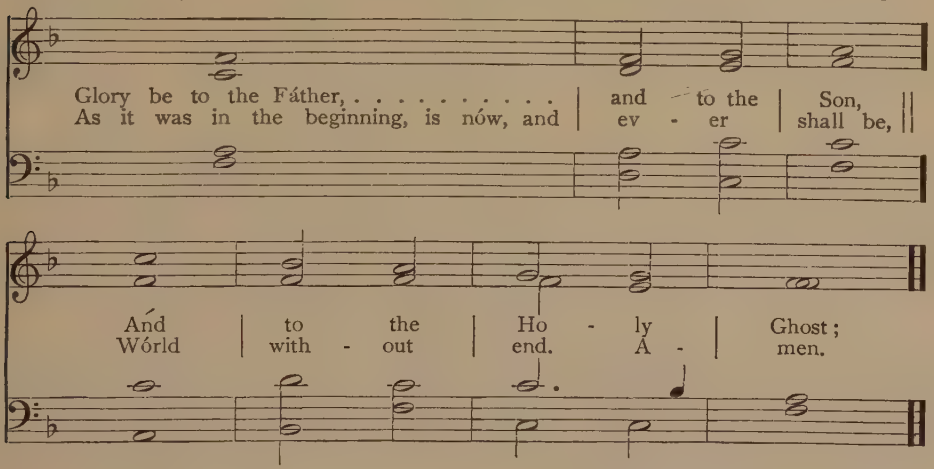




No. 96

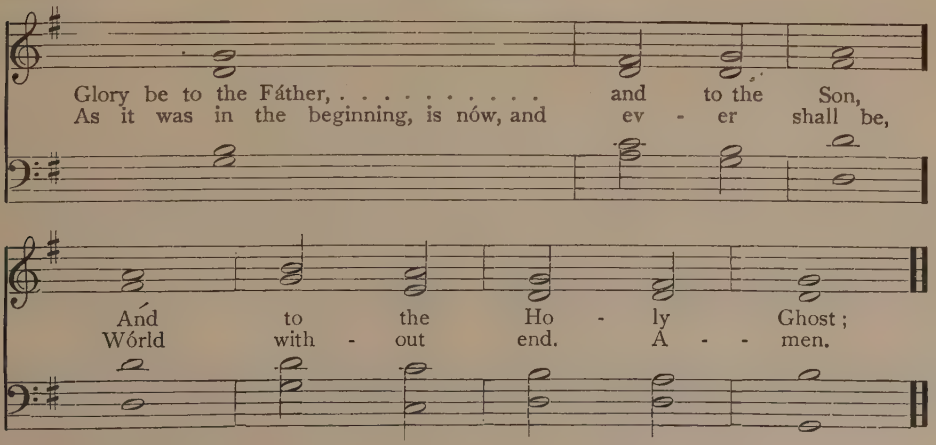
Gloria Patri

RICHARD FARRANT, 1570


Glory be to the Fáther, ... and to the Son,
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and ev - er shall be,
And to the Ho - ly Ghost;
Wórld with - out end. A - men.

No. 97

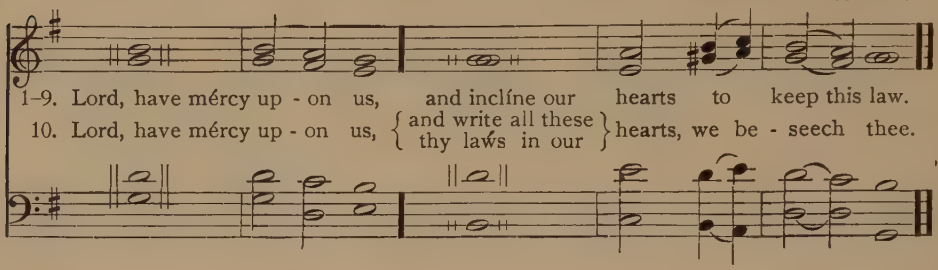
Gloria Patri


Glory be to the Fáther, ... and to the Son,
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and ev - er shall be,
And to the Ho - ly Ghost;
Wórld with - out end. A - - men.

Responses to the Commandments

No. 98

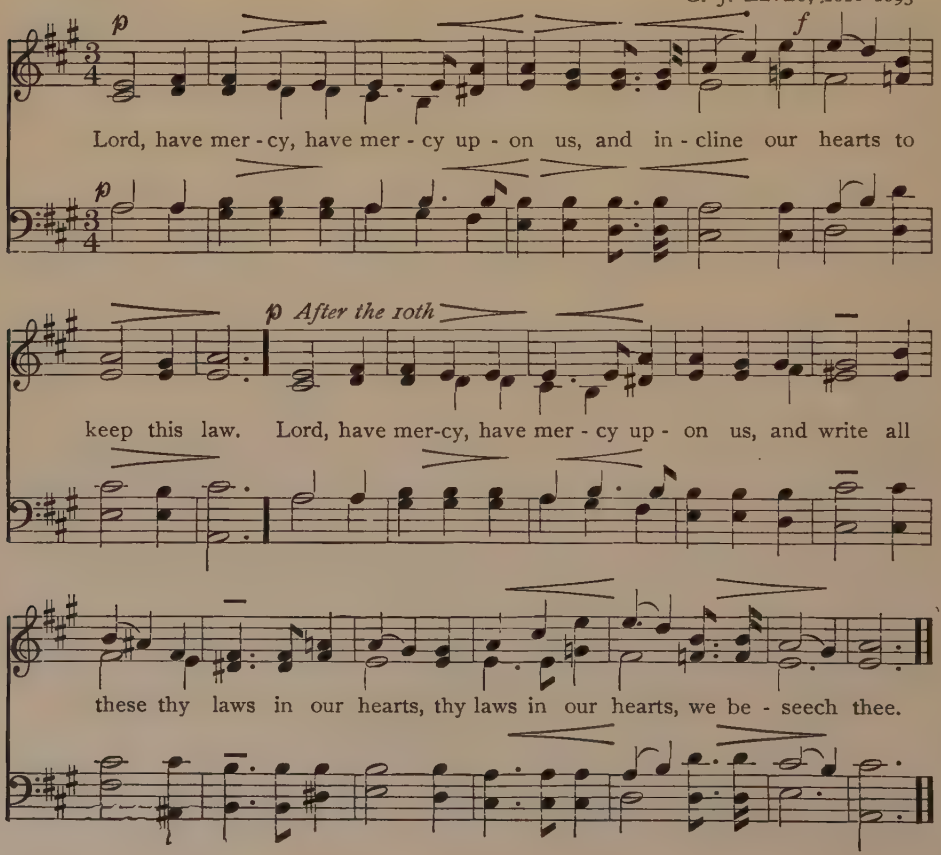
LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1770–1827


1–9. Lord, have mércy up - on us, and inclíne our hearts to keep this law.
10. Lord, have mércy up - on us, { and write all these / thy laws in our } hearts, we be - seech thee.

Responses to the Commandments

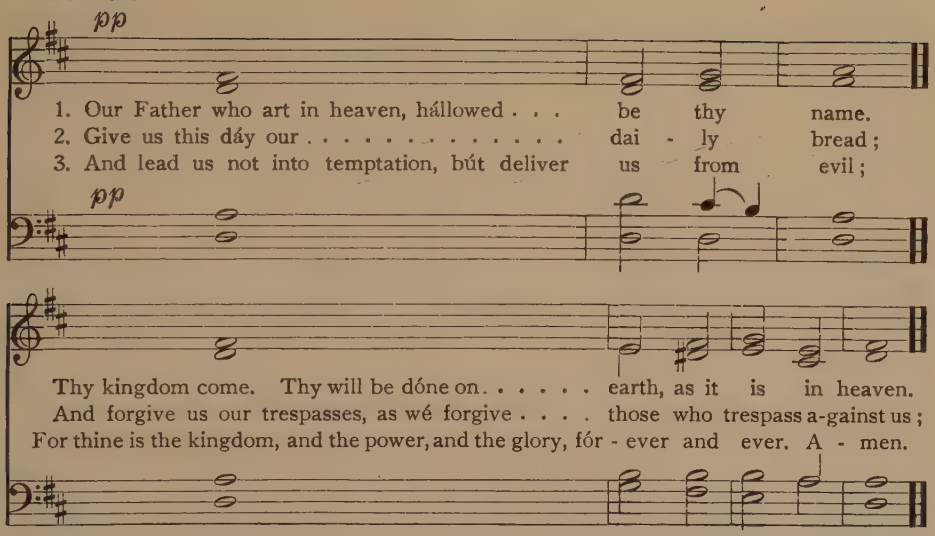
No. 99

G. J. ELVEY, 1816–1893


p
f
Lord, have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and in - cline our hearts to
p
p After the 10th
keep this law. Lord, have mer-cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all
these thy laws in our hearts, thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech thee.

The Lord's Prayer

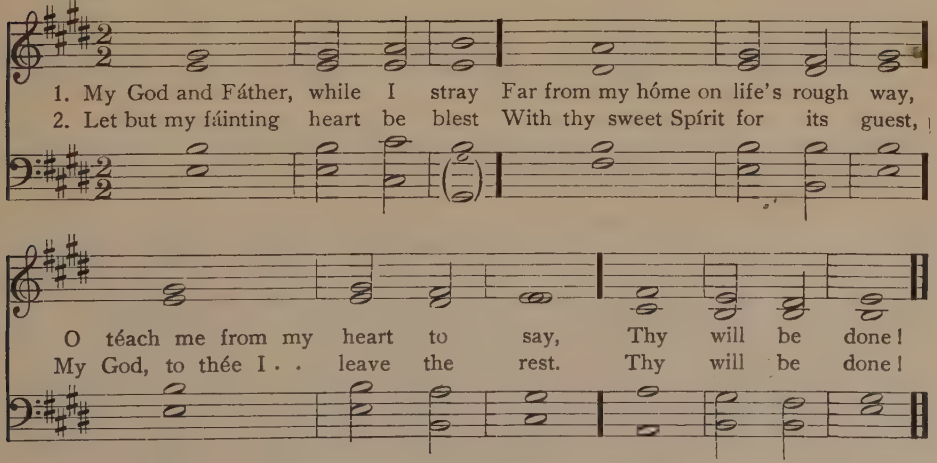
No. 100


pp
1. Our Father who art in heaven, hállowed . . . be thy name.
2. Give us this dáy our . . . . . dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, bút deliver us from evil;
pp
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be dóne on . . . . . earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as wé forgive . . . . those who trespass a-gainst us;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, fór - ever and ever. A - men.

Troyte's Chant

No. 101

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789–1871 — SIR ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE, 1811–1857


1. My God and Fáther, while I stray Far from my hóme on life's rough way,
2. Let but my fáinting heart be blest With thy sweet Spírit for its guest,
O téach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done!
My God, to thée I . . leave the rest. Thy will be done!

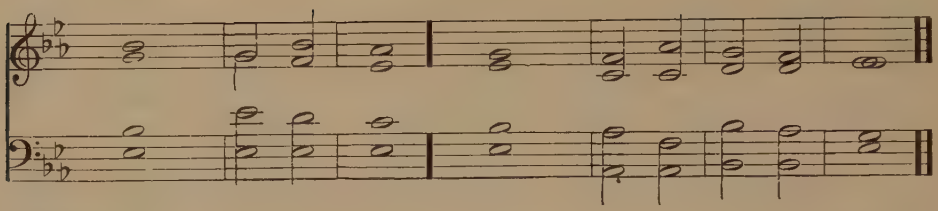
3 Renew my wíll from | day to | day, ‖
Blend it with thíne and | take a | way ‖
All that now mákes it | hard to | say, ‖
Thy | will be | done!

4 Then when on eárth I | breathe no | more ‖
The prayer, oft míxed with | tears be | fore, ‖
I'll síng upon a | happier | shore, ‖
Thy | will be | done!

Venite

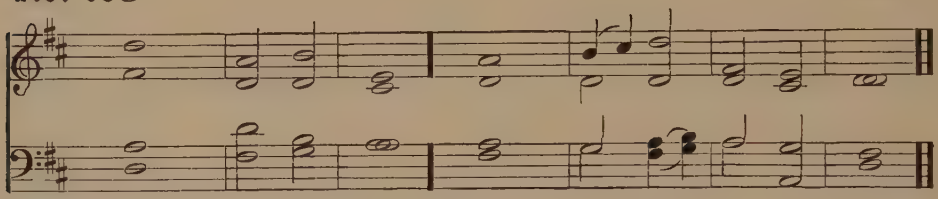
No. 102

BARNBY



No. 103

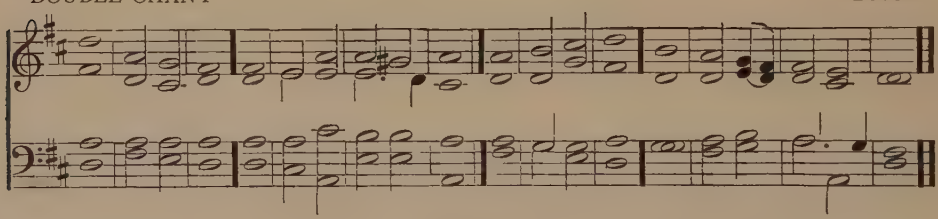
HAYES.



No. 104

DOUBLE CHANT

BOYCE



1 O come, let us síng | unto · the | Lord: let us heartily rejóice in the | strength of | our sal | vation.

2 Let us come before his présence with | thanks · = | giving: and shów ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lórd is a | great · = | God: and a gréat | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the córners | of the | earth: and the stréngth of the | hills is | his · = | also.

5 The sea is hís, | and he | made it: and his hánds pre | pared · the | dry · = | land.

6 O come, let us wórship and | fall · = | down: and knéel be | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For hé is the | Lord our | God: and we are the people of his pasture, ánd the | sheep of | his · = | hand.

8 O worship the Lórd in the | beauty · of | holiness: let the whole eárth | stand in | awe of | him.

9 For he cometh, for he cómeth to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the wórld and the | people | with his | truth.

Glory be to the Fáther, | and · to the | Son, ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost;

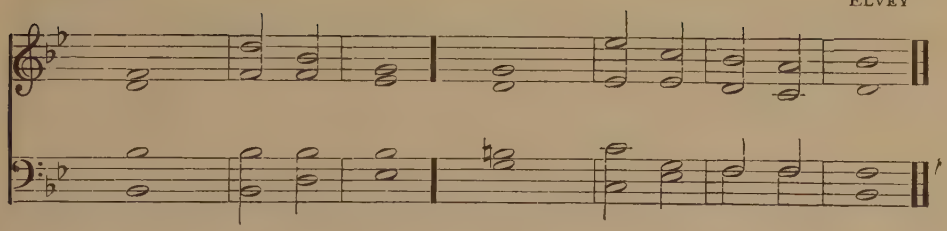
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be: wórld without | end · = | A · = | men.

Psalm 100

No. 105

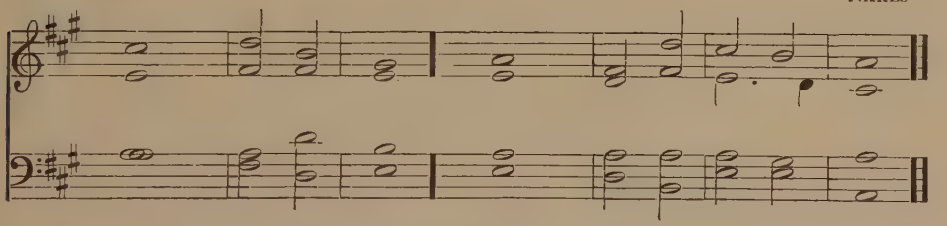
JUBILATE DEO

ELVEY



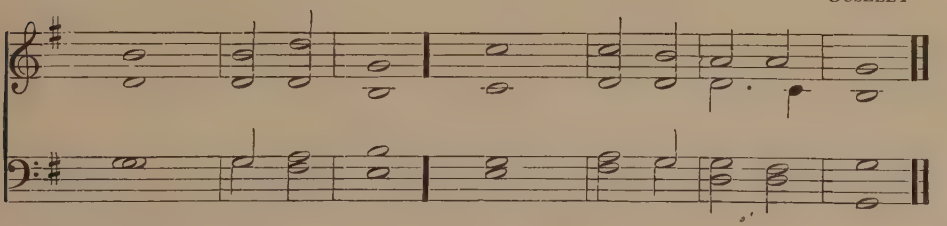
No. 106

NARES



No. 107

OUSELEY



1 O be joyful in the Lórd | all ye | lands : serve the Lord with gladness, and come befóre his | presence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the Lord he is God, it is he that hath made us ánd not | we our | selves : we are his people, ánd the | sheep of | his ' = | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and ínto his | courts with | praise : be thankful unto hím and | speak goód | of his | name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, his mércy is | ever | lasting : and his truth endureth from géner | ation ' to | gener | ation.

Glory be to the Fáther, | and ' to the | Son : ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost :

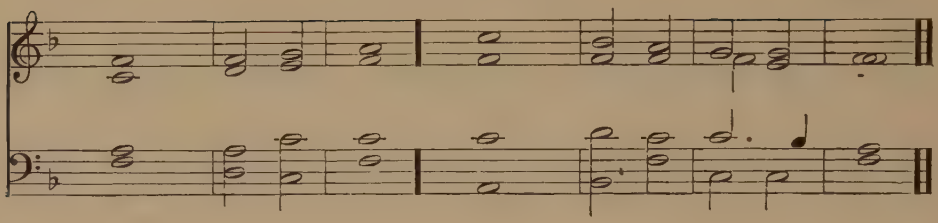
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be : wórld without | end ' = | A ' = | men.

Nunc Dimittis

No. 108

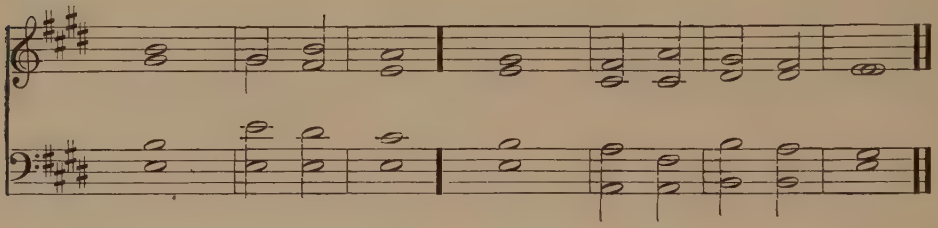
ST. LUKE II: 29

FARRANT



No 109

BARNBY



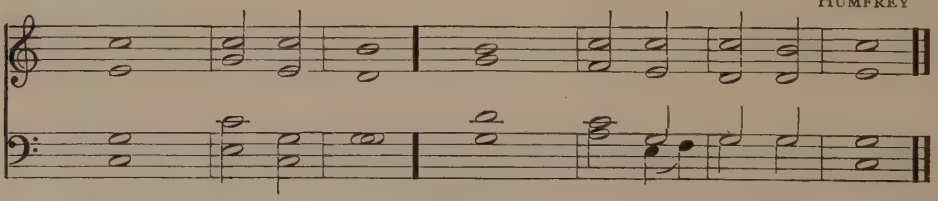
1 Lord, now lettest thou thy sérvant de | part in | peace : ác | cording | to thy | word.
2 Fór mine | eyes have | seen : thý | = · sal | va · = | tion,
3 Which thou | hast pre | pared : befóre the | face of | all · = | people ;
4 To be a líght to | lighten · the | Gentiles ; and to be the glóry | of thy | people | Israel.
Glory be to the Fáther | and · to the | Son ; ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is nów, and | ever | shall be ; wórld without | end · = |
A · = | men

Laudate Dominum

No. 110

PSALM 150

HUMFREY

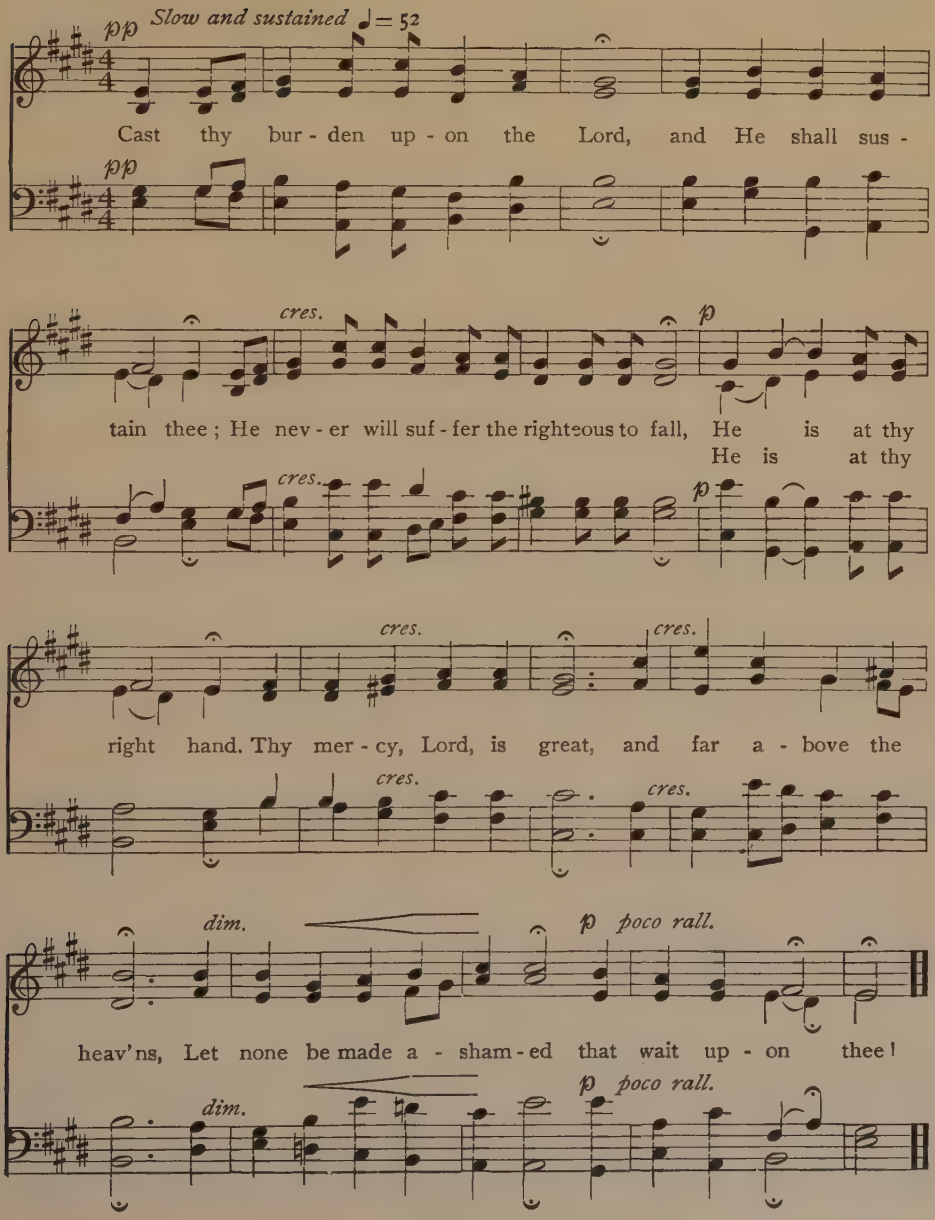


1 O praise Gód | in his | holiness : práise him in the | firma · ment | of his | power.
2 Práise him in his | noble | acts : praise him accórding | to his | excel · lent | greatness.
3 Praise him in the sóund | of the | trumpet : práise him up | on the | lute and | harp.
4 Práise him in the | cymbals · and | dances ; práise him up | on the | strings and | pipe.
5 Praise him upon the wéll | tuned | cymbals : práise him up | on the | loud · = | cymbals.
6 Let éverything | that hath | breath : práise | = · = | = · the | Lord.

Cast Thy Burden

No. 111

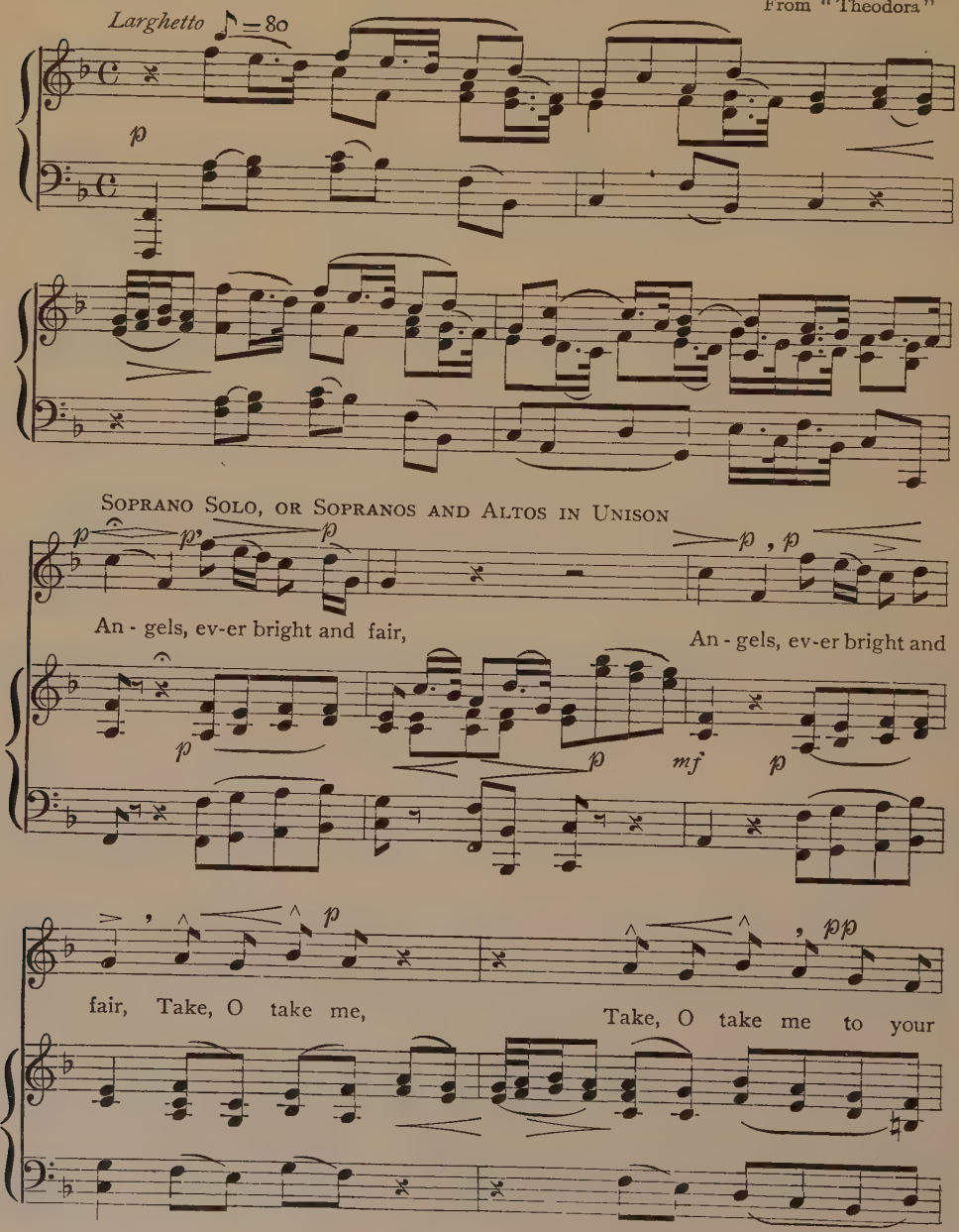
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809–1847
From the oratorio "Elijah"

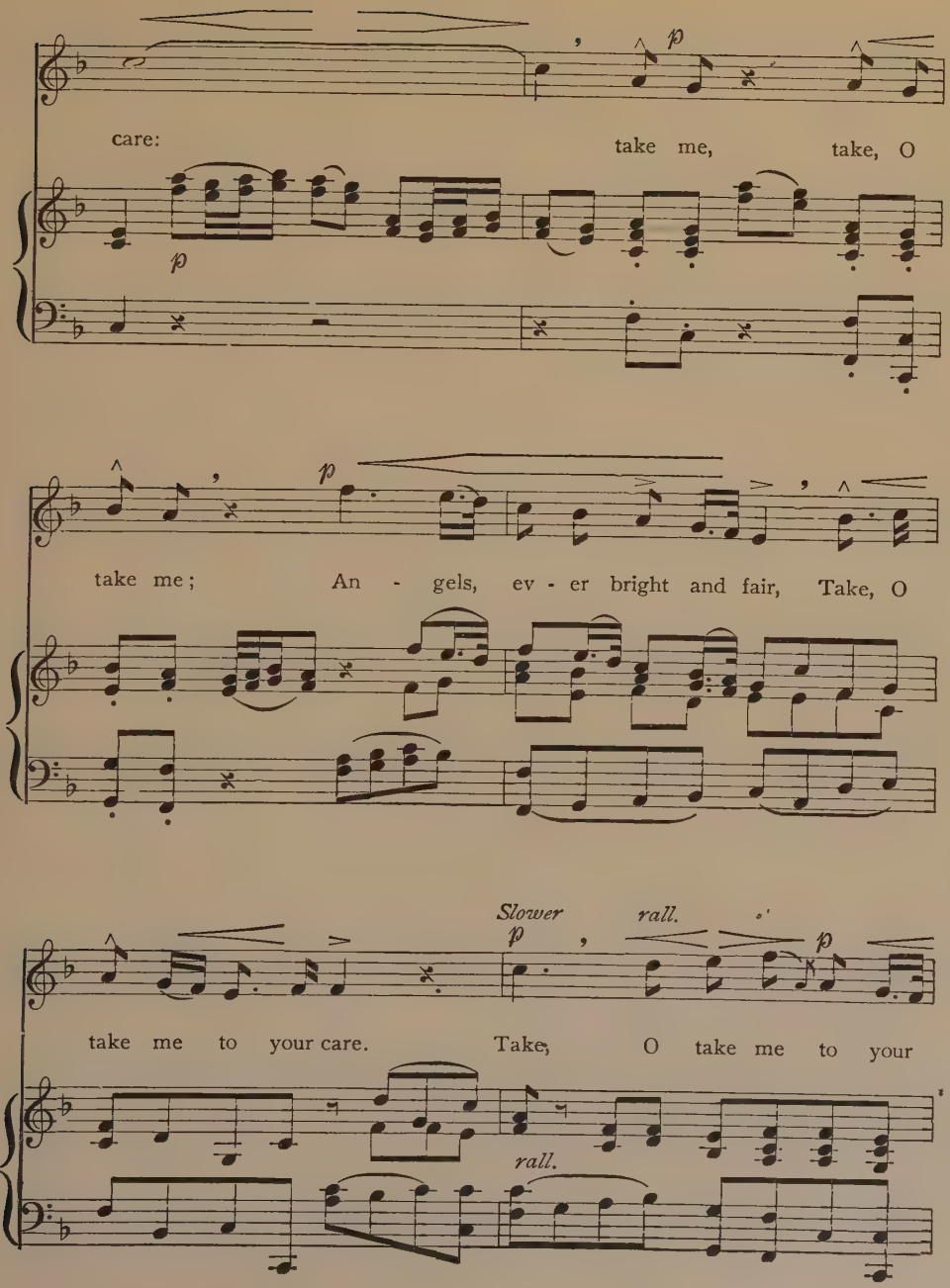

pp
Slow and sustained ♩= 52
Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord, and He shall sus -
cres.
p
tain thee; He nev - er will suf - fer the righteous to fall, He is at thy
He is at thy
cres.
cres.
cres.
right hand. Thy mer - cy, Lord, is great, and far a - bove the
cres.
cres.
dim.
p poco rall.
heav'ns, Let none be made a - sham - ed that wait up - on thee!
dim.
p poco rall.

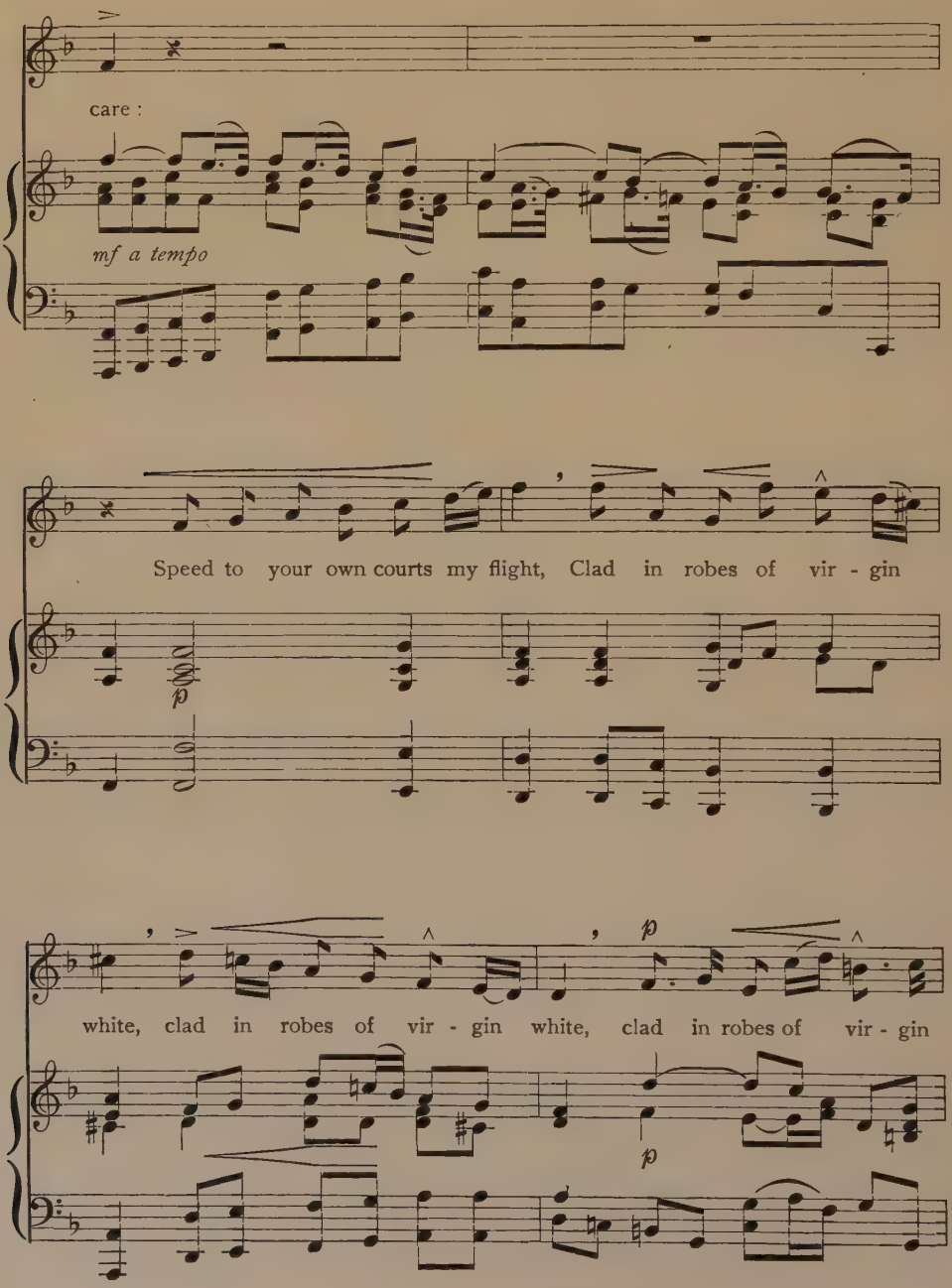
Angels, Ever Bright and Fair

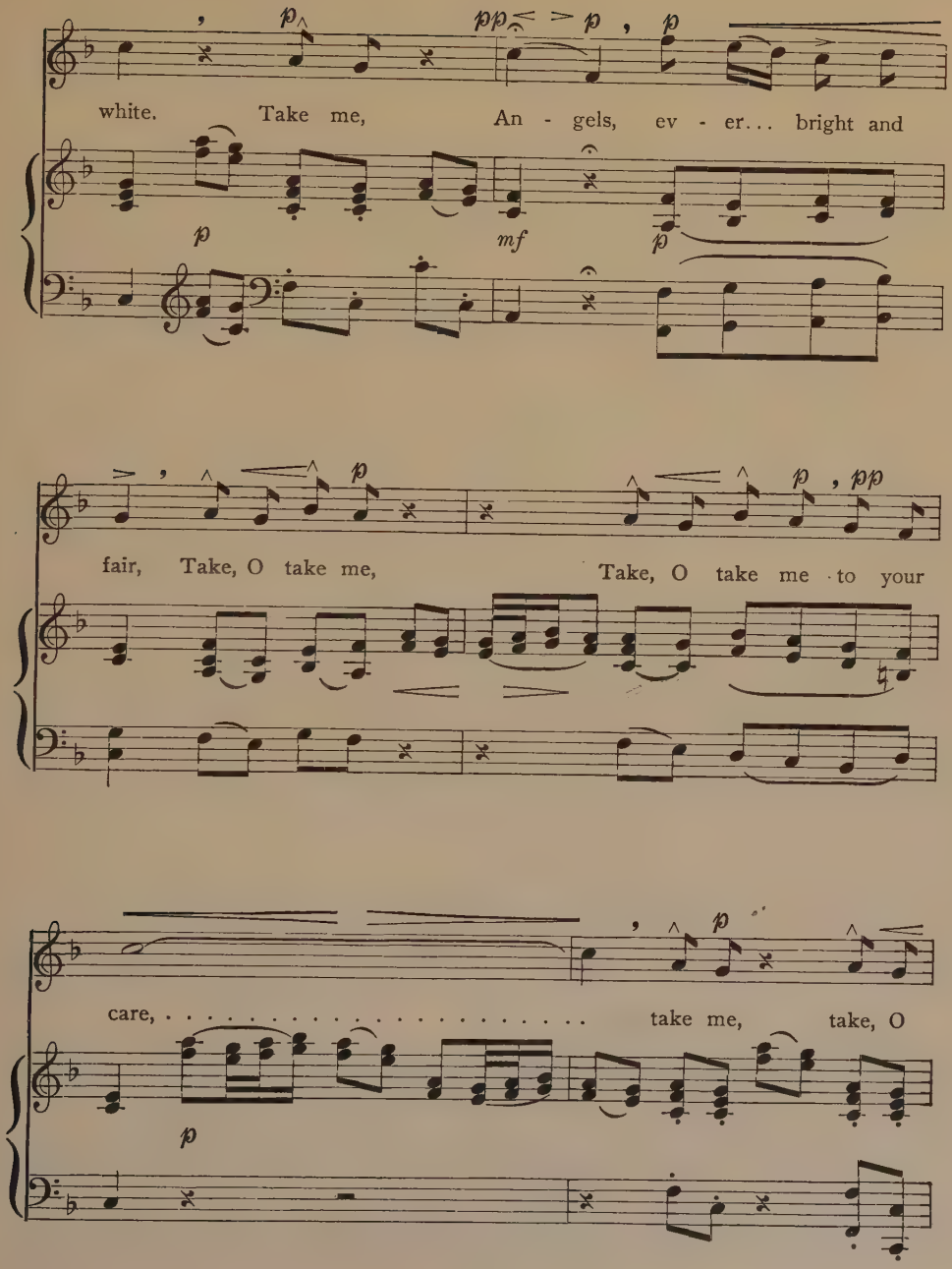
No. 112

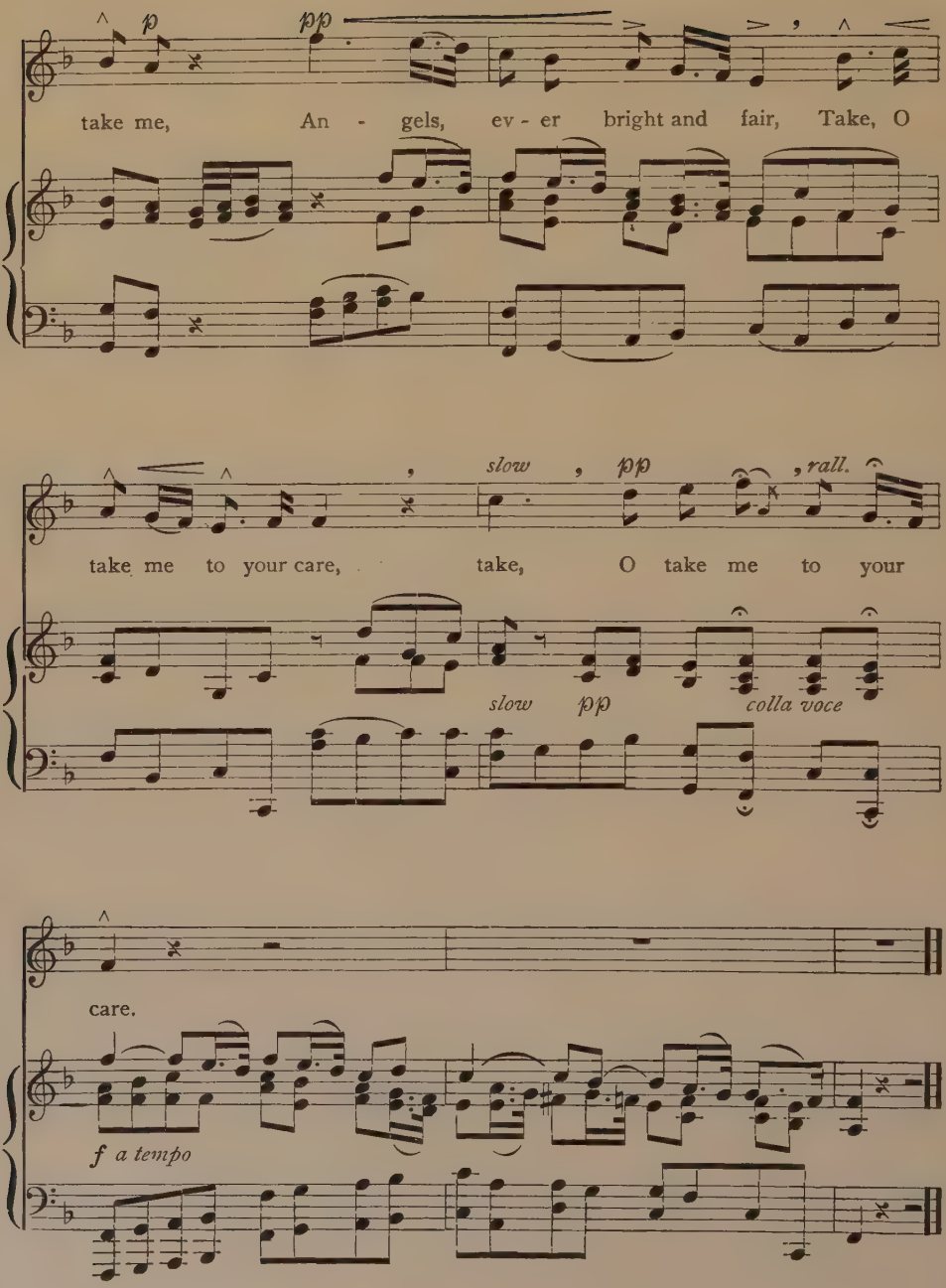
GEORG FRIEDRICH HANDEL, 1685–1759
From "Theodora"


Larghetto ♪ = 80
p
SOPRANO SOLO, OR SOPRANOS AND ALTOS IN UNISON
p p p p , p
An - gels, ev-er bright and fair,
An - gels, ev-er bright and
p p mf p
fair, Take, O take me,
p pp
Take, O take me to your


p
care:
take me, take, O
p
take me;
An - gels, ev - er bright and fair, Take, O
Slower
rall.
p
p
take me to your care.
Take, O take me to your
rall.


care :
mf a tempo
Speed to your own courts my flight, Clad in robes of vir - gin
p
white, clad in robes of vir - gin white, clad in robes of vir - gin
p
p

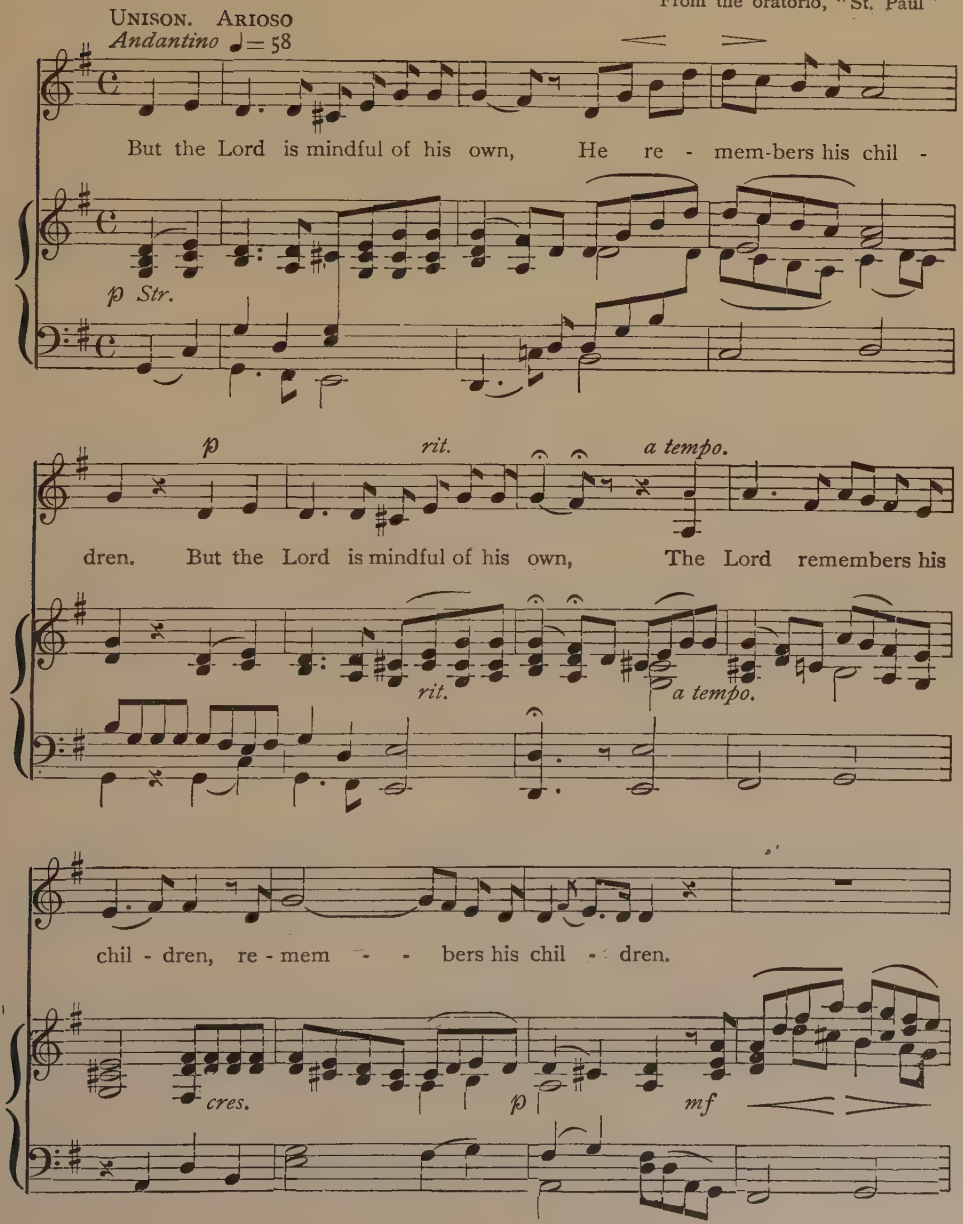

white. Take me, An - gels, ev - er... bright and
fair, Take, O take me, Take, O take me to your
care, ... take me, take, O

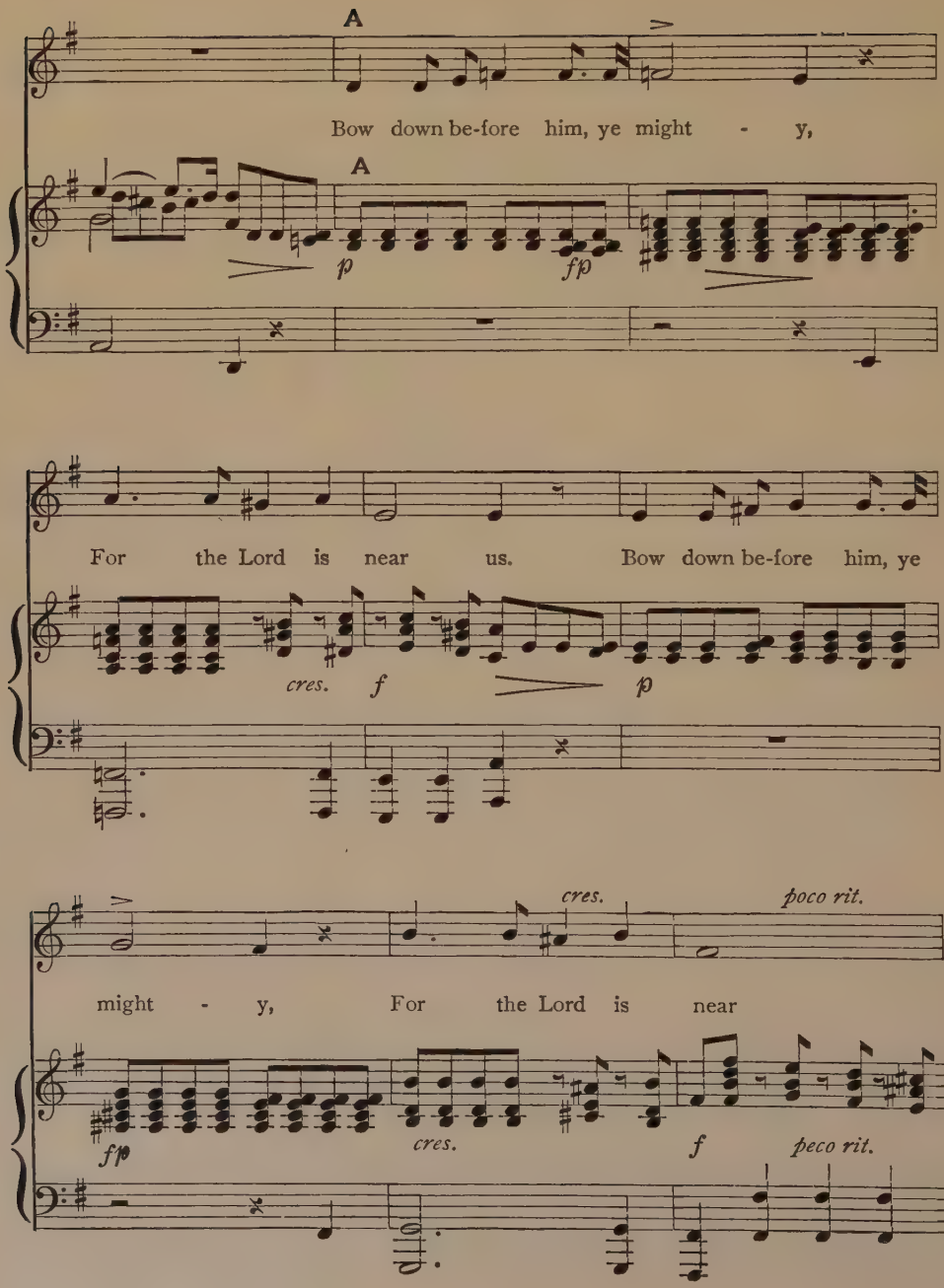

p
pp
take me, An - gels, ev - er bright and fair, Take, O
slow
pp
rall.
take me to your care, take, O take me to your
slow
pp
colla voce
care.
f a tempo

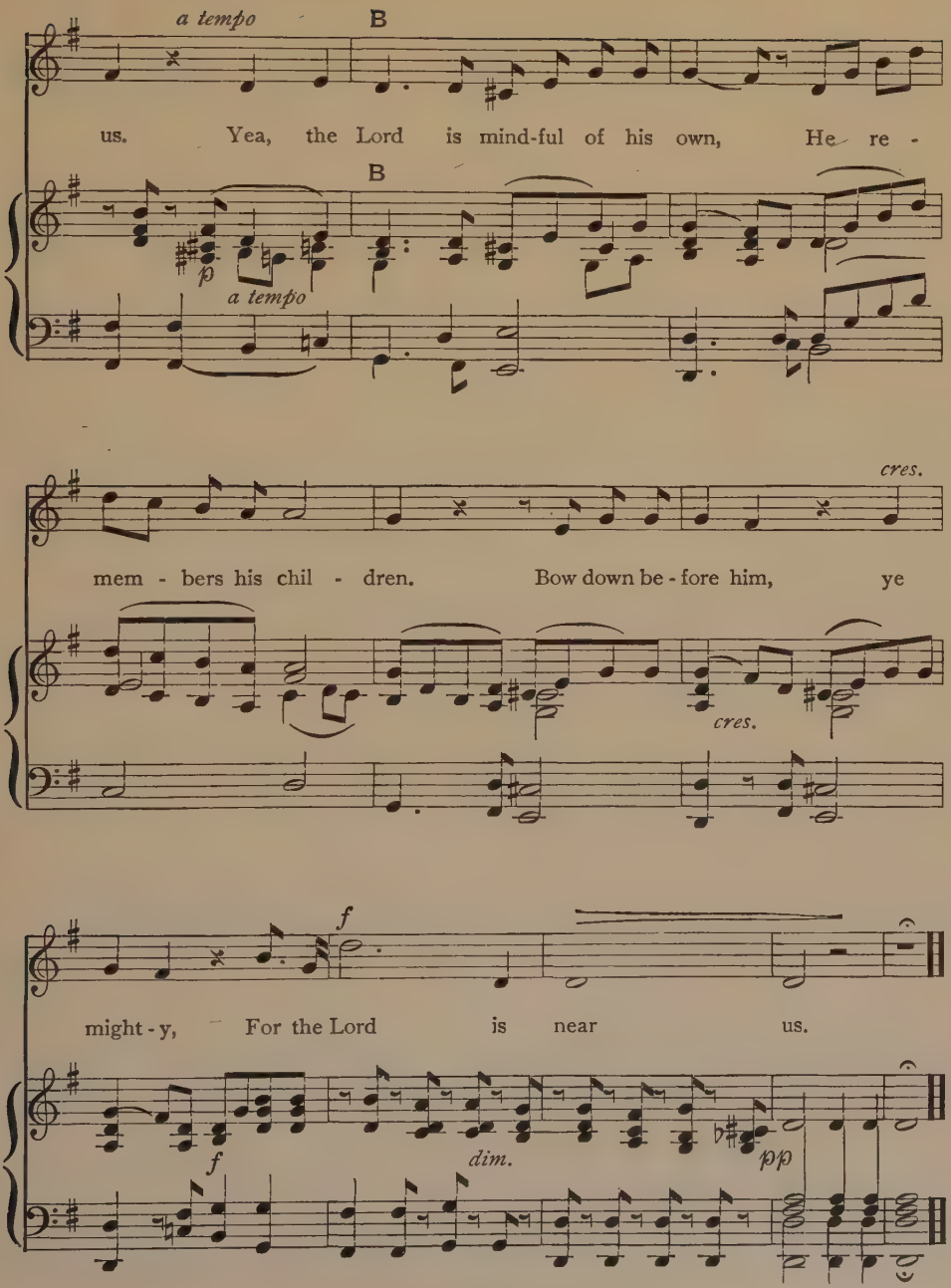
But the Lord is Mindful of His Own

No. 113

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809–1847
From the oratorio, "St. Paul"


UNISON. ARIOSO
Andantino ♩= 58
But the Lord is mindful of his own, He re - mem-bers his chil -
p Str.
p
rit.
a tempo.
dren. But the Lord is mindful of his own, The Lord remembers his
rit.
a tempo.
chil - dren, re - mem - - bers his chil - dren.
cres.
p
mf

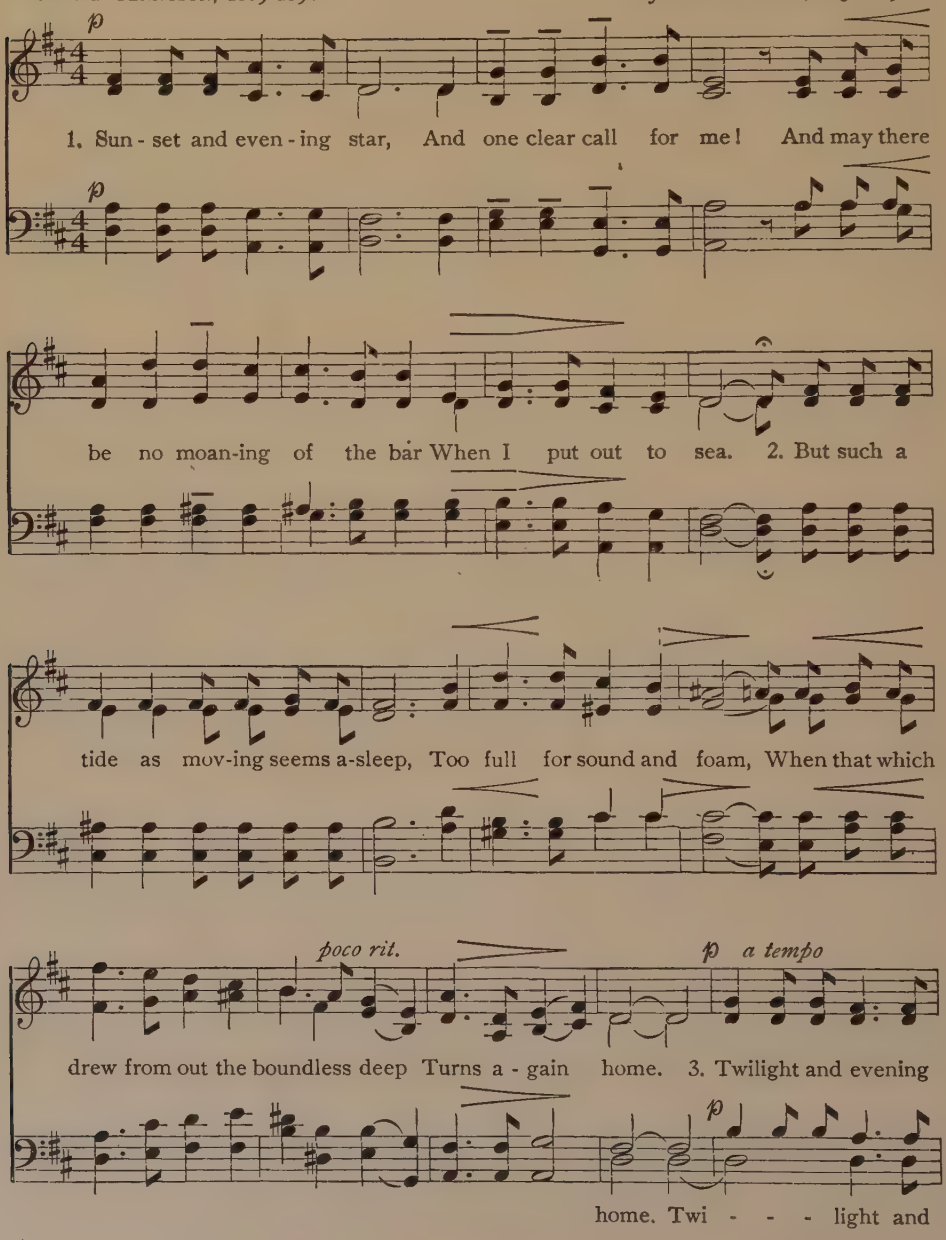

A
Bow down be-fore him, ye might - y,
A
p
fp
For the Lord is near us. Bow down be-fore him, ye
cres.
f
p
cres.
poco rit.
might - y, For the Lord is near
fp
cres.
f
peco rit.

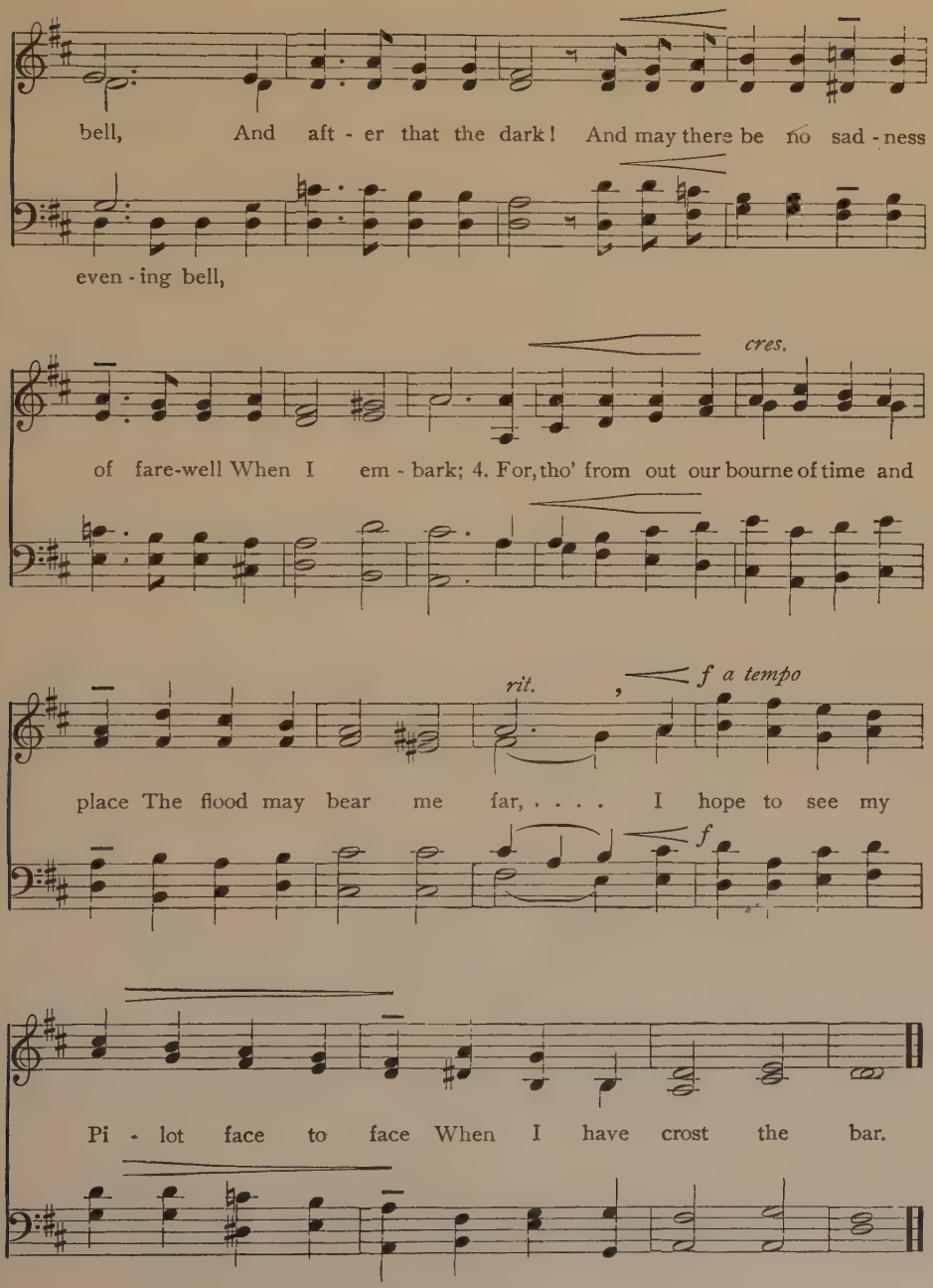

a tempo
B
us. Yea, the Lord is mind-ful of his own, He re -
B
p
a tempo
cres.
mem - bers his chil - dren. Bow down be - fore him, ye
cres.
f
might - y, For the Lord is near us.
f
dim.
pp

Crossing the Bar

No. 114

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809–1892 JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896

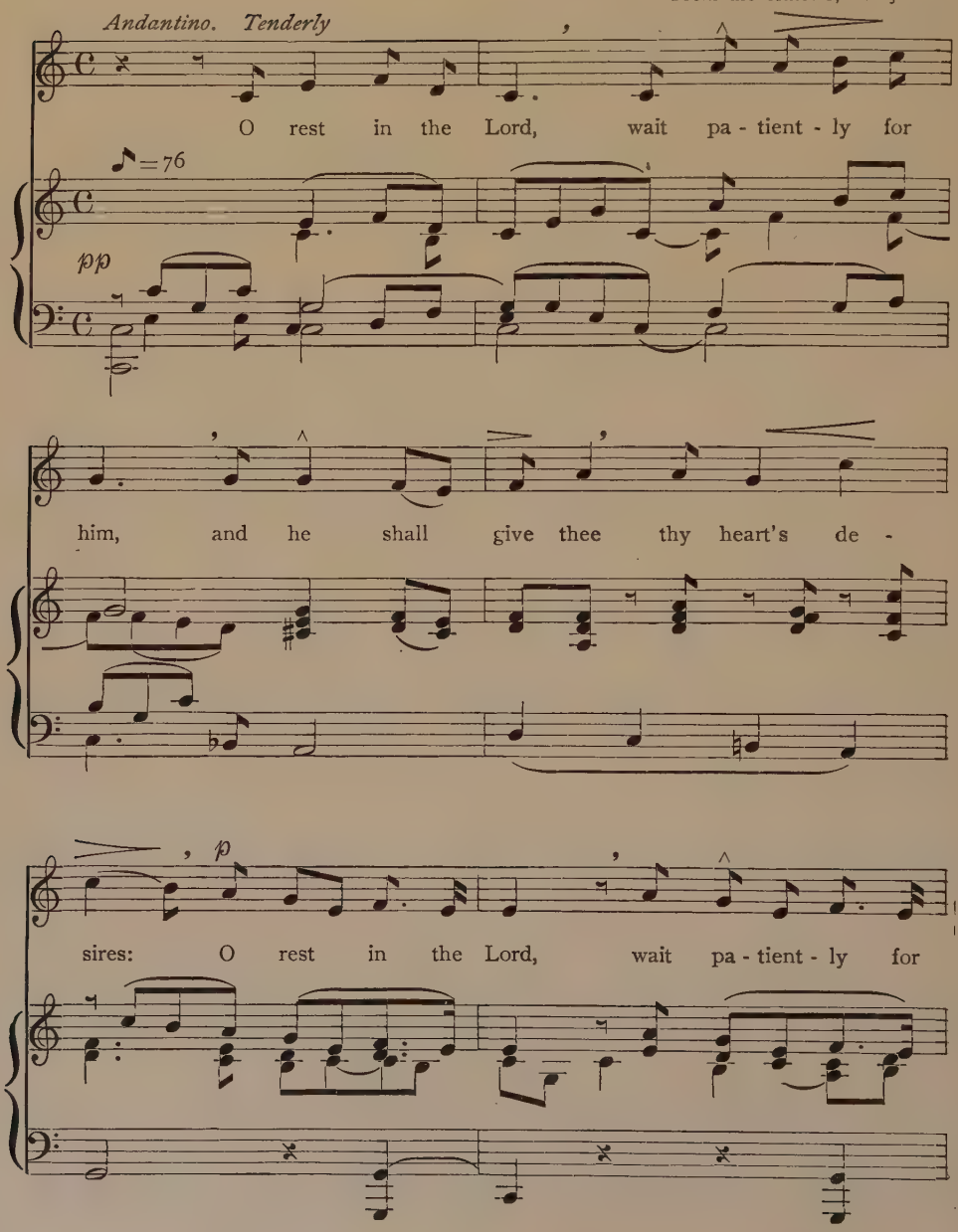

p
1. Sun - set and even - ing star, And one clear call for me! And may there
be no moan-ing of the bar When I put out to sea. 2. But such a
tide as mov-ing seems a-sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which
poco rit.
p a tempo
drew from out the boundless deep Turns a - gain home. 3. Twilight and evening
p
home. Twi - - - light and

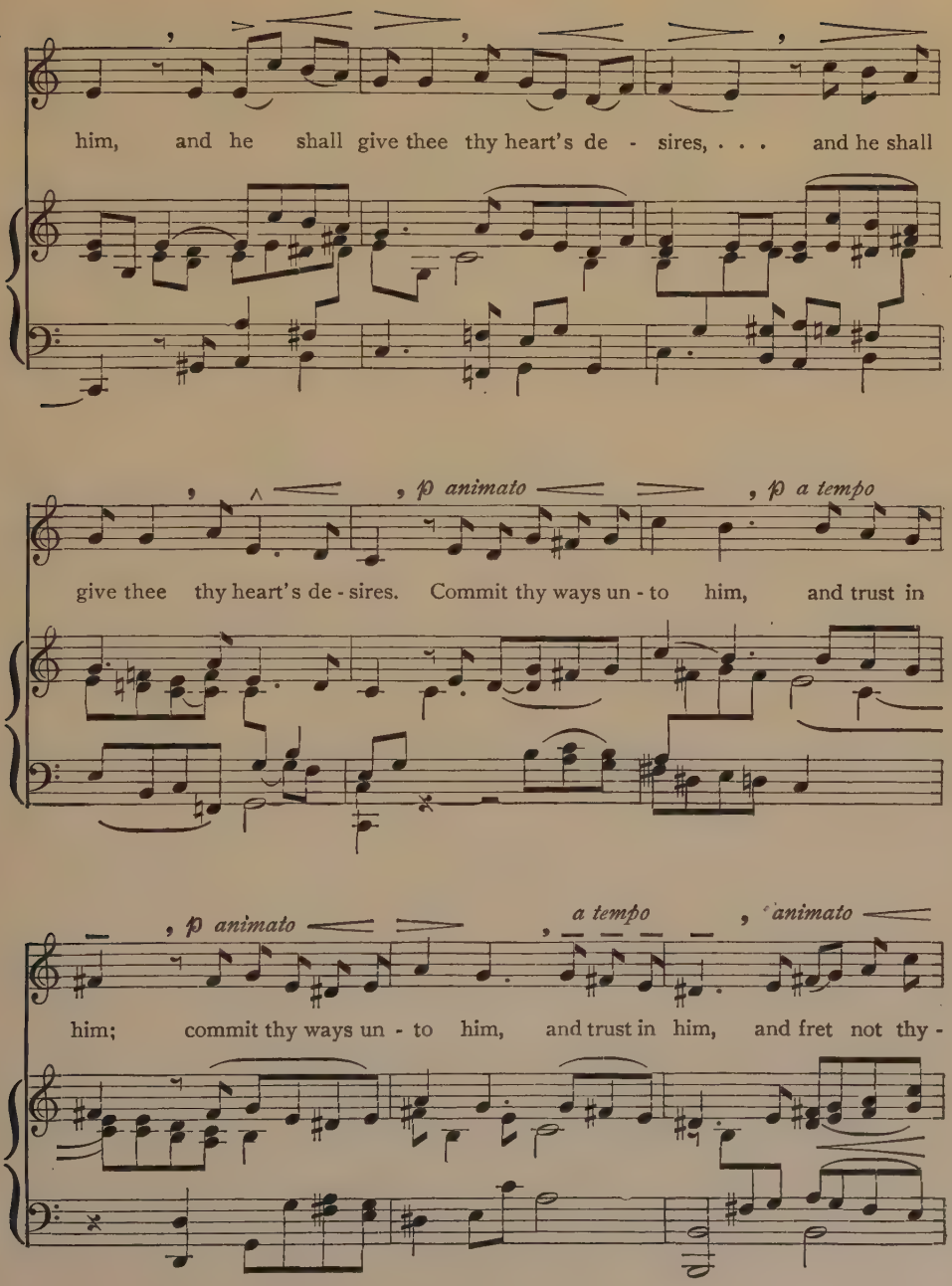

bell, And aft - er that the dark! And may there be no sad - ness
even - ing bell,
cres.
of fare-well When I em - bark; 4. For, tho' from out our bourne of time and
rit.
f a tempo
place The flood may bear me far, ... I hope to see my
f
Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar.

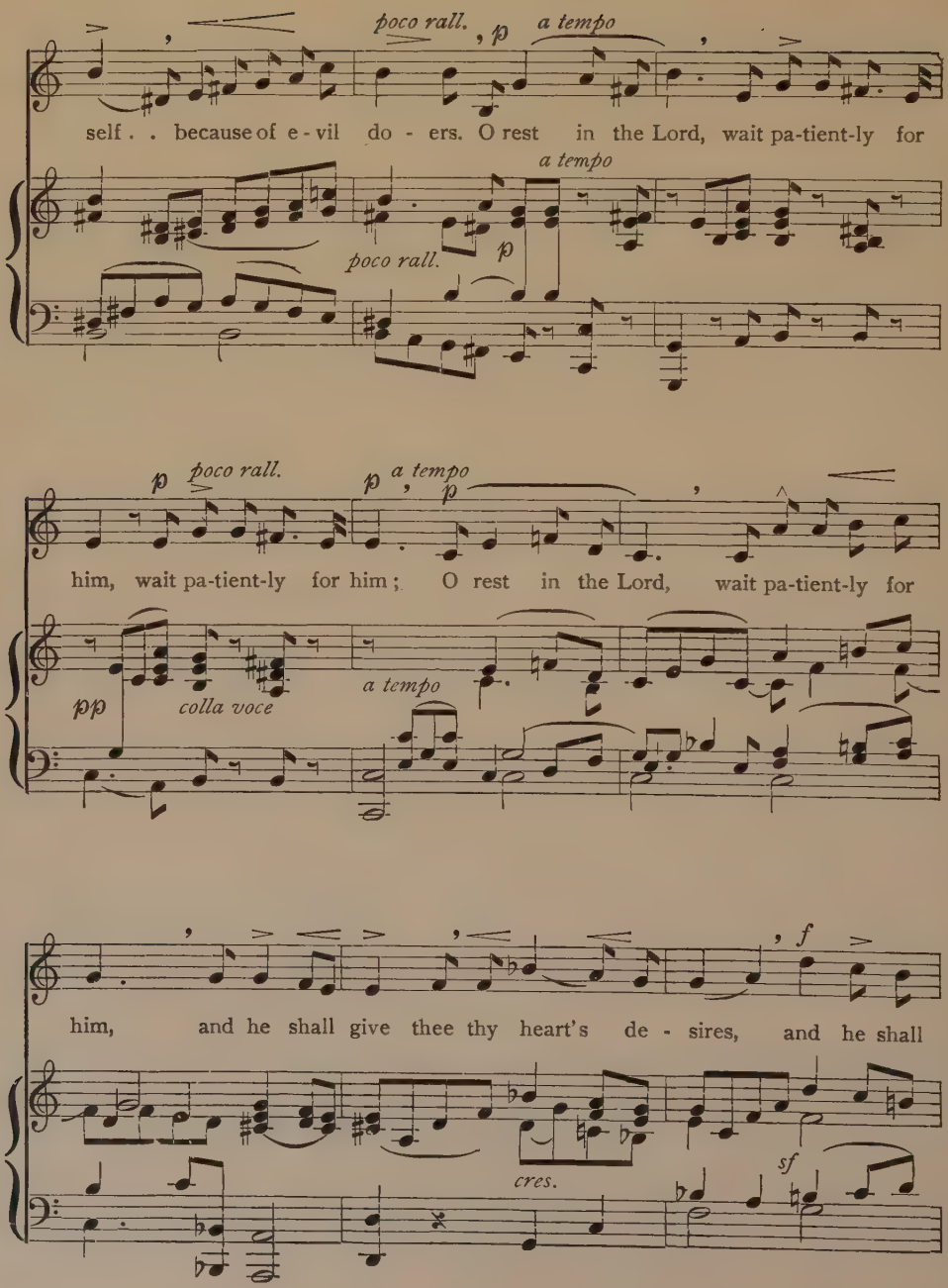
O Rest in the Lord

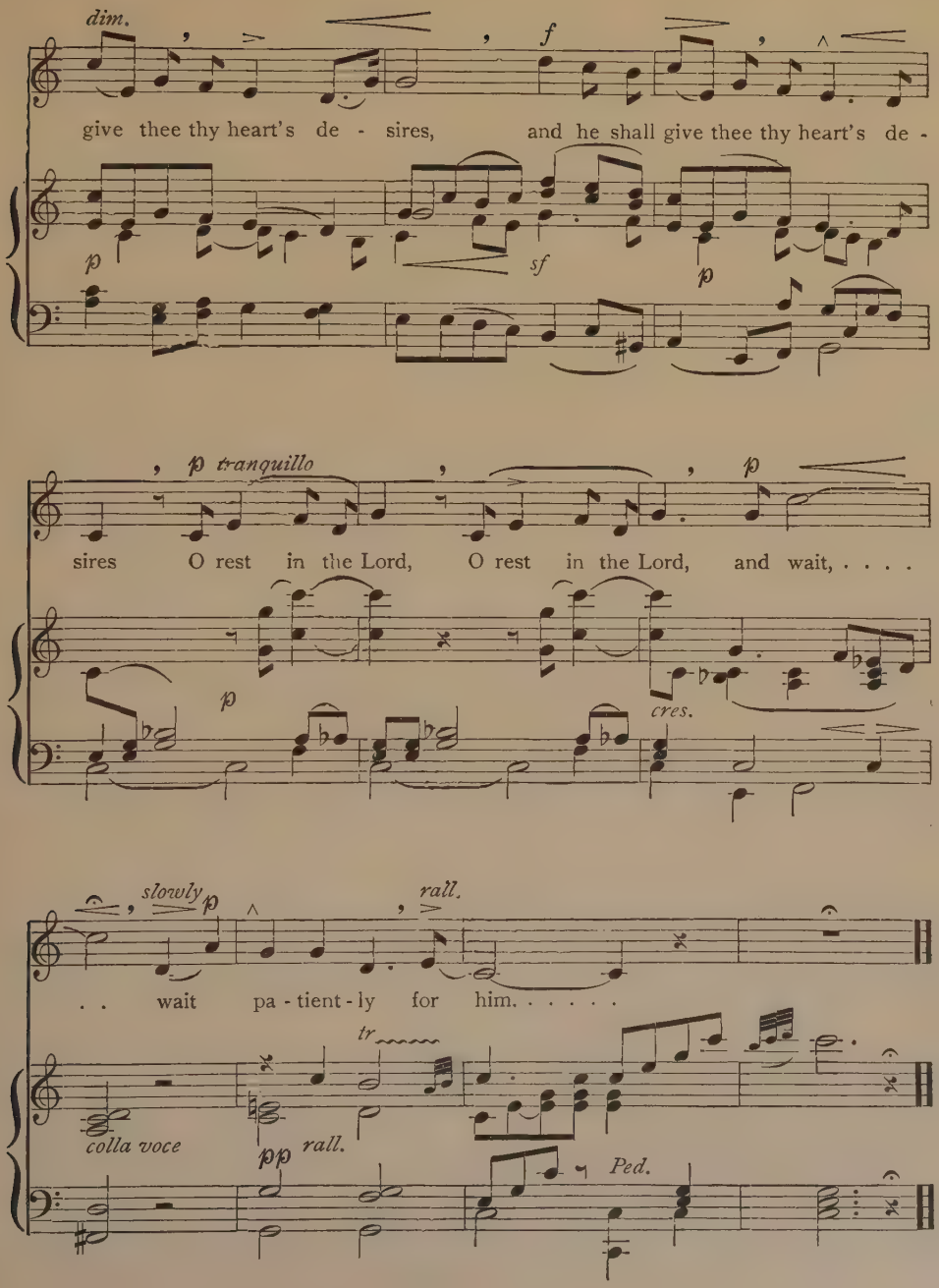
No. 115

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809–1847
From the oratorio, "Elijah"


Andantino. Tenderly
O rest in the Lord, wait pa - tient - ly for
♪=76
pp
him, and he shall give thee thy heart's de -
p
sires: O rest in the Lord, wait pa - tient - ly for


him, and he shall give thee thy heart's de - sires, . . . and he shall
p animato
p a tempo
give thee thy heart's de - sires. Commit thy ways un - to him, and trust in
p animato
a tempo
animato
him; commit thy ways un - to him, and trust in him, and fret not thy -

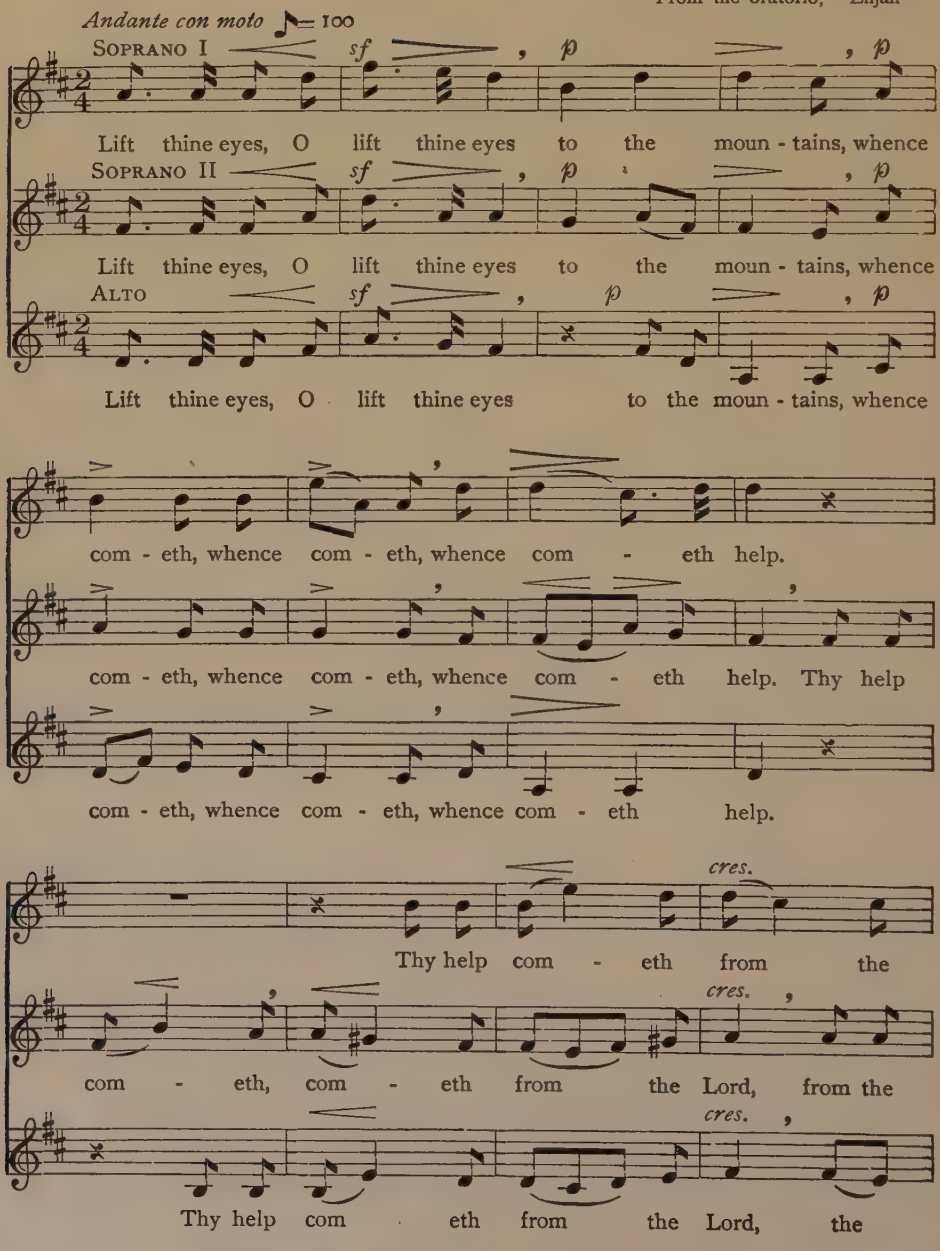

poco rall.
p
a tempo
self . . because of e - vil do - ers. O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for
a tempo
poco rall.
p
p
poco rall.
p
a tempo
p
him, wait pa-tient-ly for him; O rest in the Lord, wait pa-tient-ly for
pp
colla voce
a tempo
f
him, and he shall give thee thy heart's de - sires, and he shall
cres.
sf

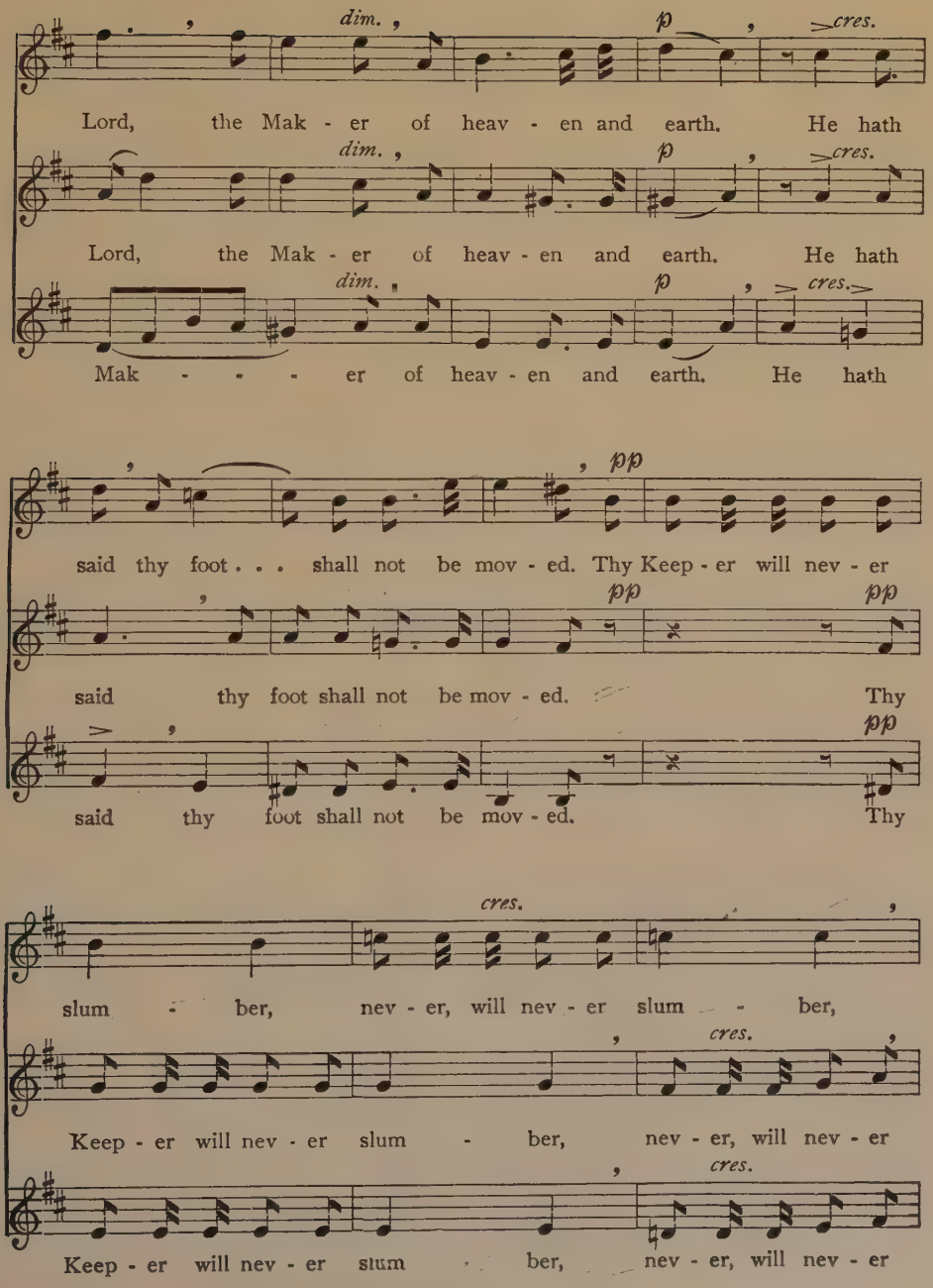

dim.
f
give thee thy heart's de - sires, and he shall give thee thy heart's de -
p
sf
p
p tranquillo
p
sires O rest in the Lord, O rest in the Lord, and wait, ...
p
cres.
slowly p
rall.
. . wait pa - tient - ly for him. . . . .
tr
colla voce
pp rall.
Ped.

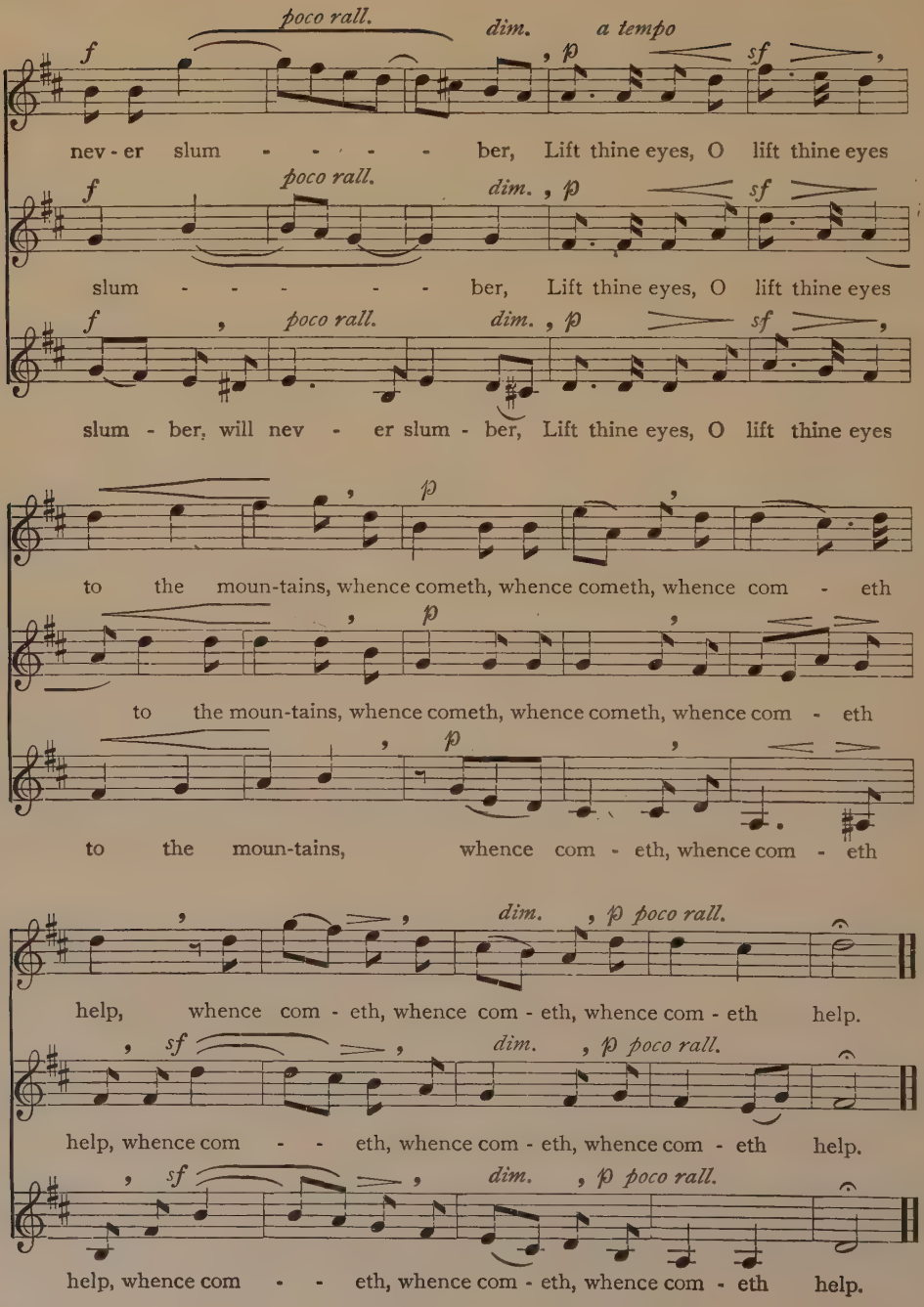
Lift Thine Eyes

No. 116

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809–1847
From the oratorio, "Elijah"


Andante con moto ♩= 100
SOPRANO I
sf
p
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence
SOPRANO II
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence
ALTO
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence
com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.
com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help
com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.
cres.
Thy help com - eth from the
com - eth, com - eth from the Lord, from the
Thy help com - eth from the Lord, the


dim.
p
cres.
Lord, the Mak - er of heav - en and earth. He hath
dim.
p
cres.
Lord, the Mak - er of heav - en and earth. He hath
dim.
p
cres.
Mak - - - er of heav - en and earth. He hath
pp
said thy foot . . . shall not be mov - ed. Thy Keep - er will nev - er
pp
pp
said thy foot shall not be mov - ed. Thy
pp
said thy foot shall not be mov - ed. Thy
cres.
slum - ber, nev - er, will nev - er slum - ber,
cres.
Keep - er will nev - er slum - ber, nev - er, will nev - er
cres.
Keep - er will nev - er slum - ber, nev - er, will nev - er


poco rall.
dim.
a tempo
f
p
sf
nev - er slum - - - - - ber, Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes
slum - - - - - - ber, Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes
slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber, Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes
to the moun-tains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence com - eth
to the moun-tains, whence cometh, whence cometh, whence com - eth
to the moun-tains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth
help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.
help, whence com - - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.
help, whence com - - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.

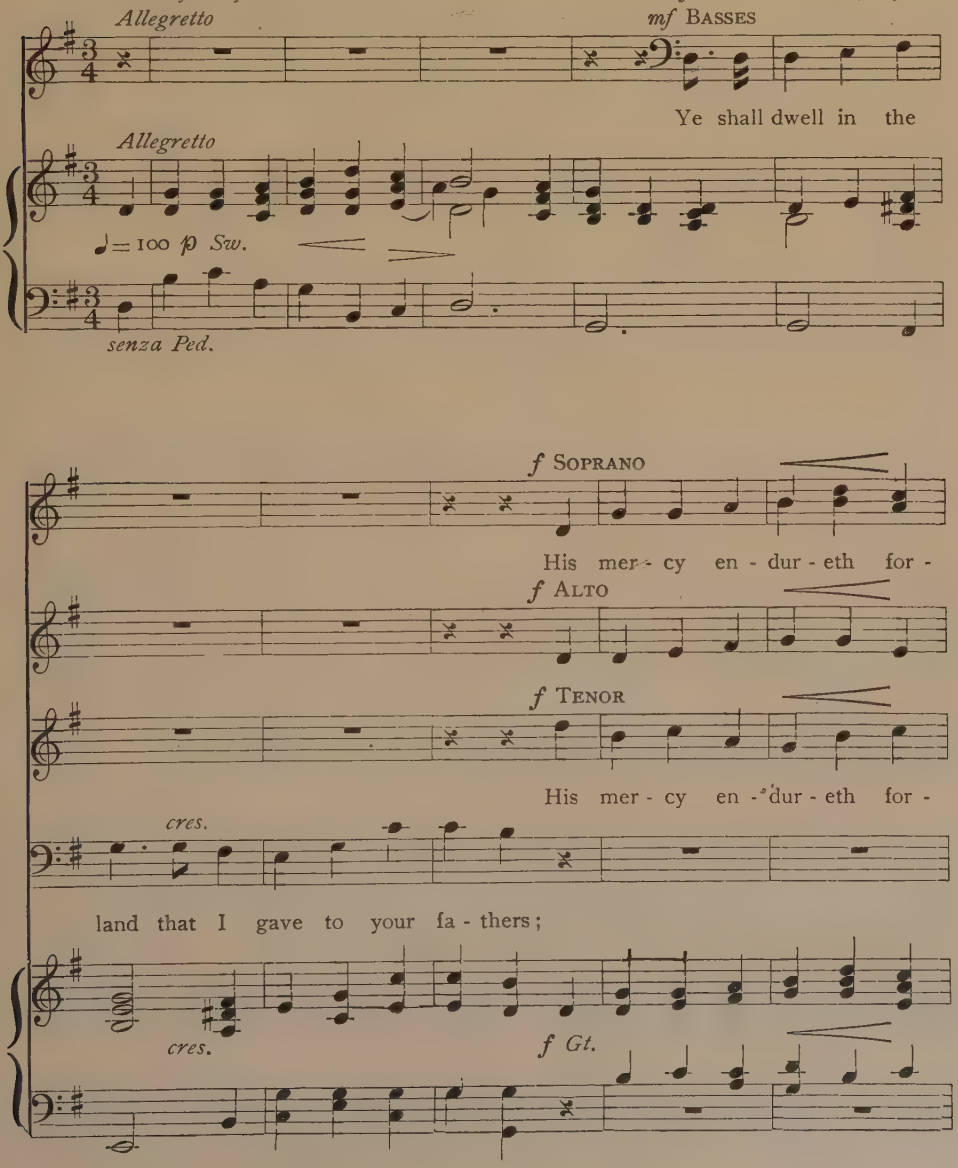
Ye Shall Dwell in the Land

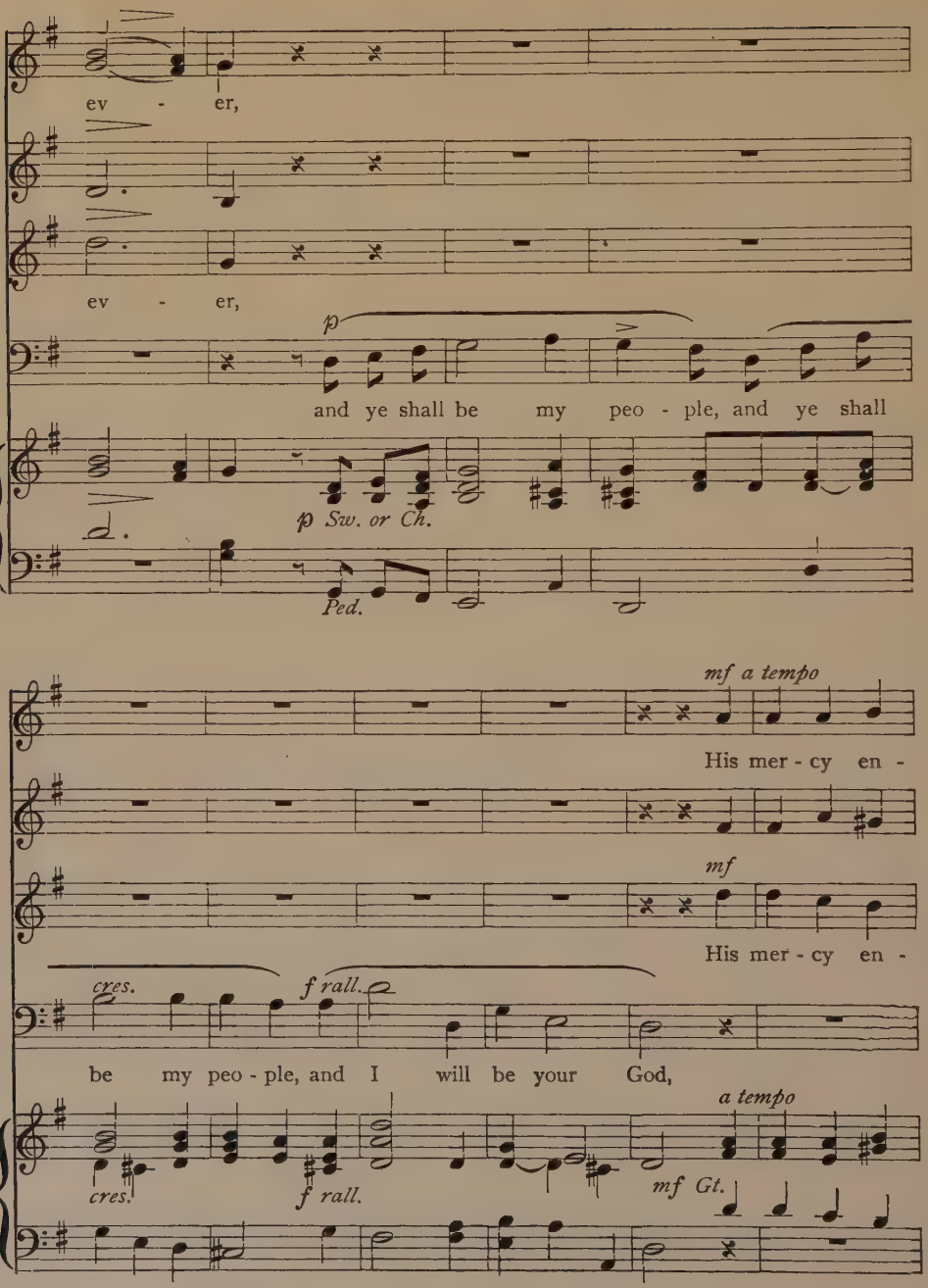
No. 117

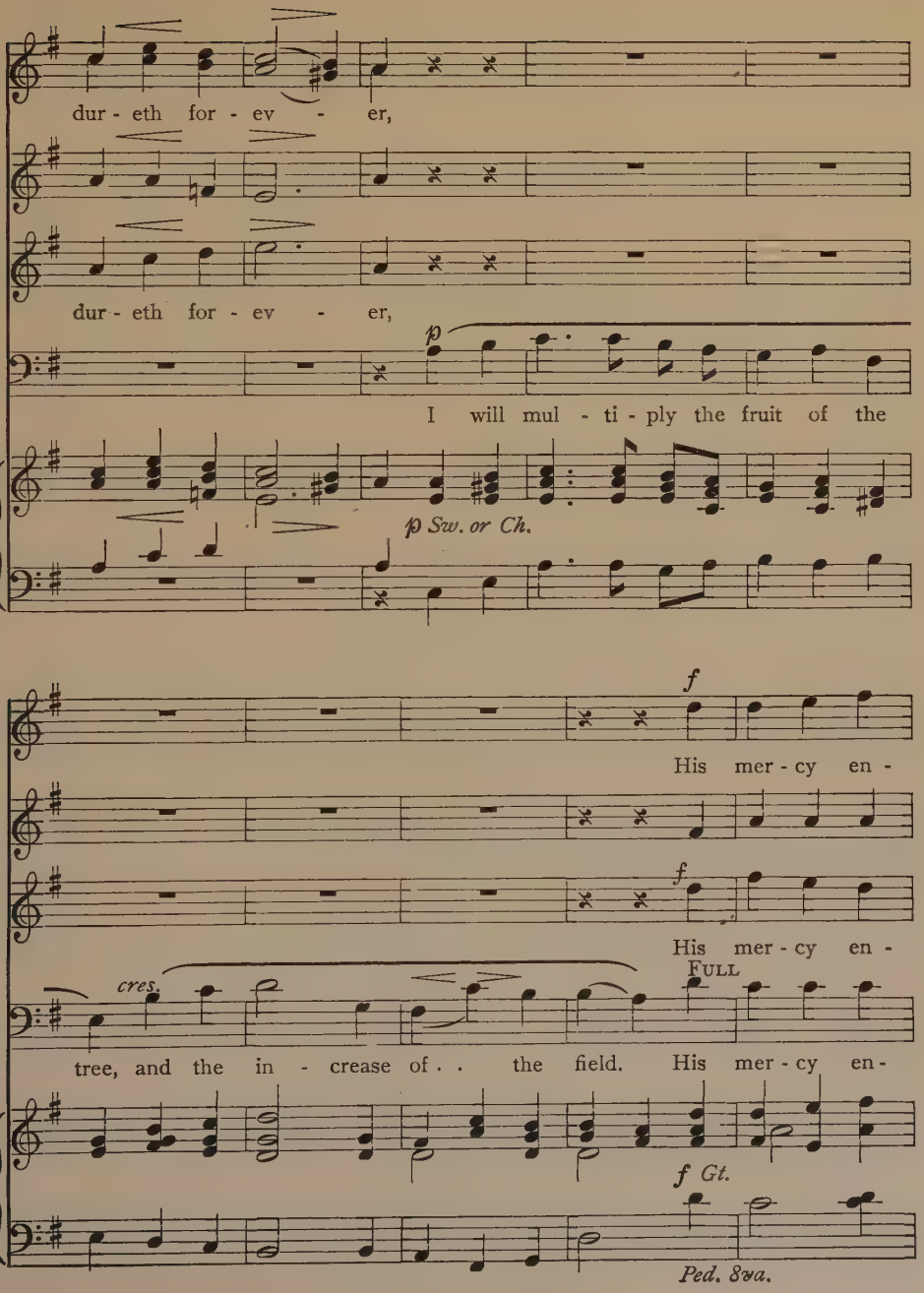
HARVEST ANTHEM

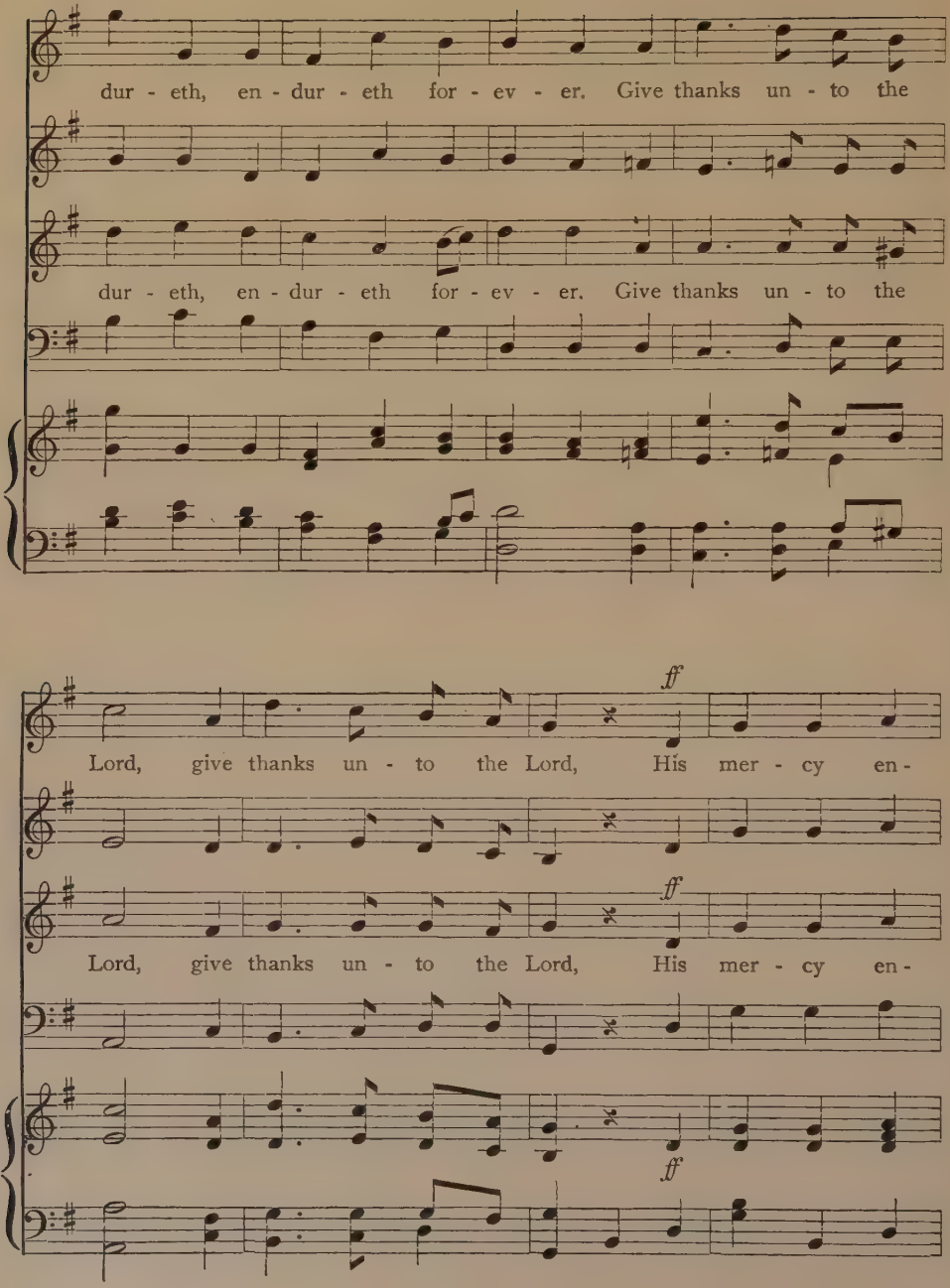
Words from EZEK. 36 : 28, 30, 34, 35 ; PS. 136 : 1 ;
and a hymn by CHATTERTON DIX

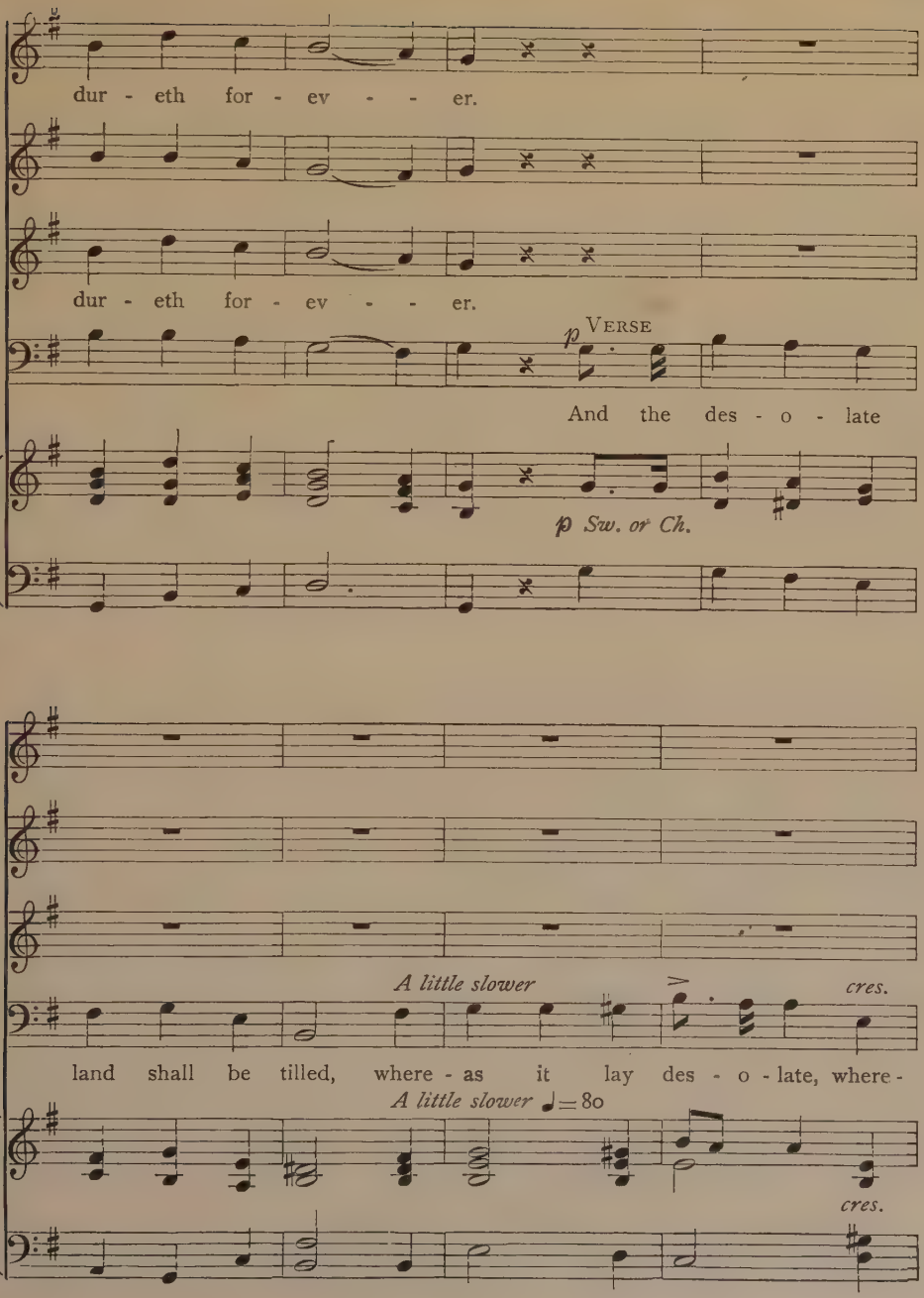
JOHN STAINER, 1840–1901

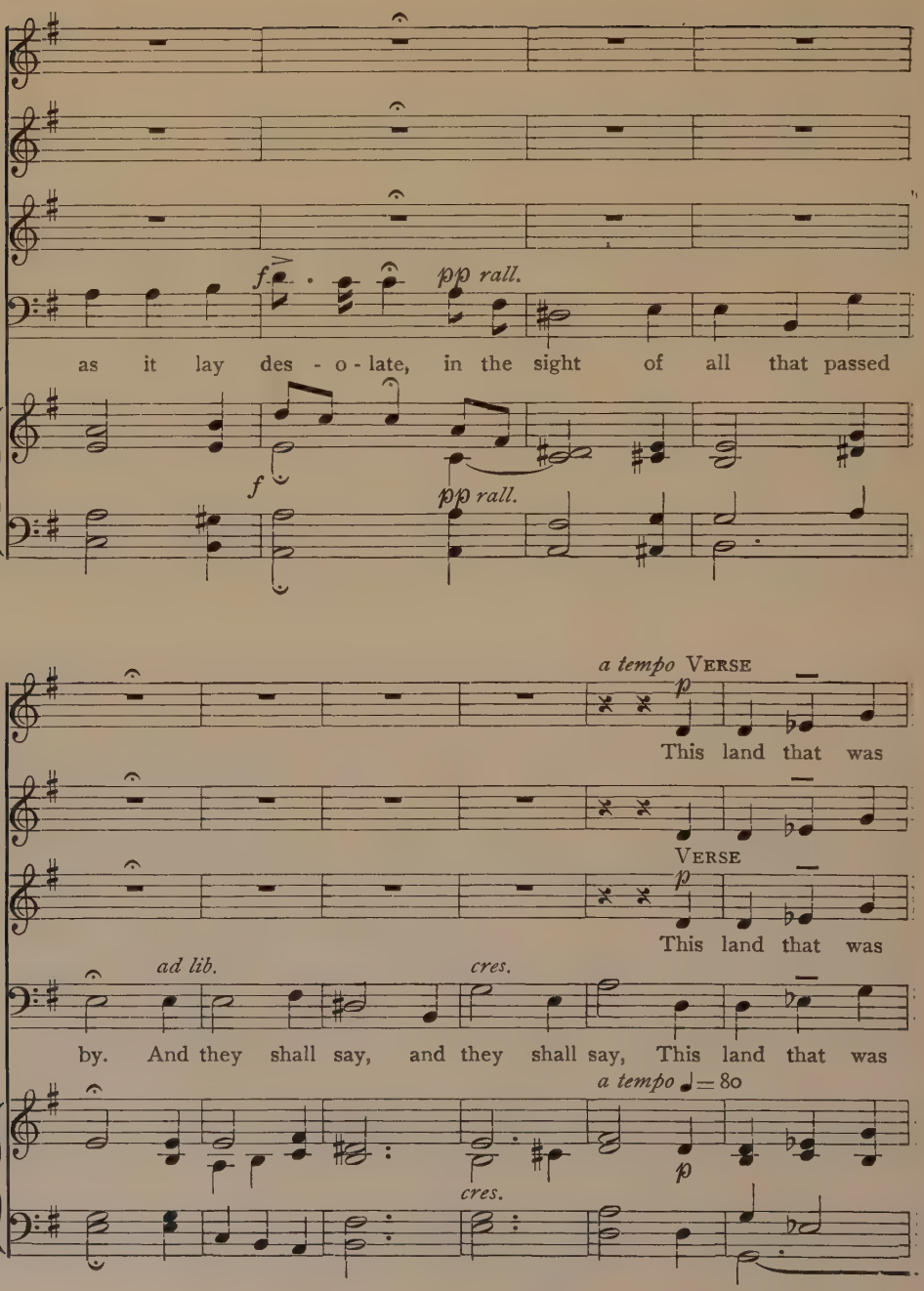


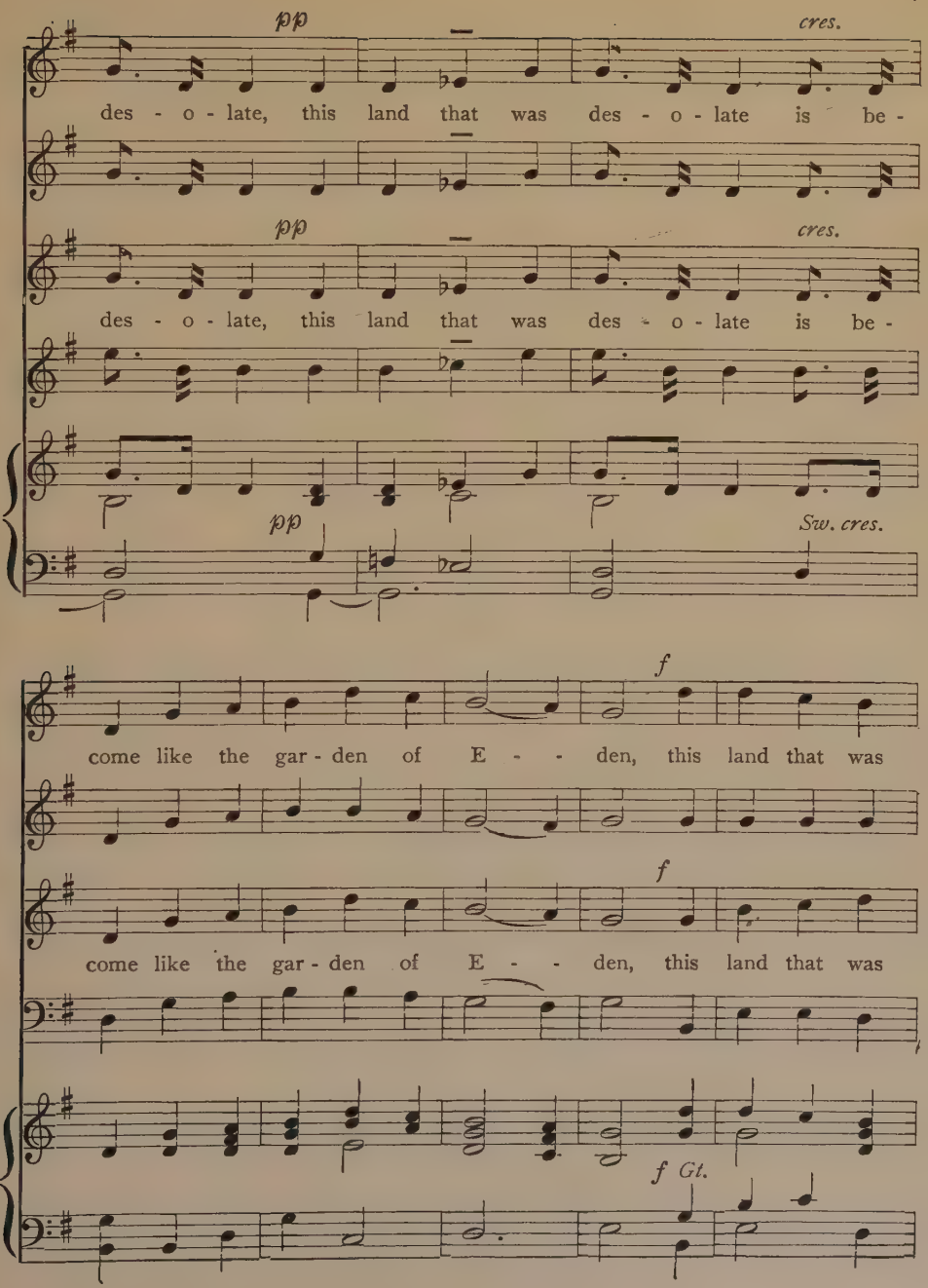

ev - er,
ev - er,
p
and ye shall be my peo - ple, and ye shall
p Sw. or Ch.
Ped.
mf a tempo
His mer - cy en -
mf
His mer - cy en -
cres.
f rall.
be my peo - ple, and I will be your God,
a tempo
cres.
f rall.
mf Gt.

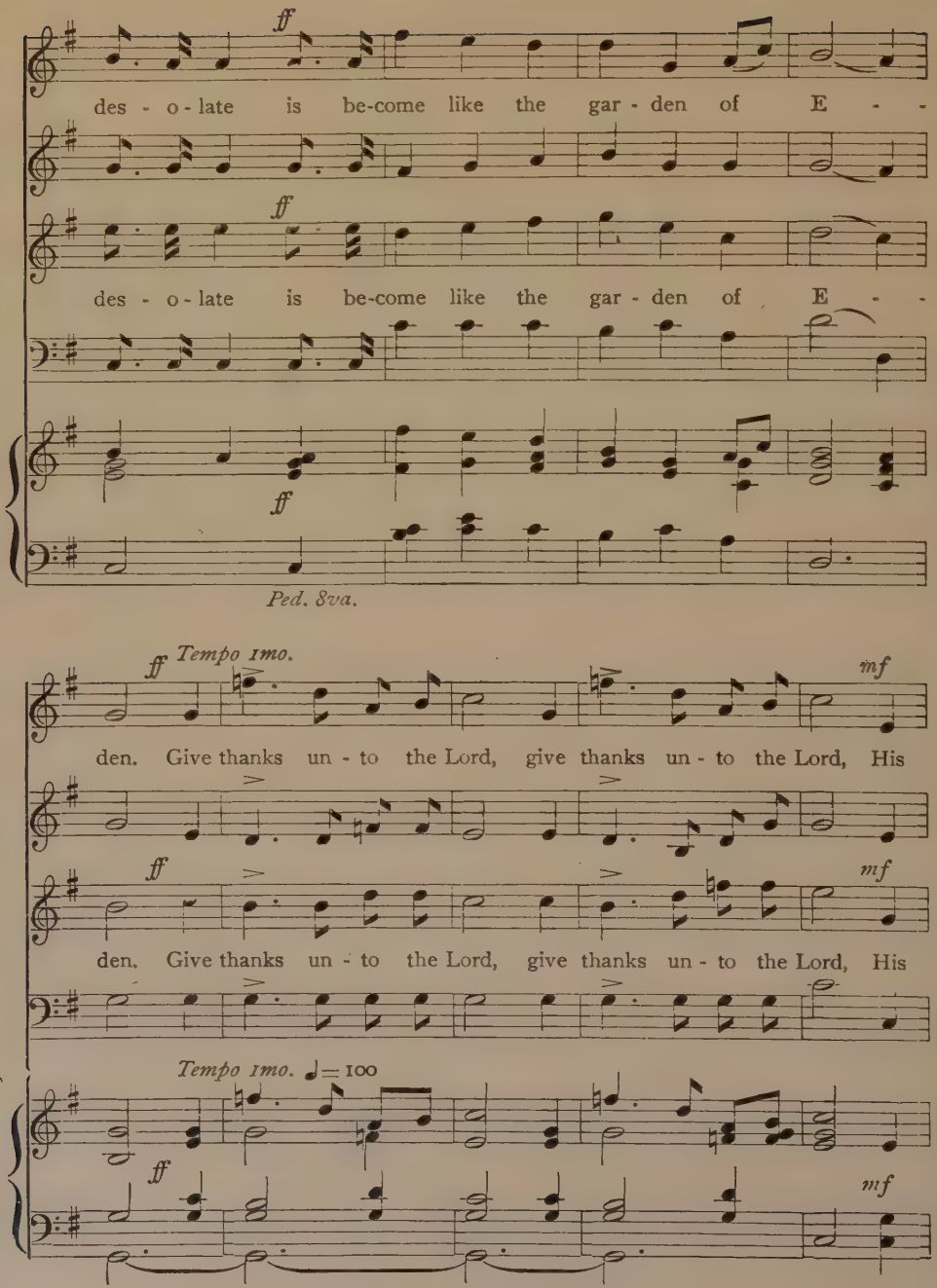

dur - eth for - ev - er,
dur - eth for - ev - er,
p
I will mul - ti - ply the fruit of the
p Sw. or Ch.
f
His mer - cy en -
f
His mer - cy en -
cres.
FULL
tree, and the in - crease of . . the field. His mer - cy en -
f Gt.
Ped. 8va.

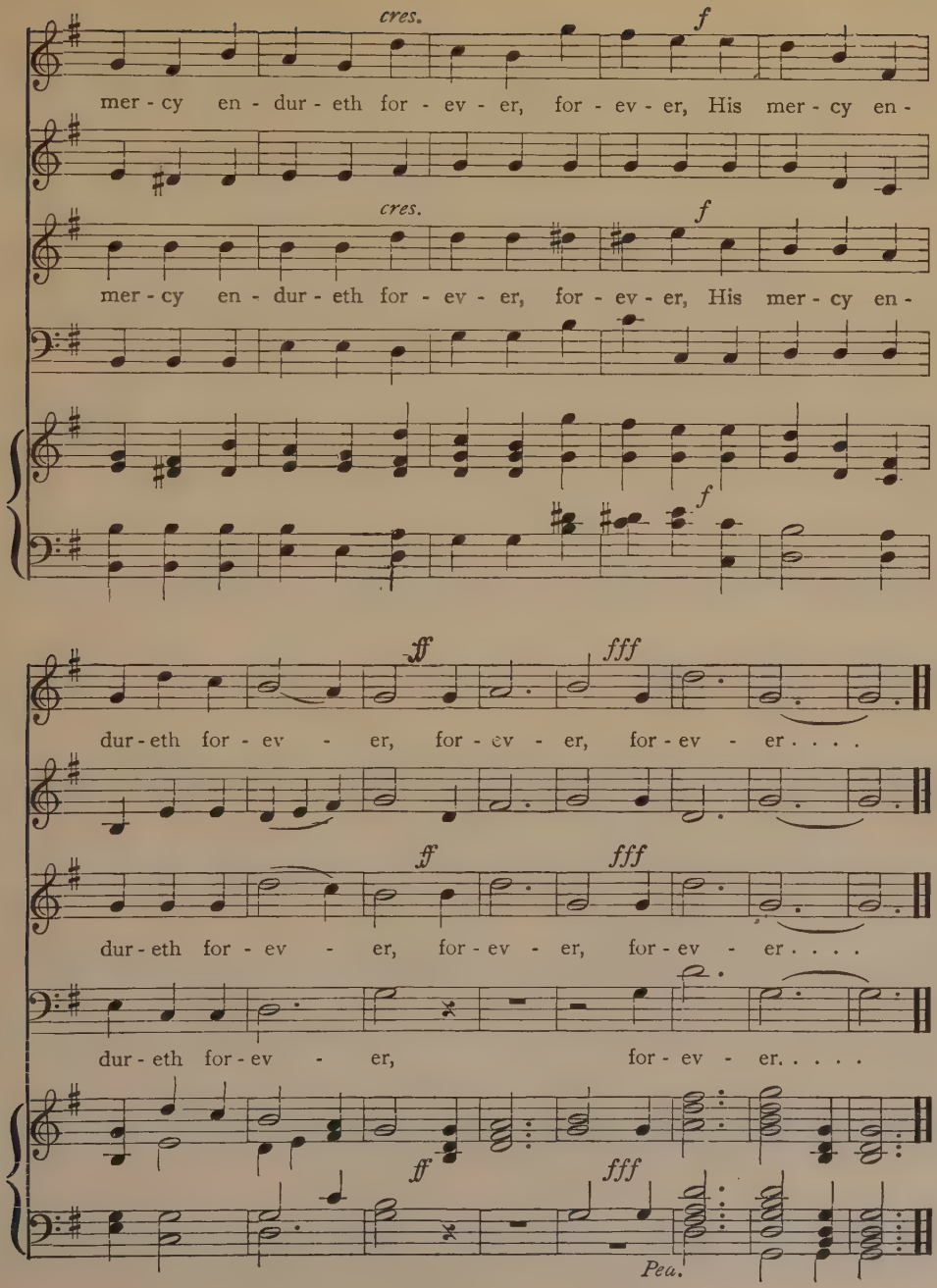

dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er. Give thanks un - to the
dur - eth, en - dur - eth for - ev - er. Give thanks un - to the
ff
Lord, give thanks un - to the Lord, His mer - cy en -
ff
Lord, give thanks un - to the Lord, His mer - cy en -
ff


dur - eth for - ev - - - er.
dur - eth for - ev - - - er.
p VERSE
And the des - o - late
p Sw. or Ch.
A little slower
cres.
land shall be tilled, where - as it lay des - o - late, where -
A little slower ♩= 80
cres.


f
pp rall.
as it lay des - o - late, in the sight of all that passed
f
pp rall.
a tempo VERSE
p
This land that was
VERSE
p
This land that was
ad lib.
cres.
by. And they shall say, and they shall say, This land that was
a tempo ♩= 80
p
cres.


pp
cres.
des - o - late, this land that was des - o - late is be -
pp
cres.
des - o - late, this land that was des - o - late is be -
pp
Sw. cres.
f
come like the gar - den of E - - den, this land that was
f
come like the gar - den of E - - den, this land that was
f Gt.

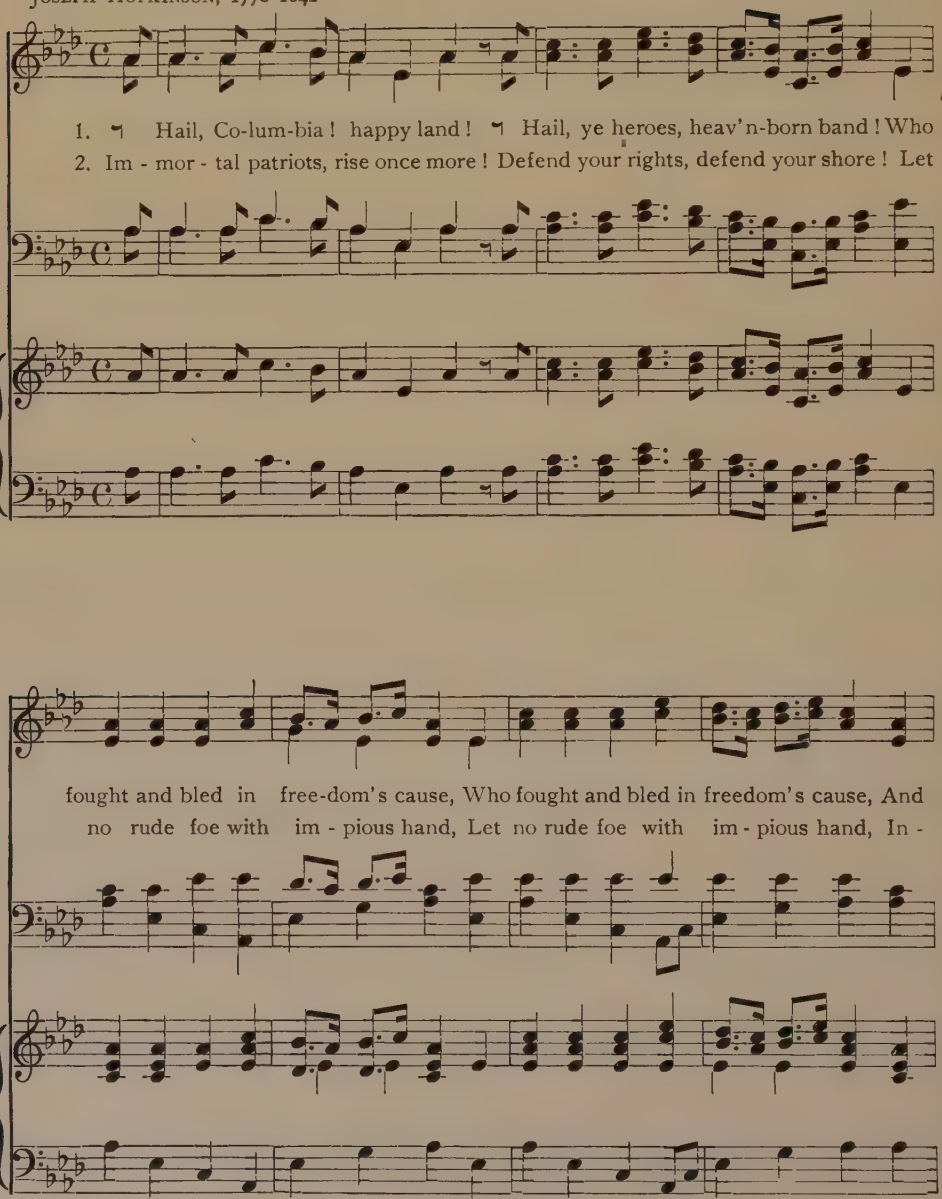

ff
des - o - late is be-come like the gar - den of E - -
ff
des - o - late is be-come like the gar - den of E - -
ff
Ped. 8va.
ff
Tempo 1mo.
mf
den. Give thanks un - to the Lord, give thanks un - to the Lord, His
ff
mf
den. Give thanks un - to the Lord, give thanks un - to the Lord, His
Tempo 1mo. ♩= 100
ff
mf

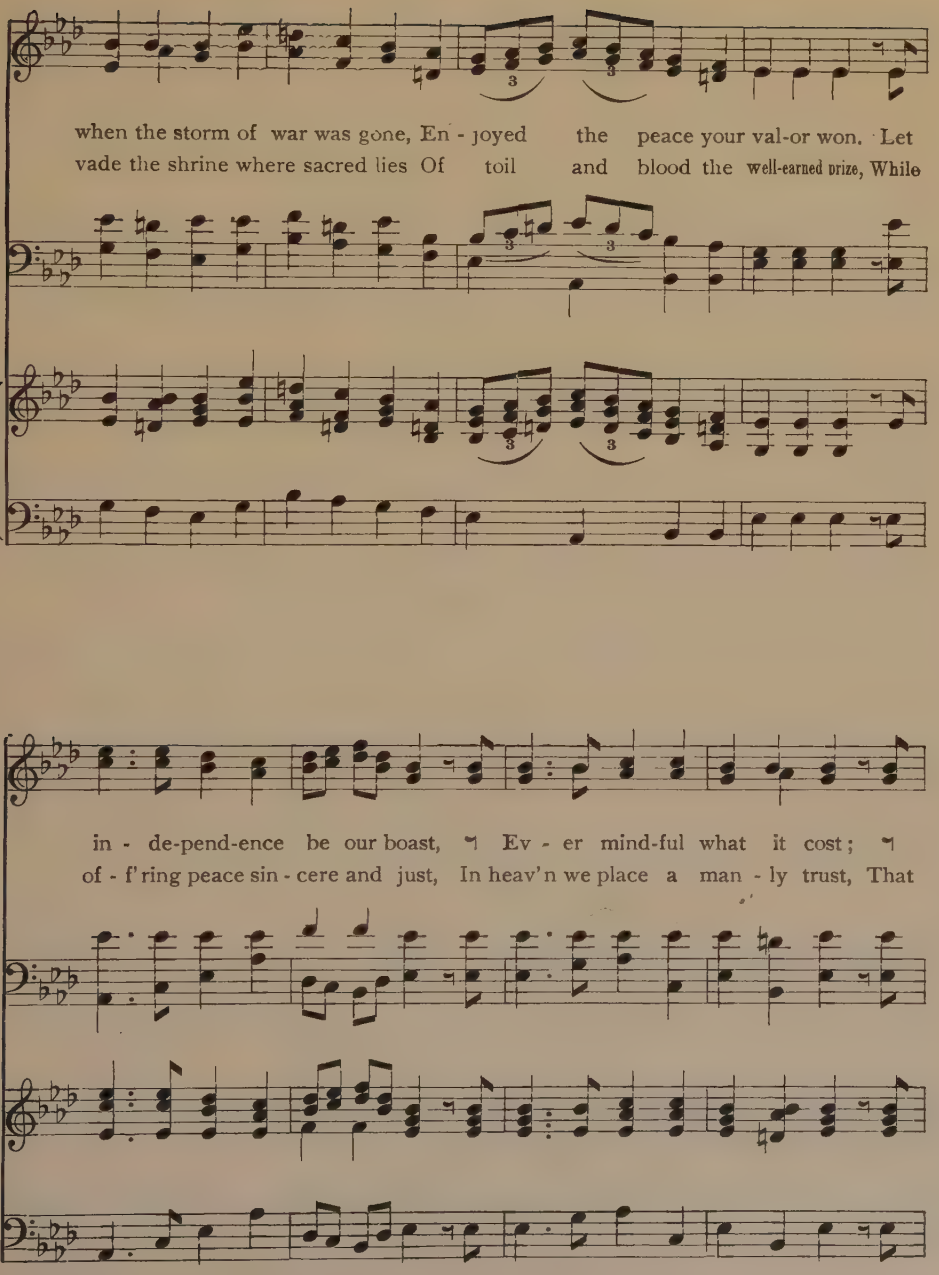

cres.
f
mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er, for - ev - er, His mer - cy en -
cres.
f
mer - cy en - dur - eth for - ev - er, for - ev - er, His mer - cy en -
f
ff
fff
dur - eth for - ev - er, for - ev - er, for - ev - er. . . .
ff
fff
dur - eth for - ev - er, for - ev - er, for - ev - er. . . .
dur - eth for - ev - er, for - ev - er. . . . .
ff
fff
Pea.

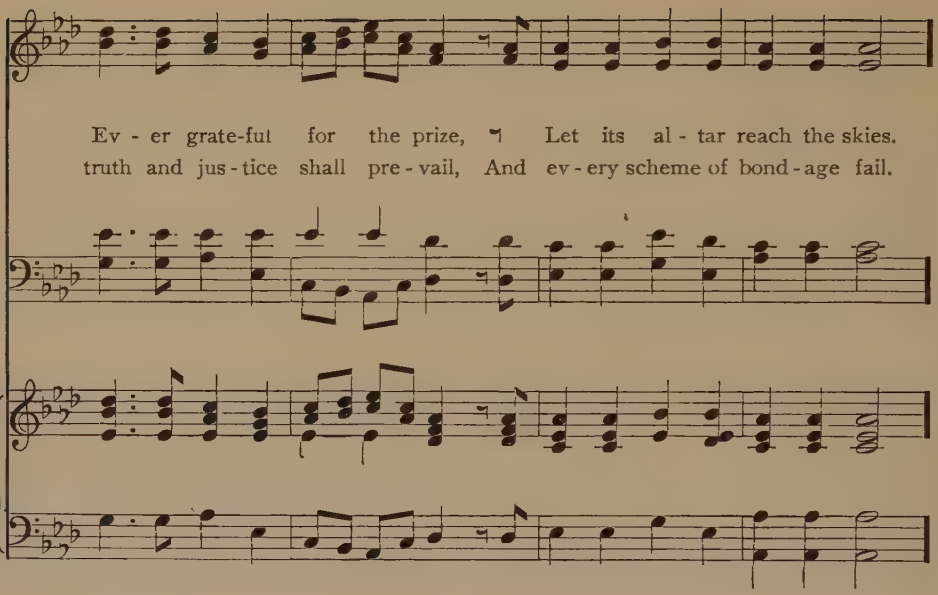
Hail Columbia

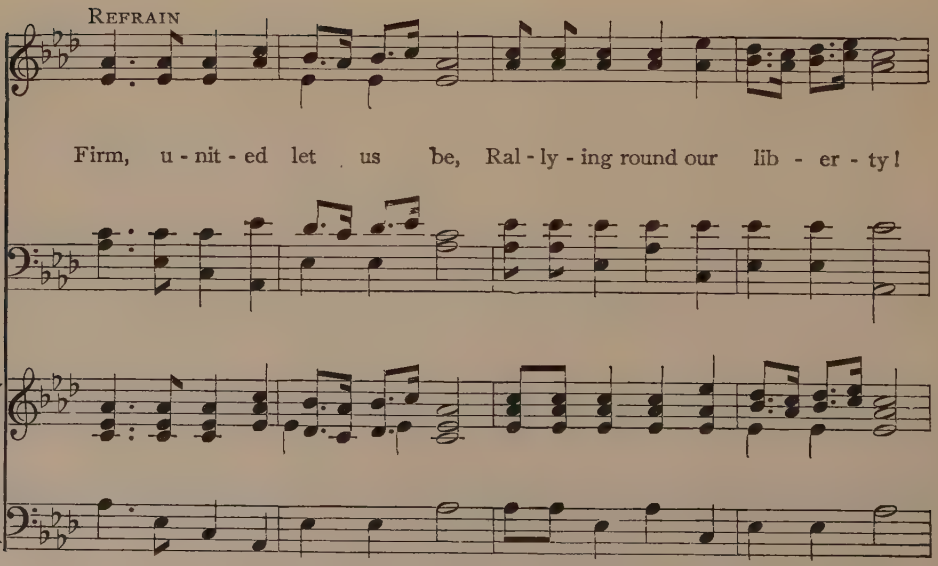
No. 118

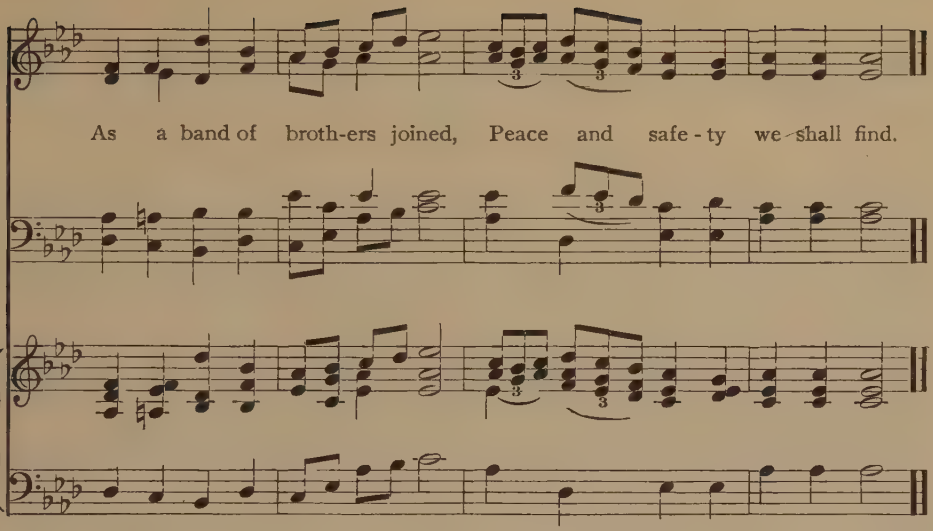
JOSEPH HOPKINSON, 1770–1842 PROF. PHYLAS


1. Hail, Co-lum-bia! happy land! Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band! Who
2. Im - mor - tal patriots, rise once more! Defend your rights, defend your shore! Let
fought and bled in free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in freedom's cause, And
no rude foe with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe with im - pious hand, In -


when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val-or won. Let
vade the shrine where sacred lies Of toil and blood the well-earned prize, While
in - de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev - er mind-ful what it cost;
of - f'ring peace sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust, That


Ev - er grate-ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.
truth and jus - tice shall pre - vail, And ev - ery scheme of bond - age fail.


Refrain
Firm, u - nit - ed let us be, Ral - ly - ing round our lib - er - ty!



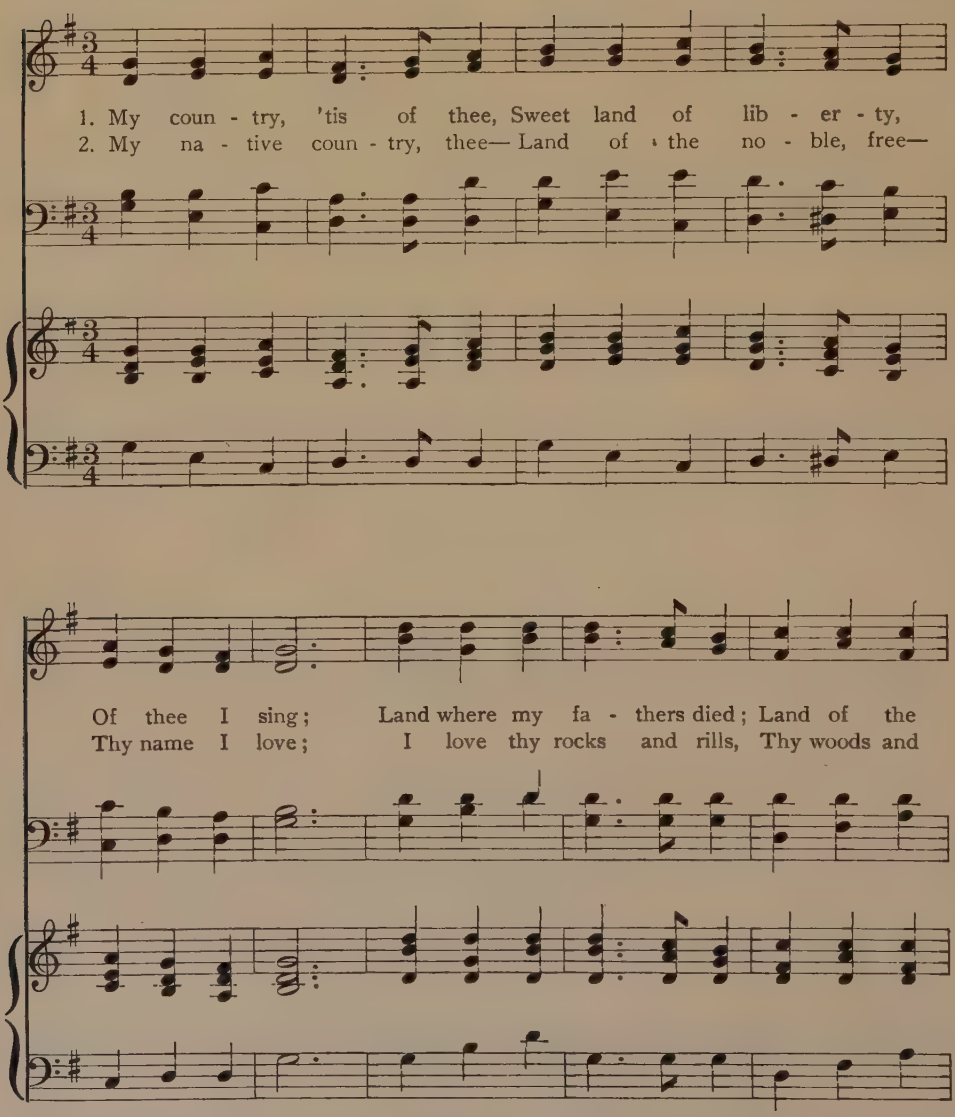
3 Sound, sound the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name
‖: Ring through the world with loud applause ! :‖
Let every clime, to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear ;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty !
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

4 Behold the chief who now commands ;
Once more to serve his country, stands,
‖: The rock on which the storm will beat ! :‖
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty !
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

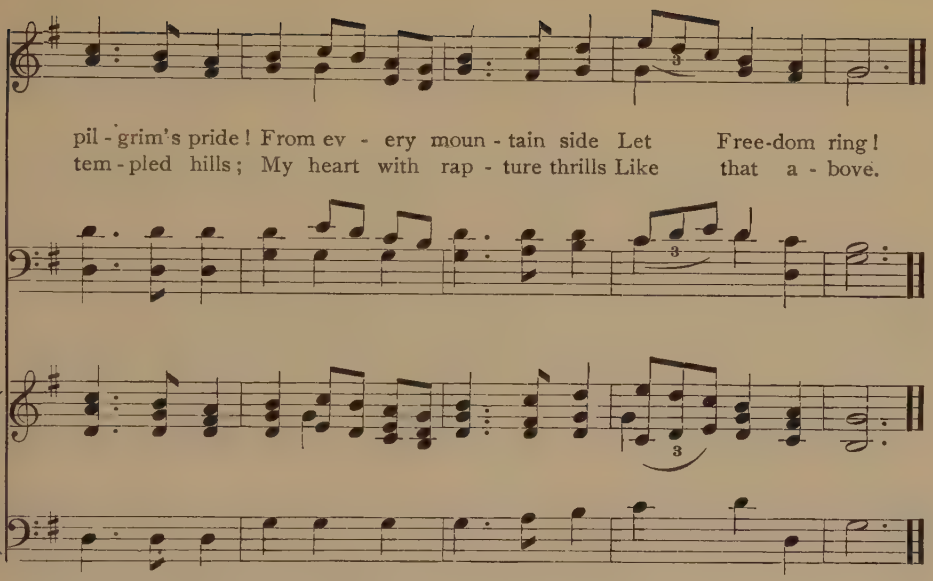
America

No. 119

S. F. Smith, 1808–1895 — Henry Carey, 1690–1743


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee— Land of the no - ble, free—
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died; Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

Note.—The tune "America" is the national hymn of several countries: England, Prussia, and others. The authorship has never been satisfactorily settled, but the strongest claim is that of Henry Carey. It was written sometime between 1736 and 1740.



3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

God Save the King

(British National Anthem)

1 God, save our Lord, the King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2 O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hearts we fix,
God save us all.

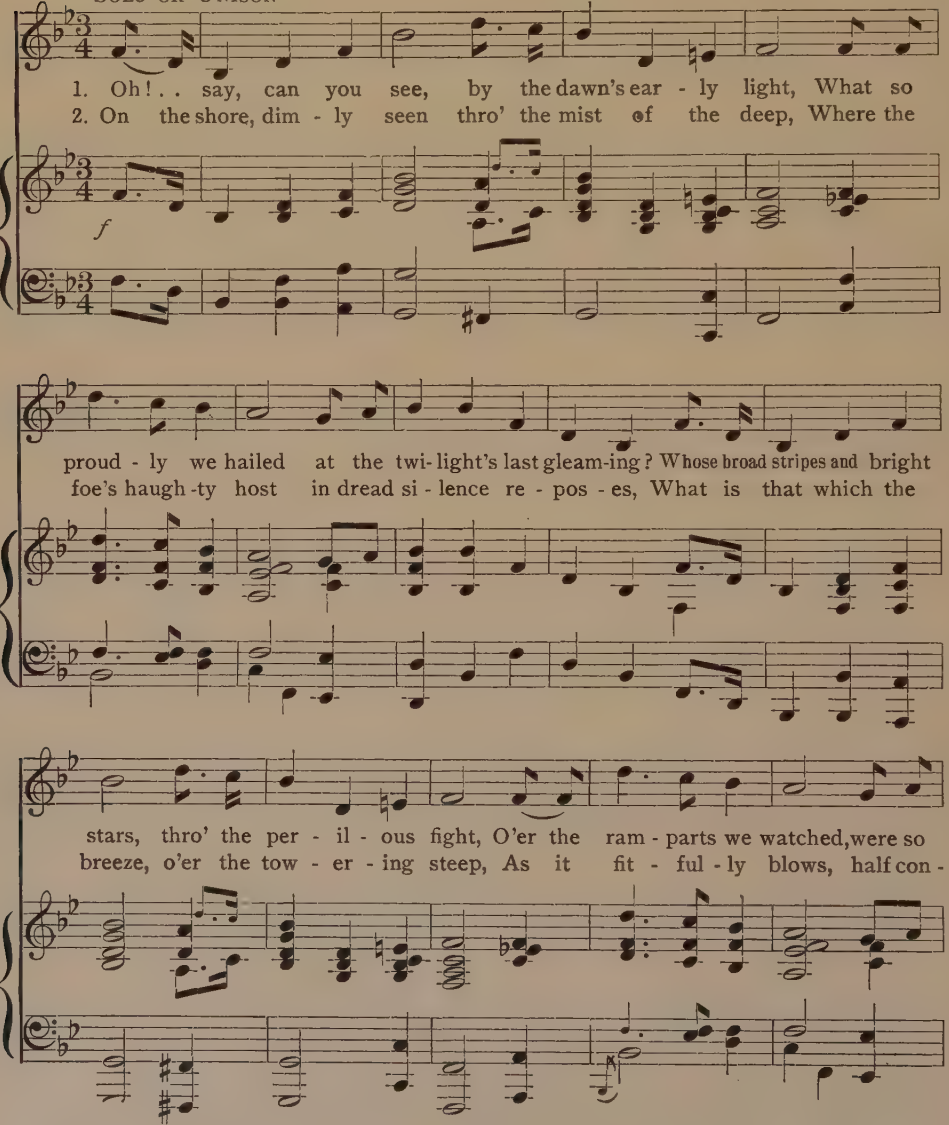
3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

The Star-Spangled Banner

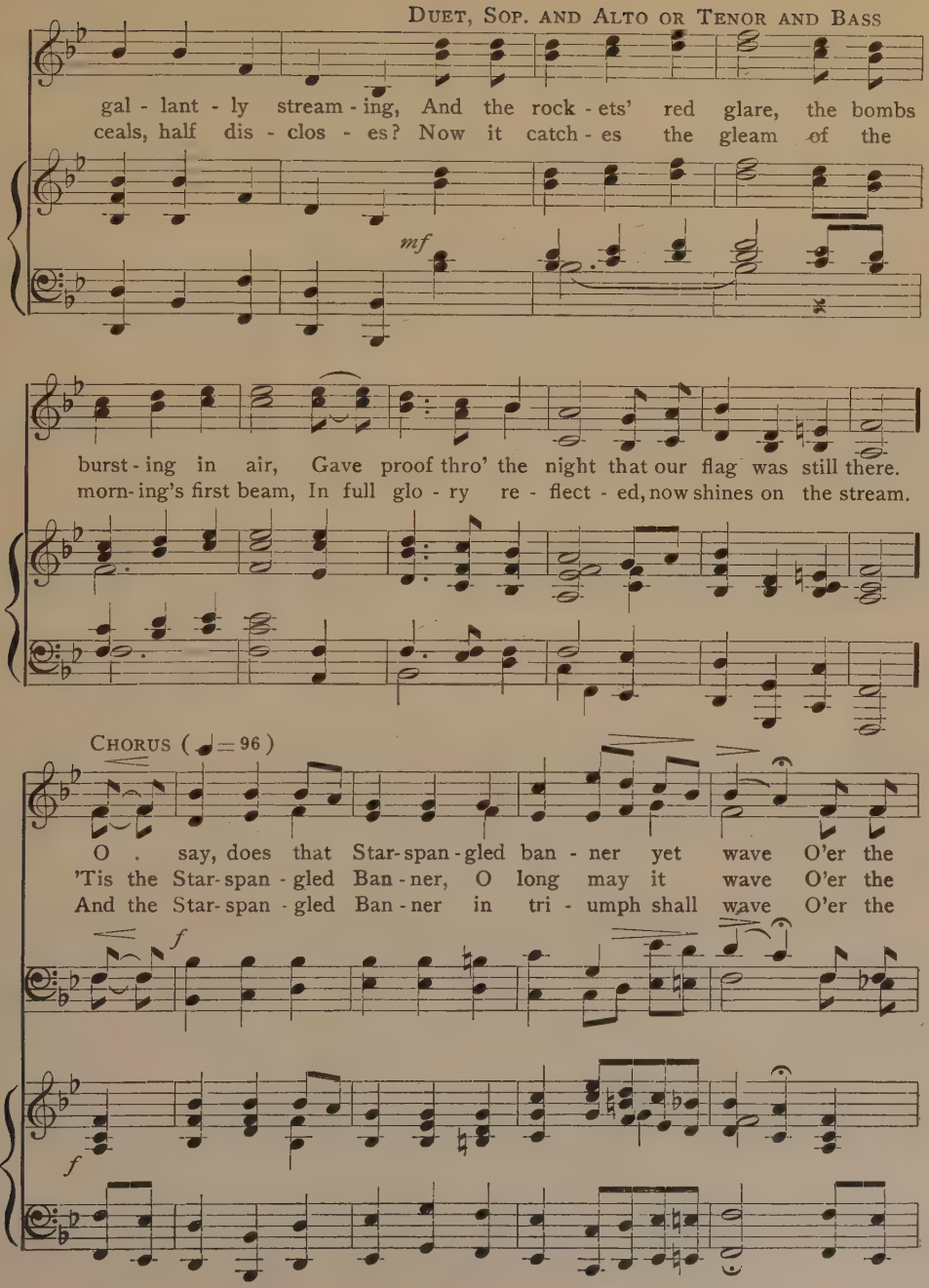
No. 120

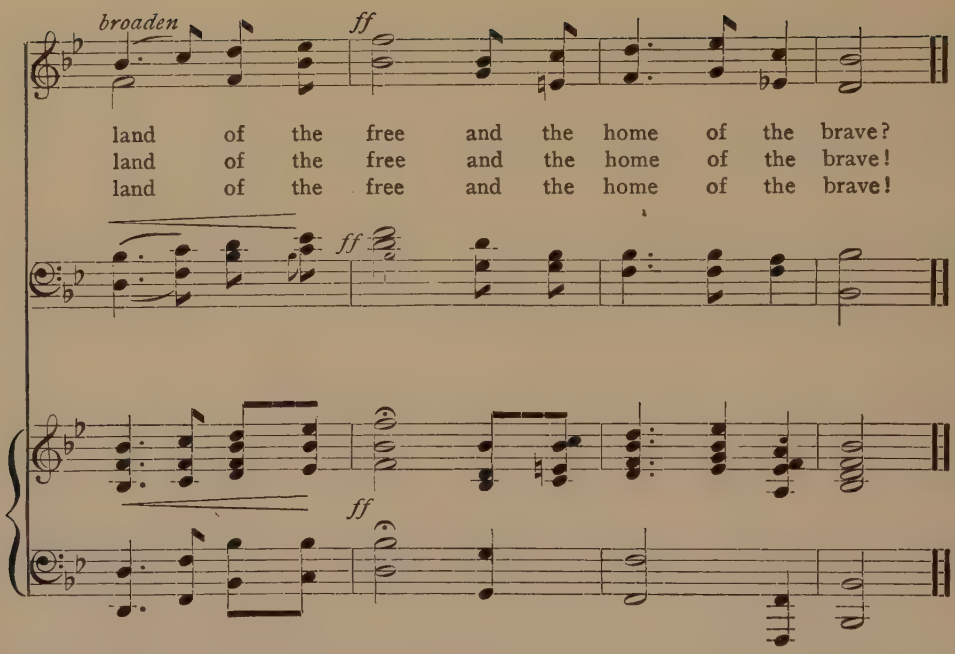
Francis Scott Key, 1779–1843 — Dr. Samuel Arnold, 1740–1802

Solo or Unison


1. Oh! . . say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the
f
proud - ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright
foe's haugh-ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the
stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so
breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con -

Note.—"The Star-Spangled Banner" was first sung in a tavern near the Holiday Theater in Baltimore, by Ferdinand Durang. The tune was composed between 1770 and 1775.


Duet, Sop. and Alto or Tenor and Bass
gal - lant - ly stream - ing, And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs
ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the
mf
burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream.
Chorus (♩ = 96)
O . say, does that Star-span - gled ban - ner yet wave O'er the
'Tis the Star-span - gled Ban - ner, O long may it wave O'er the
And the Star-span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the
f
f


broaden
ff
land of the free and the home of the brave?
land of the free and the home of the brave!
land of the free and the home of the brave!
ff
ff

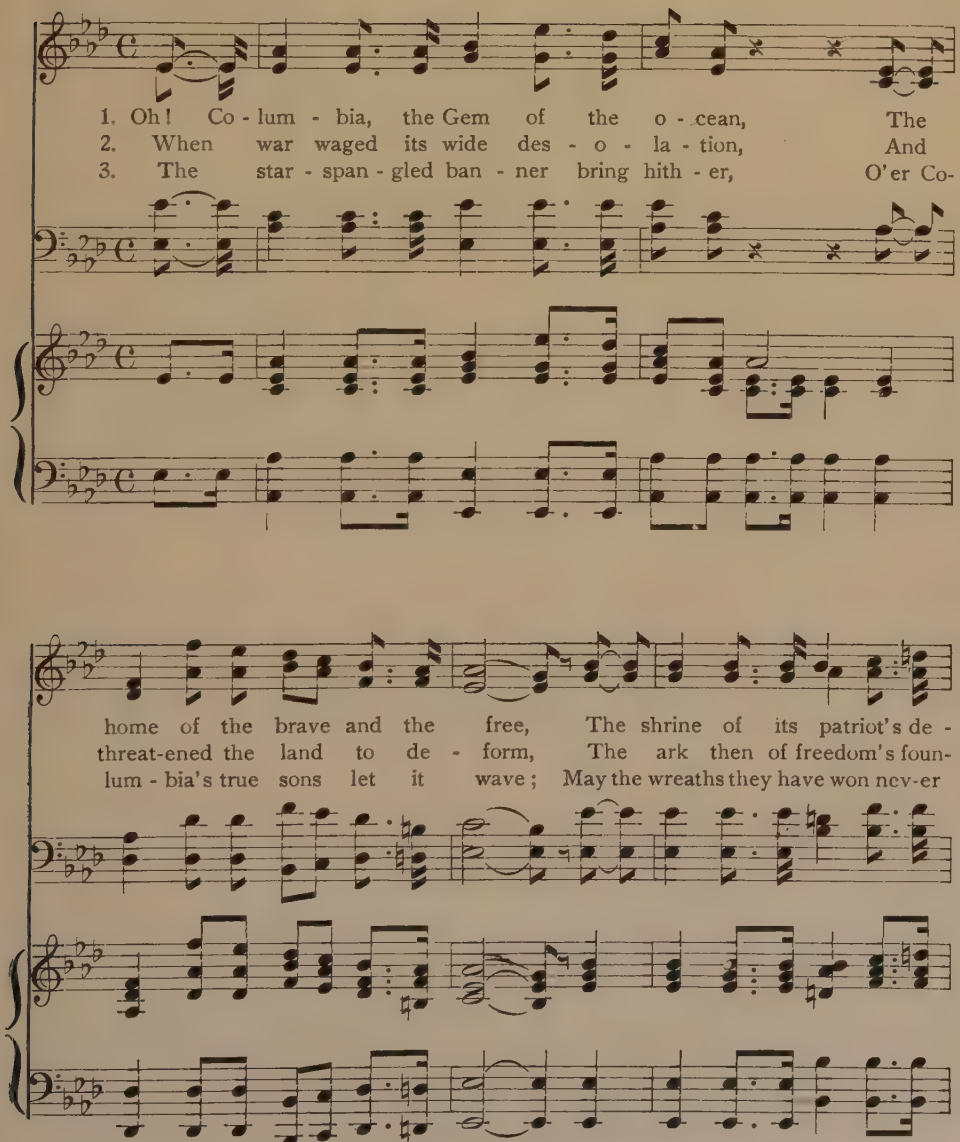
3 And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

4 Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved home and grim war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

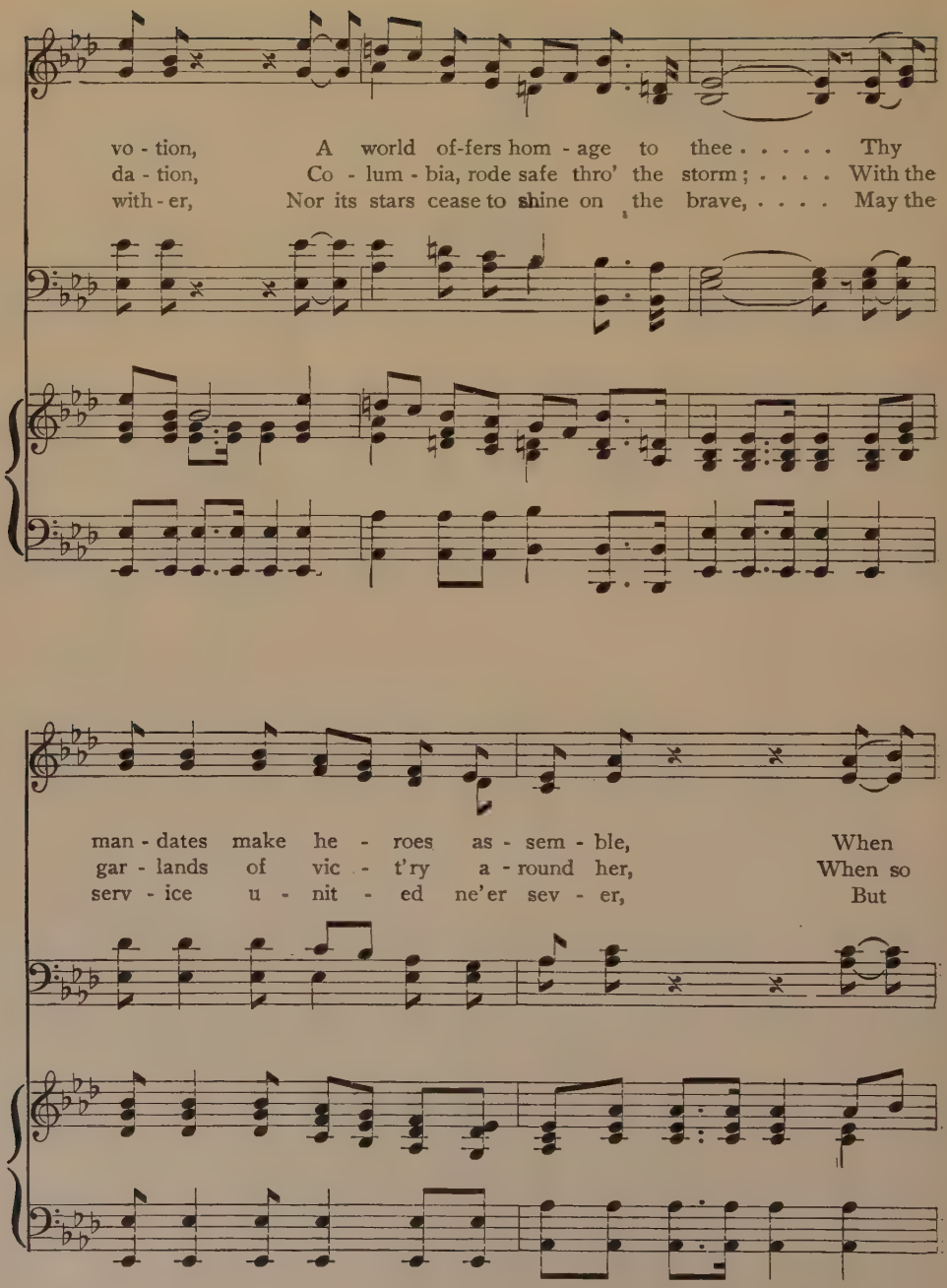
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

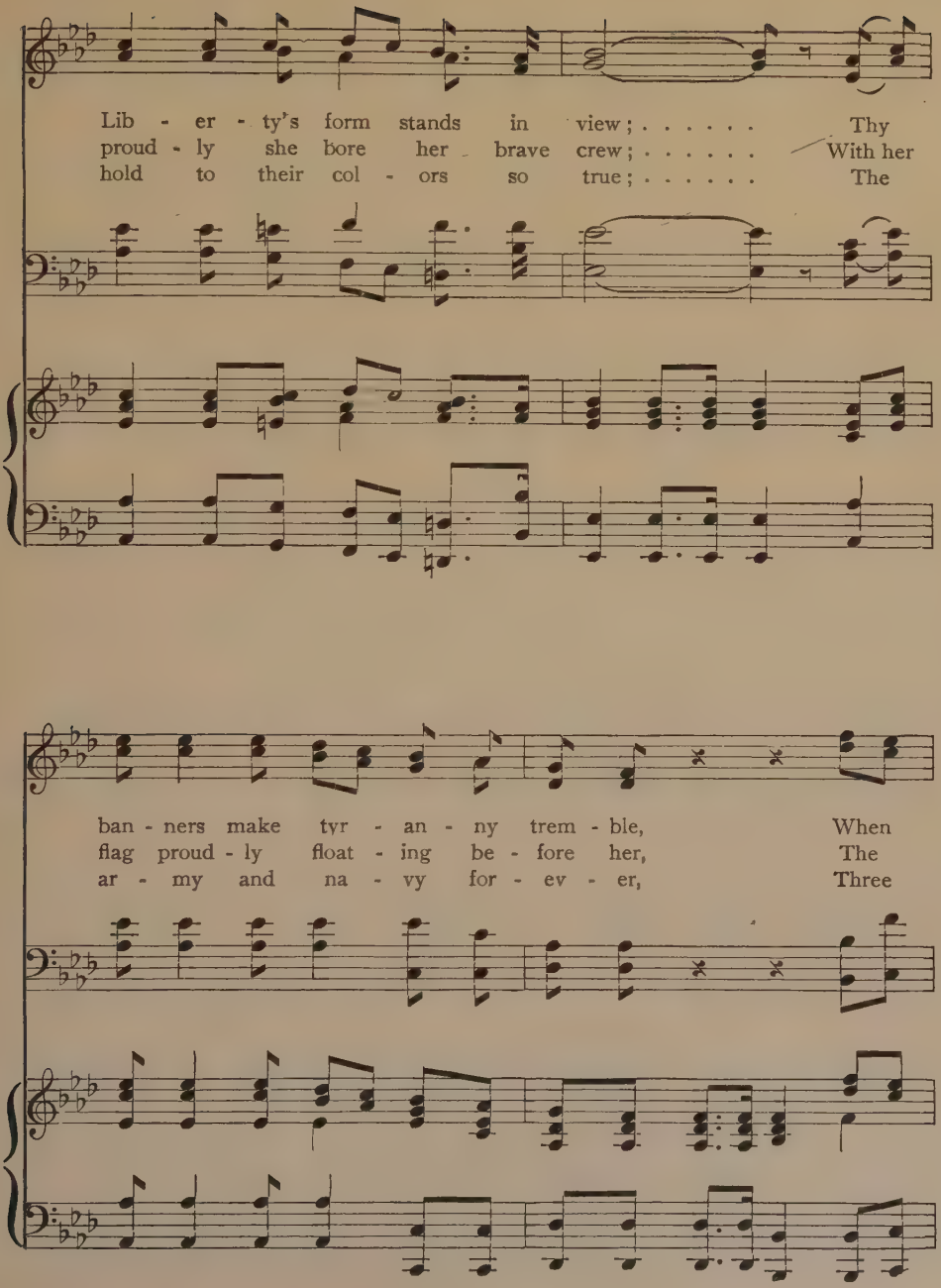
No. 121

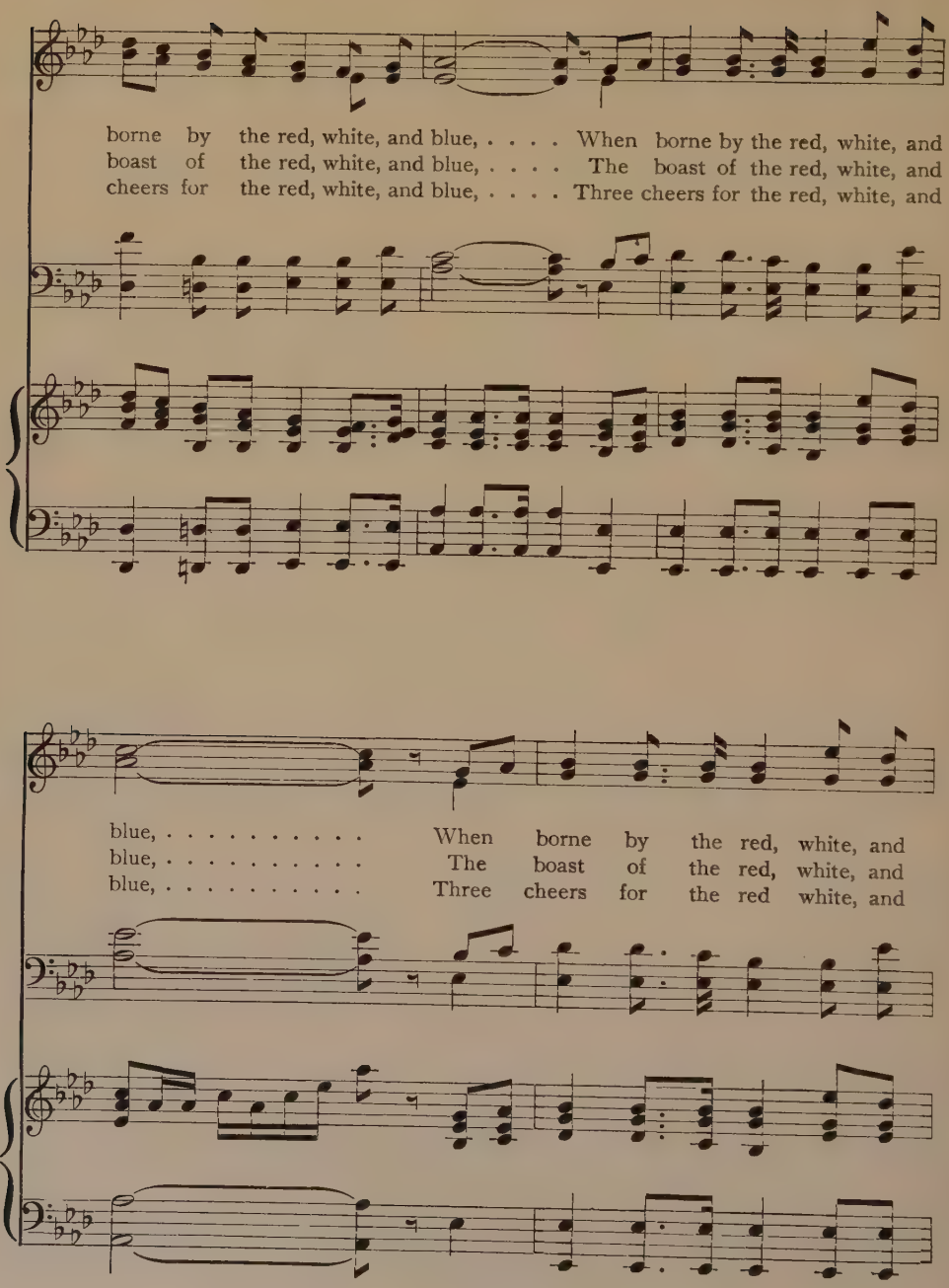
TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1752–1817 — DAVID T. SHAW

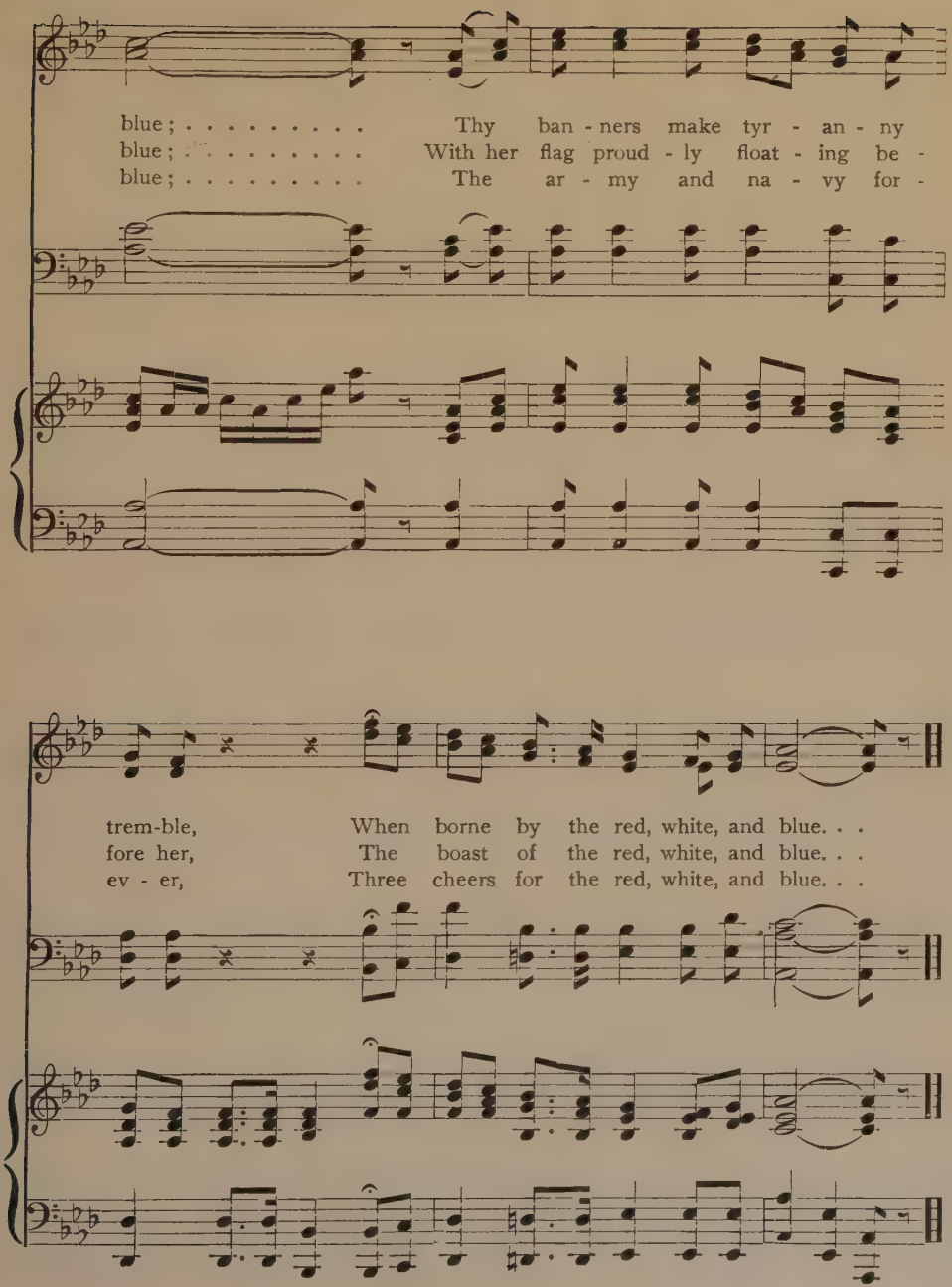

1. Oh! Co - lum - bia, the Gem of the o - cean, The
2. When war waged its wide des - o - la - tion, And
3. The star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co-
home of the brave and the free, The shrine of its patriot's de -
threat-ened the land to de - form, The ark then of freedom's foun-
lum - bia's true sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won nev-er

NOTE.—Timothy Dwight was an ancestor of the famous president of Yale College. He was in the Revolutionary War as a chaplain, and afterwards himself became president of Yale.


vo - tion, A world of-fers hom - age to thee . . . . . Thy
da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm ; . . . . With the
with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave, ... May the
man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When
gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so
serv - ice u - nit - ed ne'er sev - er, But


Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; . . . . . Thy
proud - ly she bore her brave crew; . . . . . With her
hold to their col - ors so true; . . . . . The
ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When
flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three

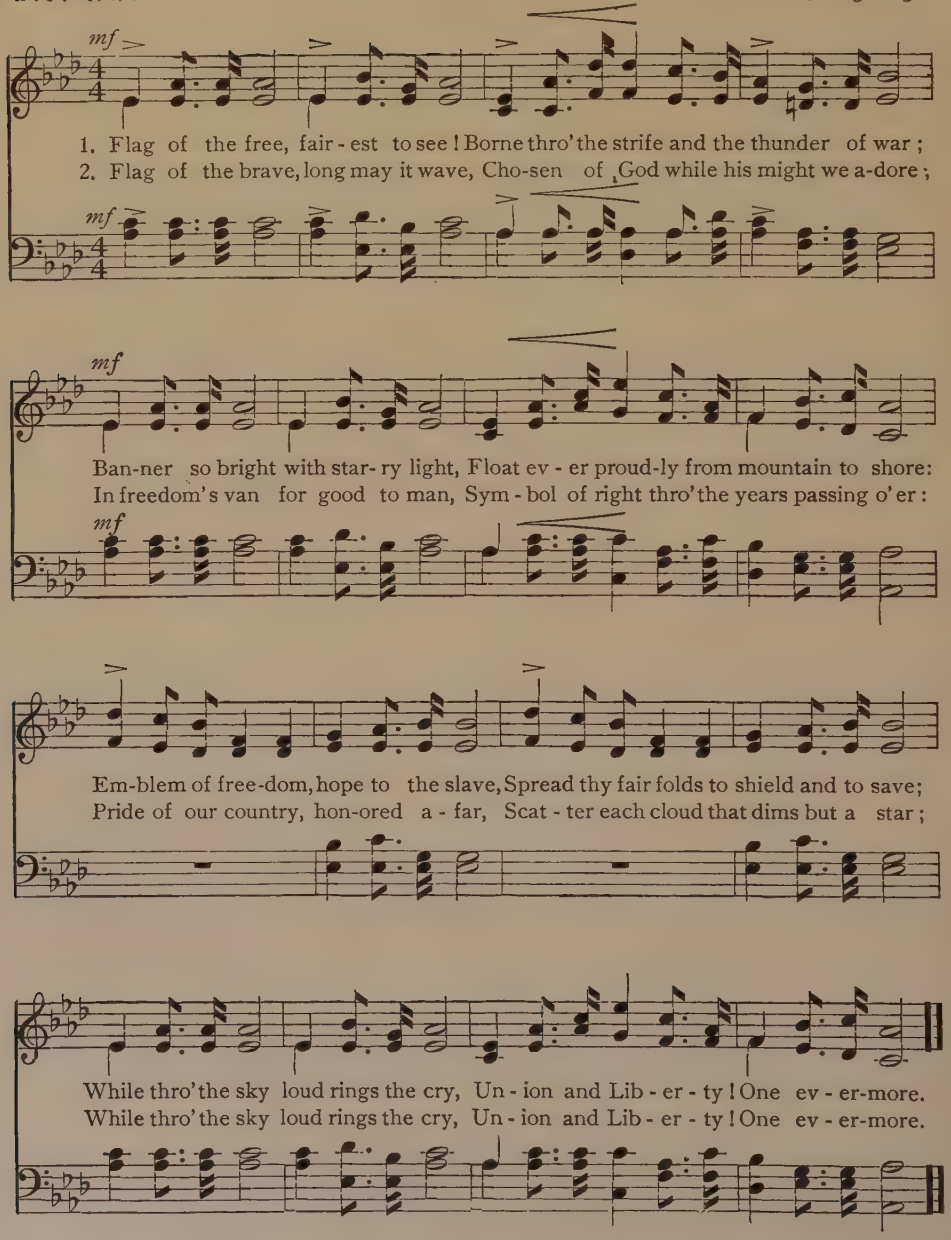

borne by the red, white, and blue, ... When borne by the red, white, and
boast of the red, white, and blue, ... The boast of the red, white, and
cheers for the red, white, and blue, ... Three cheers for the red, white, and
blue, ... When borne by the red, white, and
blue, ... The boast of the red, white, and
blue, ... Three cheers for the red white, and


blue; . . . . . Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny
blue; . . . . . With her flag proud - ly float - ing be -
blue; . . . . . The ar - my and na - vy for -
trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue. . .
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue. . .
ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue. . .

Flag of the Free

No. 122

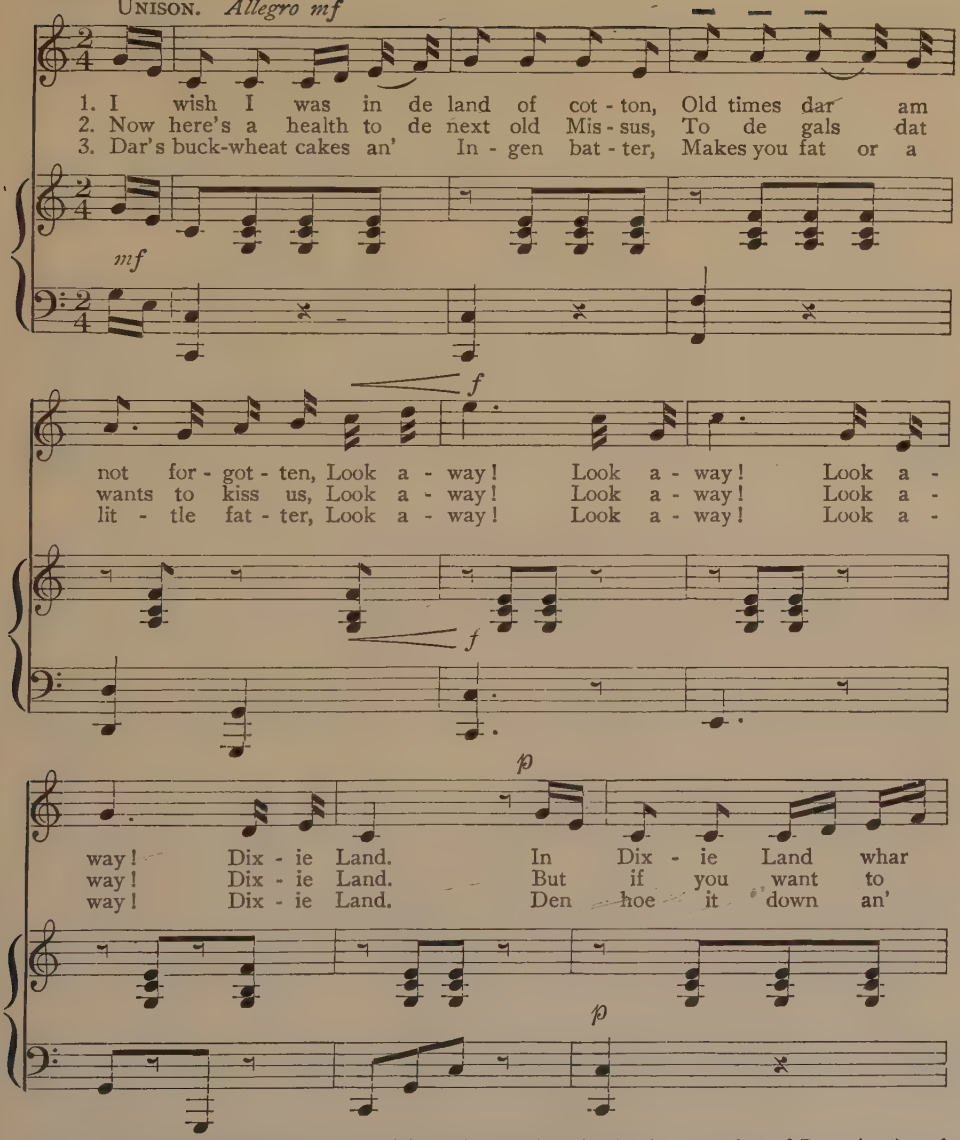
RICHARD WAGNER, 1813–1883


mf
1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thunder of war;
2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Cho-sen of God while his might we a-dore;
mf
Ban-ner so bright with star- ry light, Float ev - er proud-ly from mountain to shore:
In freedom's van for good to man, Sym - bol of right thro' the years passing o'er:
mf
Em-blem of free-dom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds to shield and to save;
Pride of our country, hon-ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that dims but a star;
While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! One ev - er-more.
While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! One ev - er-more.

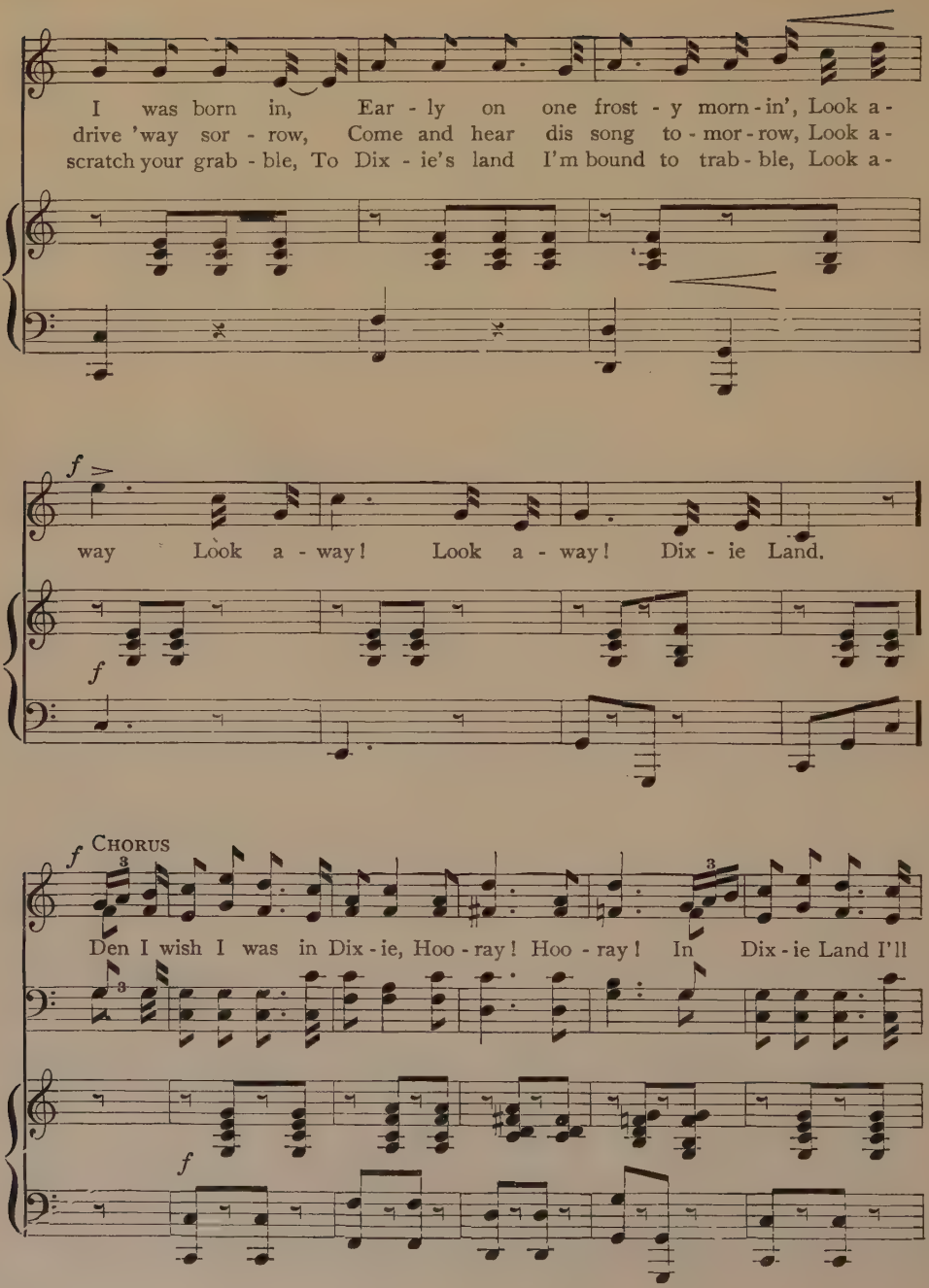
No. 123 Dixie

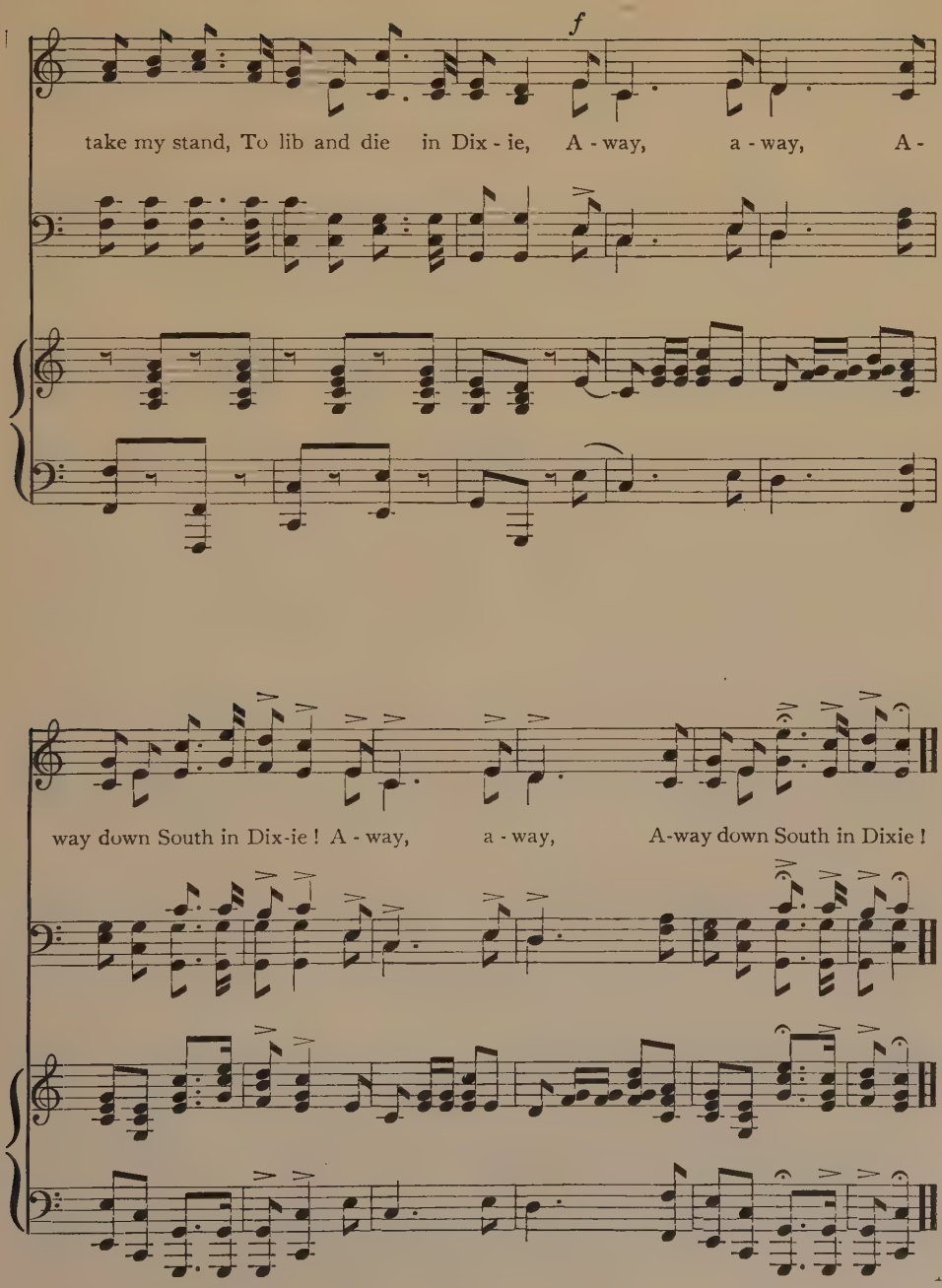
DAN EMMETT

UNISON. *Allegro mf*


1. I wish I was in de land of cot - ton, Old times dar am
2. Now here's a health to de next old Mis - sus, To de gals dat
3. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In - gen bat - ter, Makes you fat or a
mf
f
not for - got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a -
wants to kiss us, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a -
lit - tle fat - ter, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a -
f
p
way! Dix - ie Land. In Dix - ie Land whar
way! Dix - ie Land. But if you want to
way! Dix - ie Land. Den hoe it down an'
p

NOTE.—This song had a northern origin, and was written in 1859 by a member of Bryant's minstrel show. "Mason and Dixon's line" was the verbal inspiration of the song. The composer and author had traveled much with circuses, and when the circuses were showing in the North, and cold weather approached, the performers longed for the southern tour to begin, and frequently the circus people would say, "I wish I was in Dixie!" This catch phrase was used in after years by the author of the song. "Dixie" was written for the grand "walk-around" for Bryant's minstrels.


I was born in, Ear - ly on one frost - y morn - in', Look a -
drive 'way sor - row, Come and hear dis song to - mor - row, Look a -
scratch your grab - ble, To Dix - ie's land I'm bound to trab - ble, Look a -
f
way Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
f
f CHORUS
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll
f


f
take my stand, To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, a - way, A -
way down South in Dix-ie ! A - way, a - way, A-way down South in Dixie !

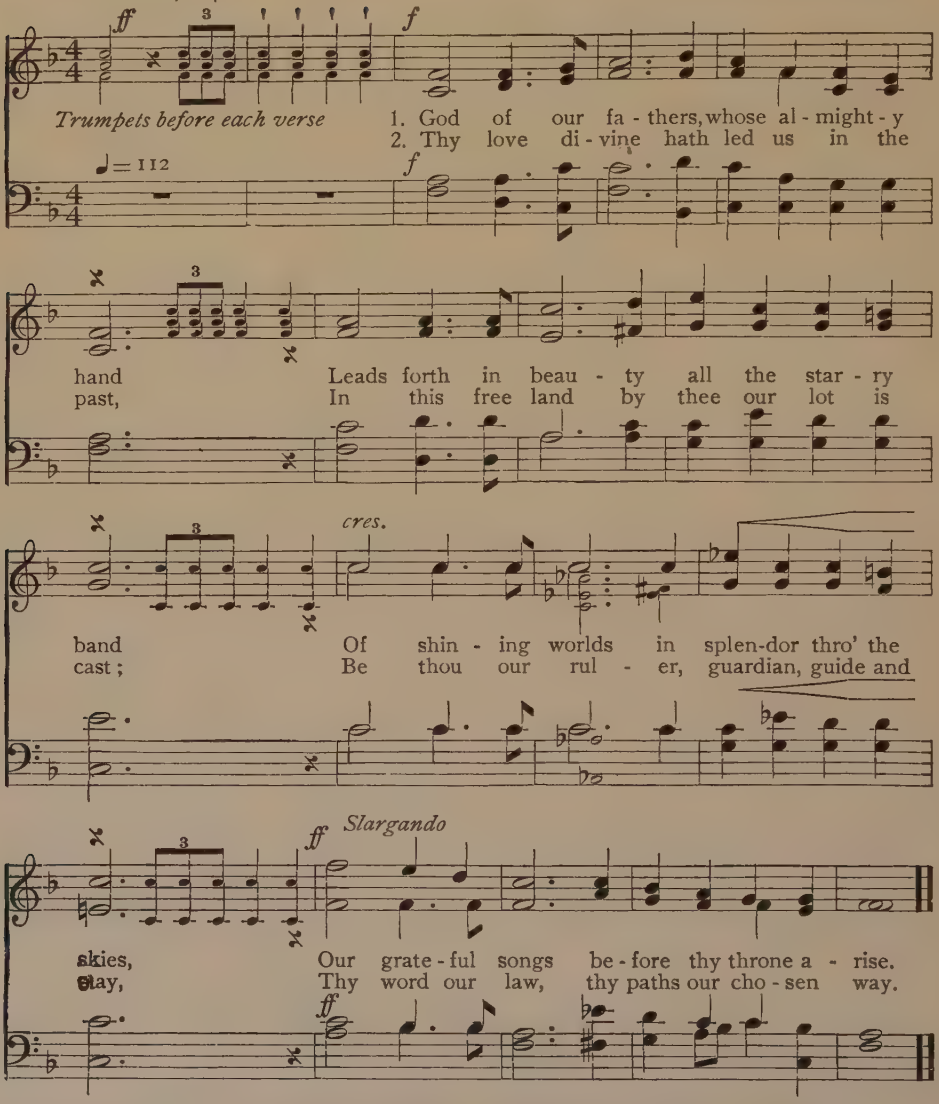
God of Our Fathers

No. 124

NATIONAL HYMN

D. C. ROBERTS, 1841

G. W. WARREN, 1820–1902


ff
f
Trumpets before each verse
1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the
♩= 112
hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry
past, In this free land by thee our lot is
cres.
band Of shin - ing worlds in splen-dor thro' the
cast; Be thou our rul - er, guardian, guide and
Slargando
skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore thy throne a - rise.
stay, Thy word our law, thy paths our cho - sen way.

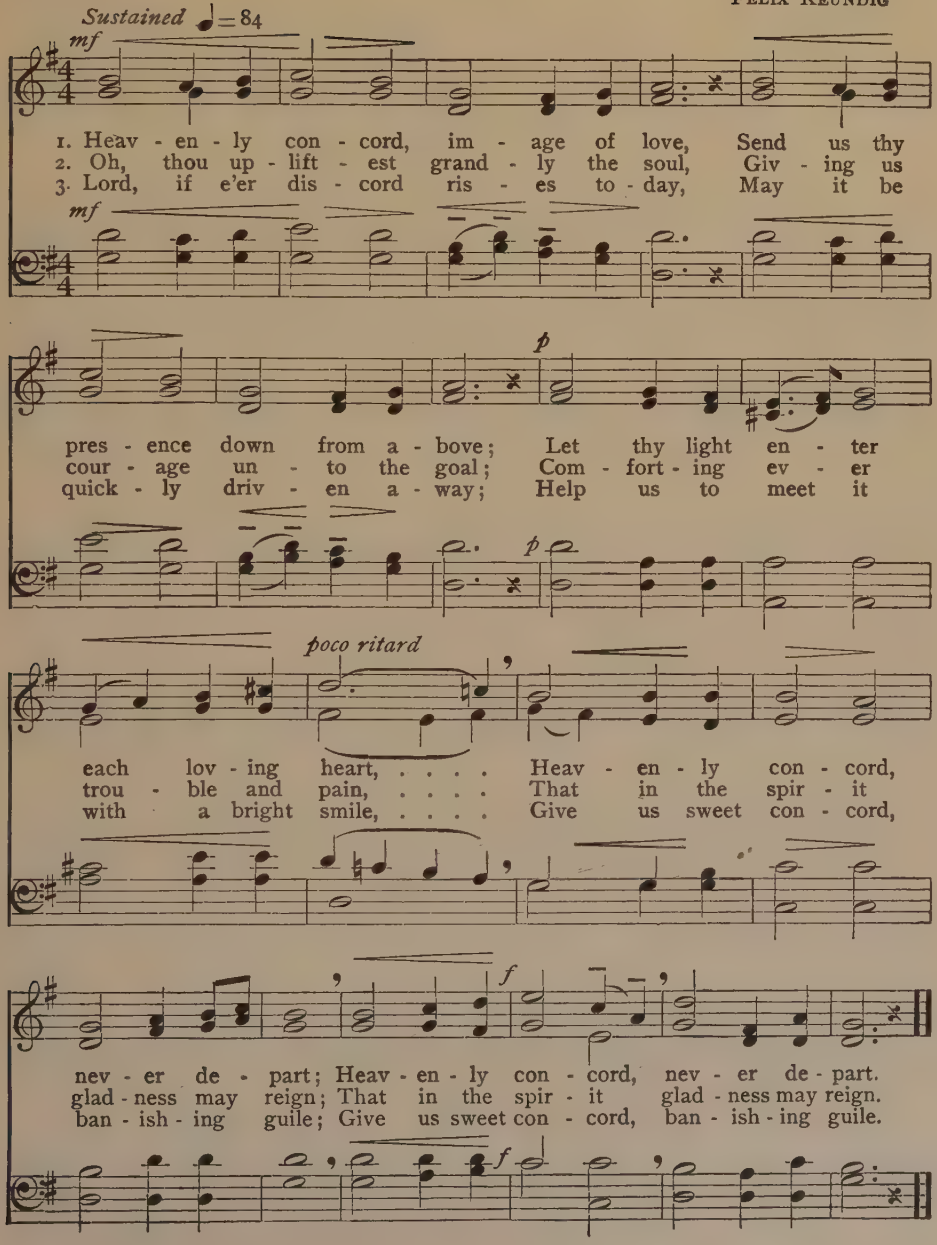
3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever thine.

Heavenly Concord

No. 125

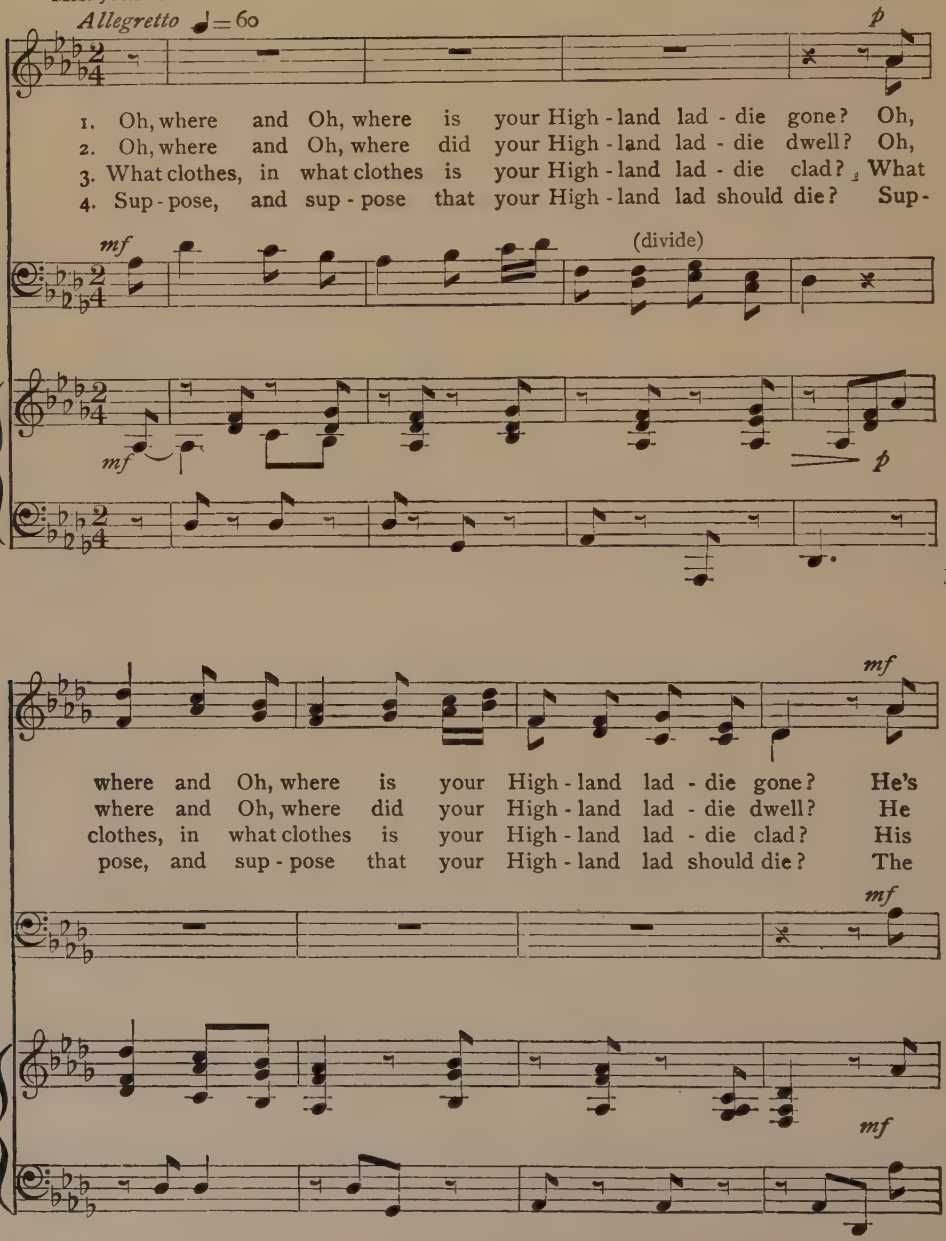
FELIX KEUNDIG

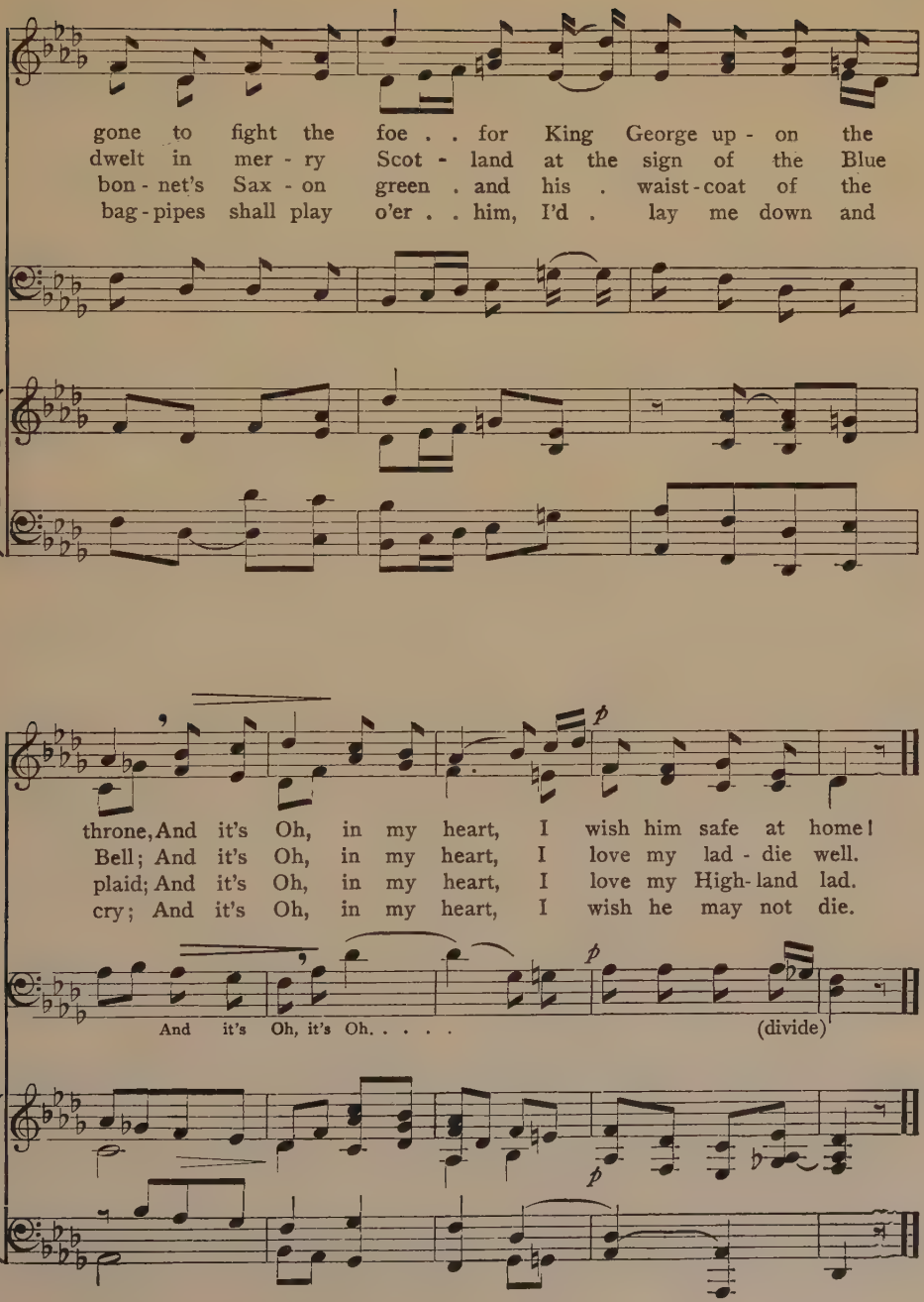

Sustained ♩=84
mf
1. Heav - en - ly con - cord, im - age of love, Send us thy
2. Oh, thou up - lift - est grand - ly the soul, Giv - ing us
3. Lord, if e'er dis - cord ris - es to - day, May it be
mf
p
pres - ence down from a - bove; Let thy light en - ter
cour - age un - to the goal; Com - fort - ing ev - er
quick - ly driv - en a - way; Help us to meet it
p
poco ritard
each lov - ing heart, ... Heav - en - ly con - cord,
trou - ble and pain, ... That in the spir - it
with a bright smile, ... Give us sweet con - cord,
f
nev - er de - part; Heav - en - ly con - cord, nev - er de - part.
glad - ness may reign; That in the spir - it glad - ness may reign.
ban - ish - ing guile; Give us sweet con - cord, ban - ish - ing guile.
f

No. 125A The Blue Bell of Scotland

Mrs. JORDAN

Scotch Folk Song


Allegretto ♩= 60
p
1. Oh, where and Oh, where is your High-land lad-die gone? Oh,
2. Oh, where and Oh, where did your High-land lad-die dwell? Oh,
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad-die clad? What
4. Sup-pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup-
mf
(divide)
mf
p
where and Oh, where is your High-land lad-die gone? He's
where and Oh, where did your High-land lad-die dwell? He
clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad-die clad? His
pose, and sup-pose that your High-land lad should die? The
mf
mf
mf


gone to fight the foe . . for King George up - on the
dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue
bon - net's Sax - on green . and his . waist - coat of the
bag - pipes shall play o'er . . him, I'd . lay me down and
throne, And it's Oh, in my heart, I wish him safe at home!
Bell; And it's Oh, in my heart, I love my lad - die well.
plaid; And it's Oh, in my heart, I love my High - land lad.
cry; And it's Oh, in my heart, I wish he may not die.
p
And it's Oh, it's Oh. . . . .
(divide)
p

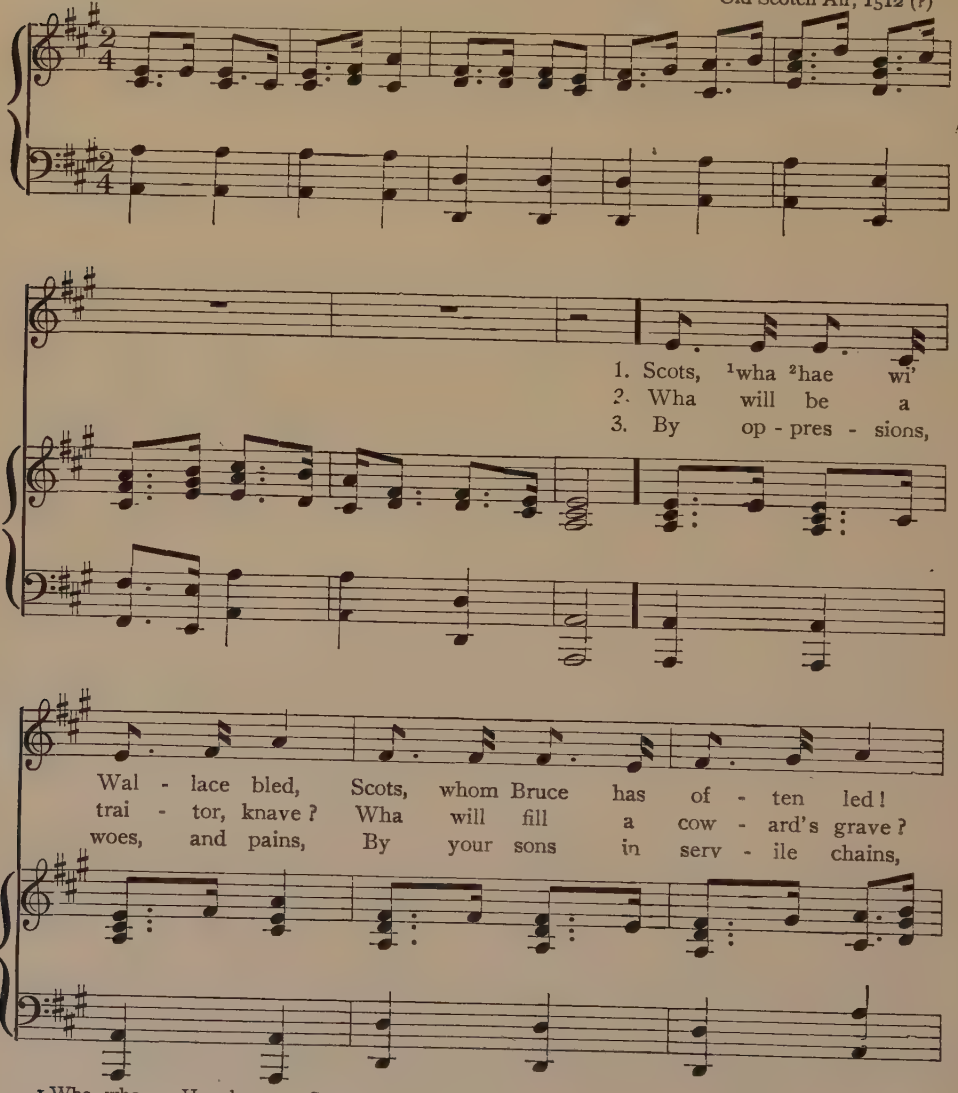
Scots, Wha Hae Wi' Wallace Bled

No. 126

SCOTCH NATIONAL HYMN

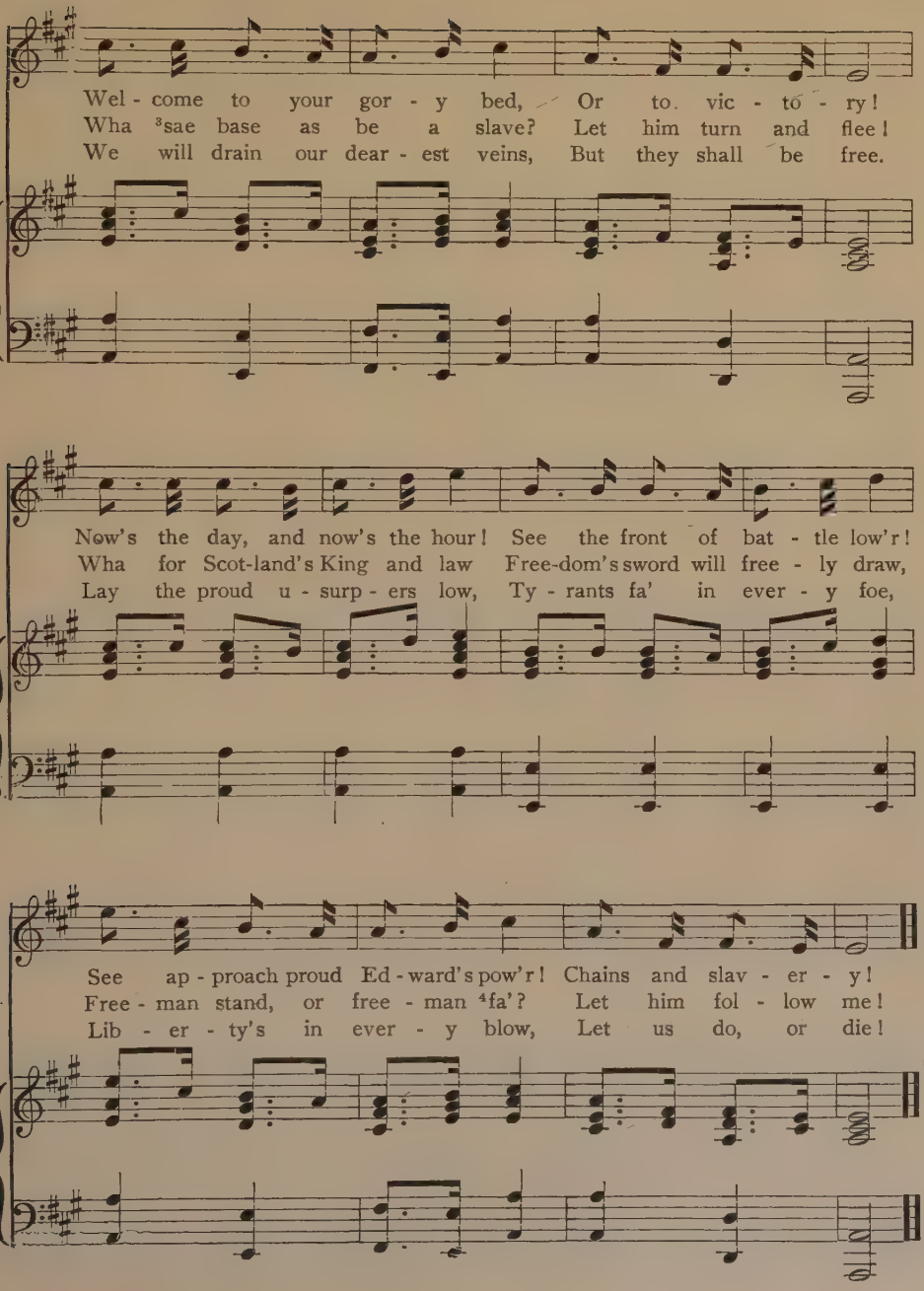
ROBERT BURNS, 1759–1796

Old Scotch Air, 1512 (?)


1. Scots, 1wha 2hae wi'
2. Wha will be a
3. By op - pres - sions,
Wal - lace bled, Scots, whom Bruce has of - ten led!
trai - tor, knave? Wha will fill a cow - ard's grave?
woes, and pains, By your sons in serv - ile chains,

1 Wha, who. 2 Hae, have. 3 Sae, so. 4 Fa', fall.

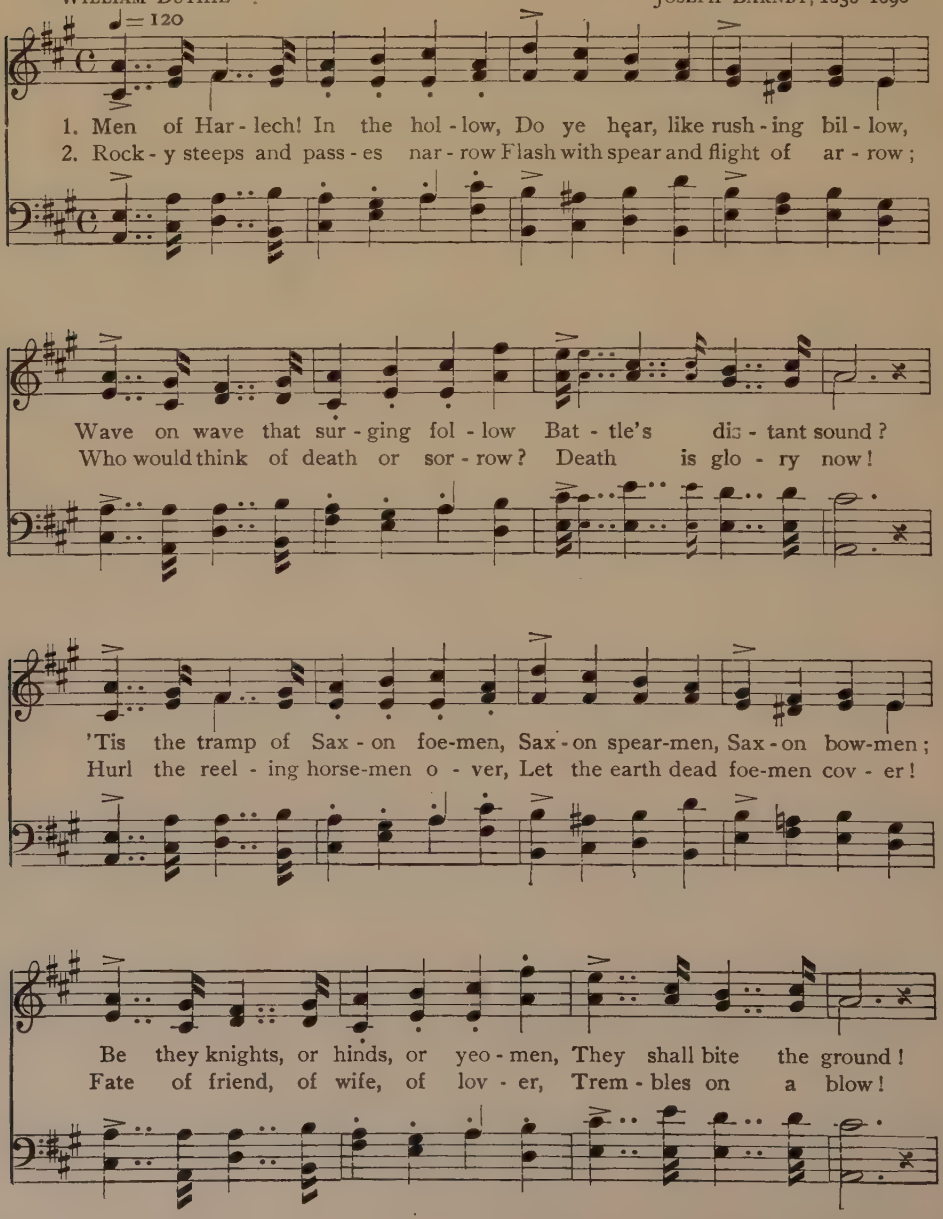
NOTE.—The music has been traced back to a date as early as 1512. It was then sung as "Now the Day Dawns." Burns probably wrote the words after a thunderstorm in August of 1793. He read it to his friend, John Syme, with whom he was walking in the rain, and ostensibly it was an impromptu performance.

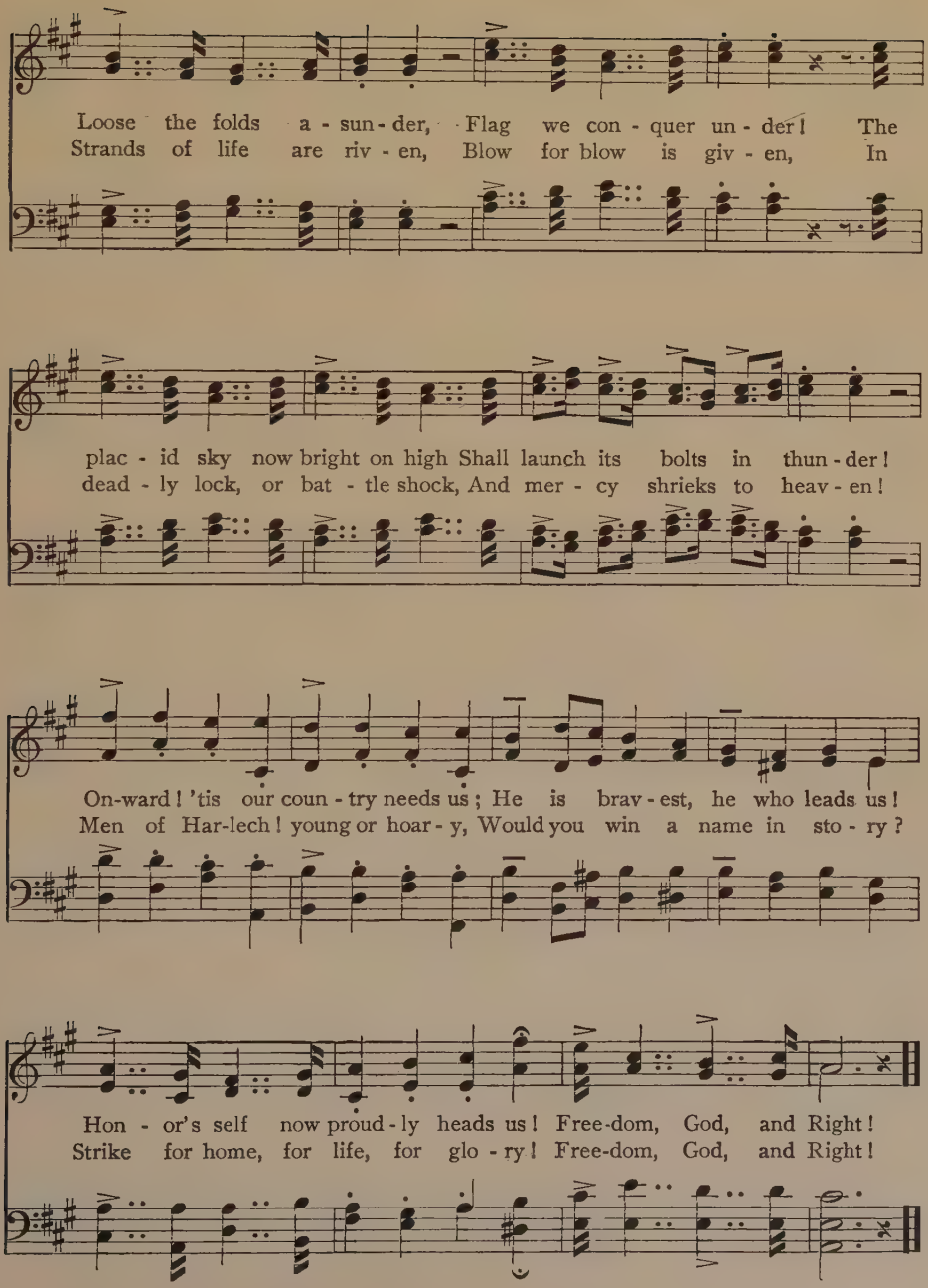

Wel - come to your gor - y bed, Or to vic - to - ry!
Wha [3]sae base as be a slave? Let him turn and flee!
We will drain our dear - est veins, But they shall be free.
Now's the day, and now's the hour! See the front of bat - tle low'r!
Wha for Scot-land's King and law Free-dom's sword will free - ly draw,
Lay the proud u - surp - ers low, Ty - rants fa' in ever - y foe,
See ap - proach proud Ed - ward's pow'r! Chains and slav - er - y!
Free - man stand, or free - man [4]fa'? Let him fol - low me!
Lib - er - ty's in ever - y blow, Let us do, or die!

March of the Men of Harlech

No. 127

Welsh poem, translated by
WILLIAM DUTHIE

Welsh air, harmonized by
JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896

♩ = 120
1. Men of Har - lech! In the hol - low, Do ye hear, like rush - ing bil - low,
2. Rock - y steeps and pass - es nar - row Flash with spear and flight of ar - row;
Wave on wave that sur - ging fol - low Bat - tle's dis - tant sound?
Who would think of death or sor - row? Death is glo - ry now!
'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe-men, Sax - on spear-men, Sax - on bow-men;
Hurl the reel - ing horse-men o - ver, Let the earth dead foe-men cov - er!
Be they knights, or hinds, or yeo - men, They shall bite the ground!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lov - er, Trem - bles on a blow!


Loose the folds a - sun - der, Flag we con - quer un - der! The
Strands of life are riv - en, Blow for blow is giv - en, In
plac - id sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun - der!
dead - ly lock, or bat - tle shock, And mer - cy shrieks to heav - en!
On-ward! 'tis our coun - try needs us; He is brav - est, he who leads us!
Men of Har-lech! young or hoar - y, Would you win a name in sto - ry?
Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free-dom, God, and Right!
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Free-dom, God, and Right!

The Marseillaise

No. 128

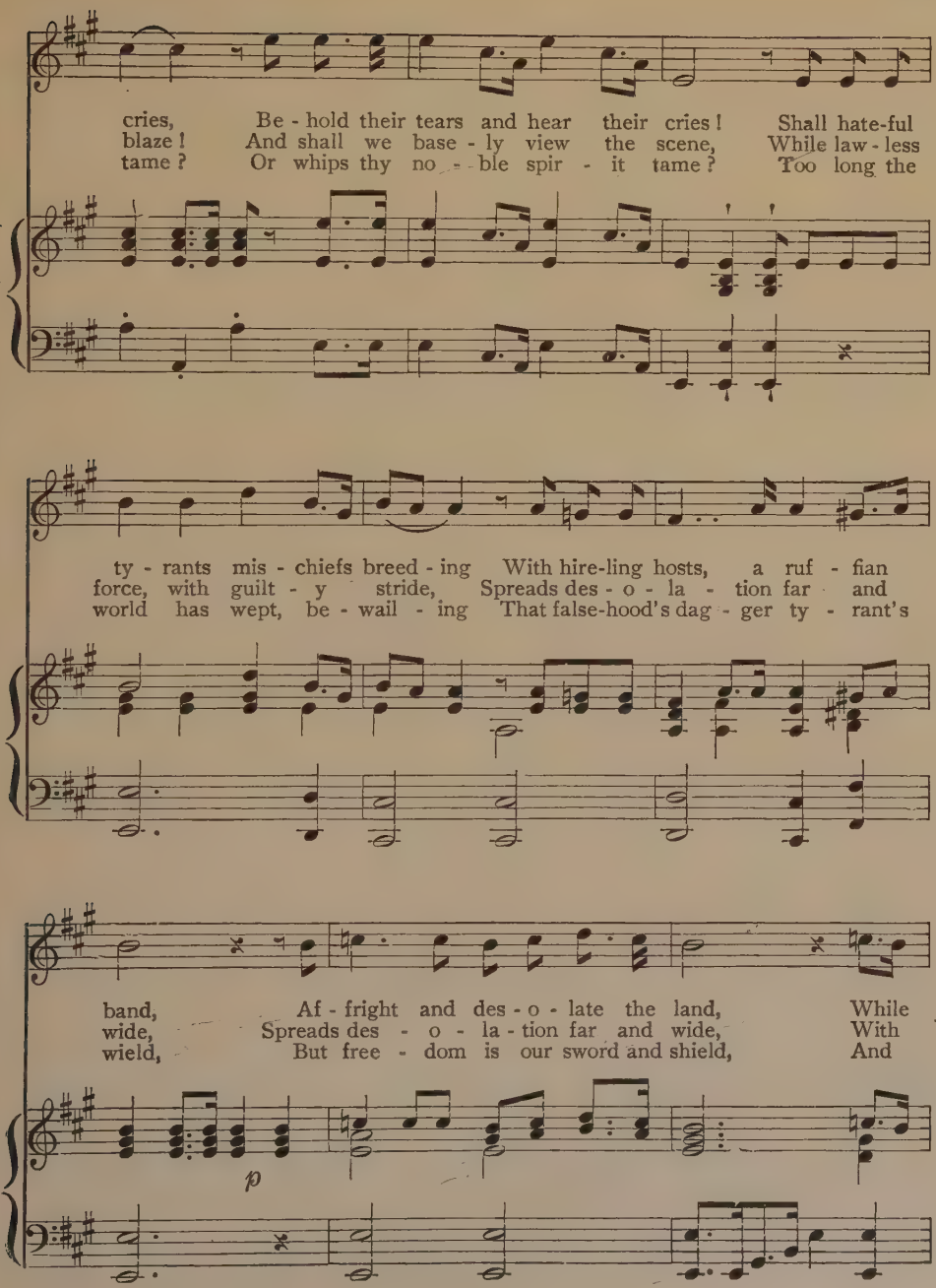
ROUGET DE LISLE, 1760–1836

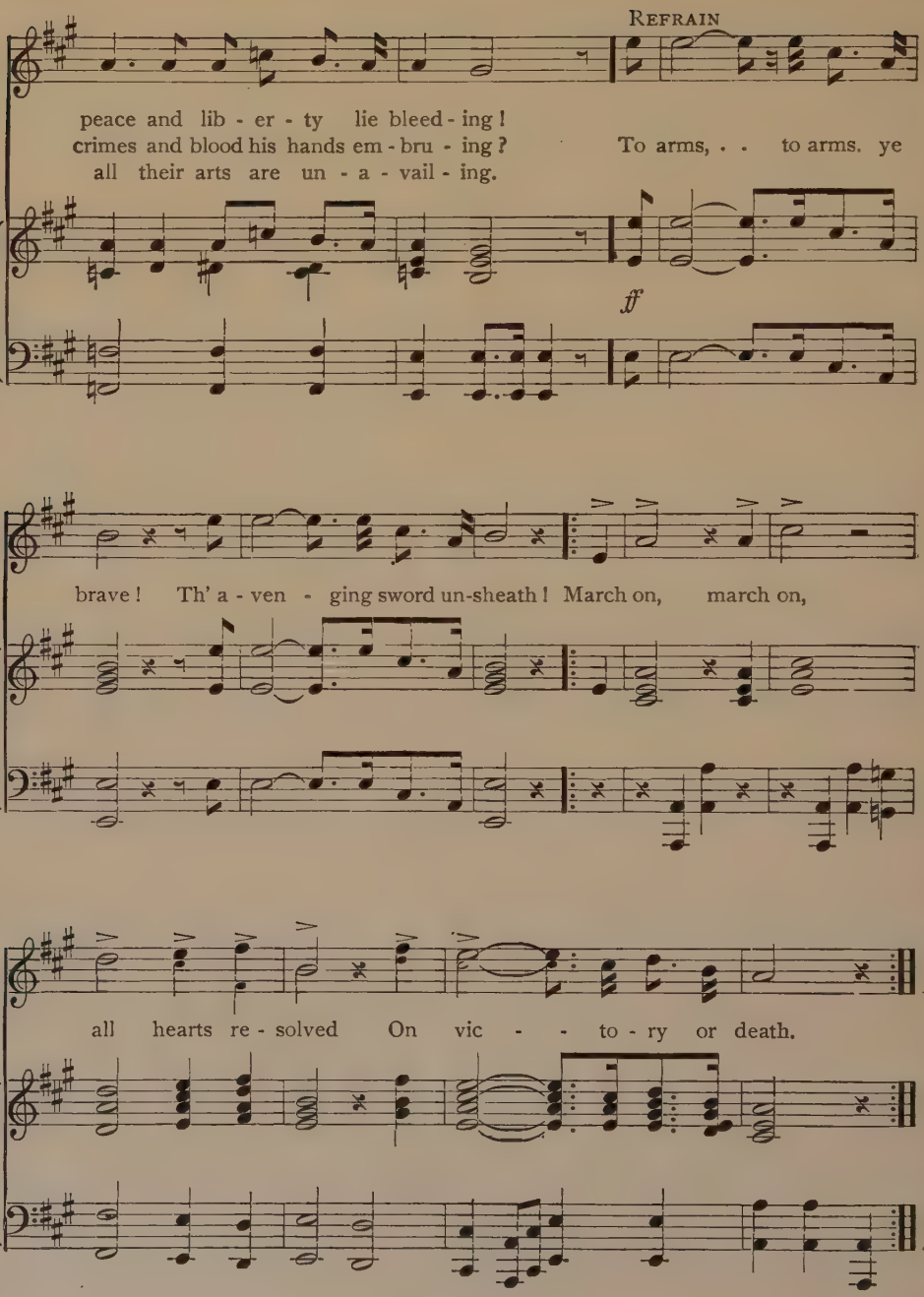
Tempo di marcia. (*March time*)

1. Ye sons of free - dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myr-iads bid you rise! Your chil-dren,
2. Now, now the dan - g'rous storm is roll - ing, Which wick - ed men con - fed - 'rate, raise; The dogs of
3. O lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen-'rous flame? Can dun-geons,

wives, and grand - sires hoar - y, Be - hold their tears and hear their
war, let loose, are howl - ing And lo! our walls and cit - ies
bolts, and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it

De Lisle's mother was profoundly royalist, and not knowing that her son had composed this incendiary song, she demanded upon hearing it: "What do people mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which these brigands sing?" De Lisle himself, when menaced in the Jura mountains whither he had fled as a proscribed royalist, heard his song and asked his guide what it was called. It was in these circumstances, and for the first time, he learned his song had become famous as the Marseillaise hymn.

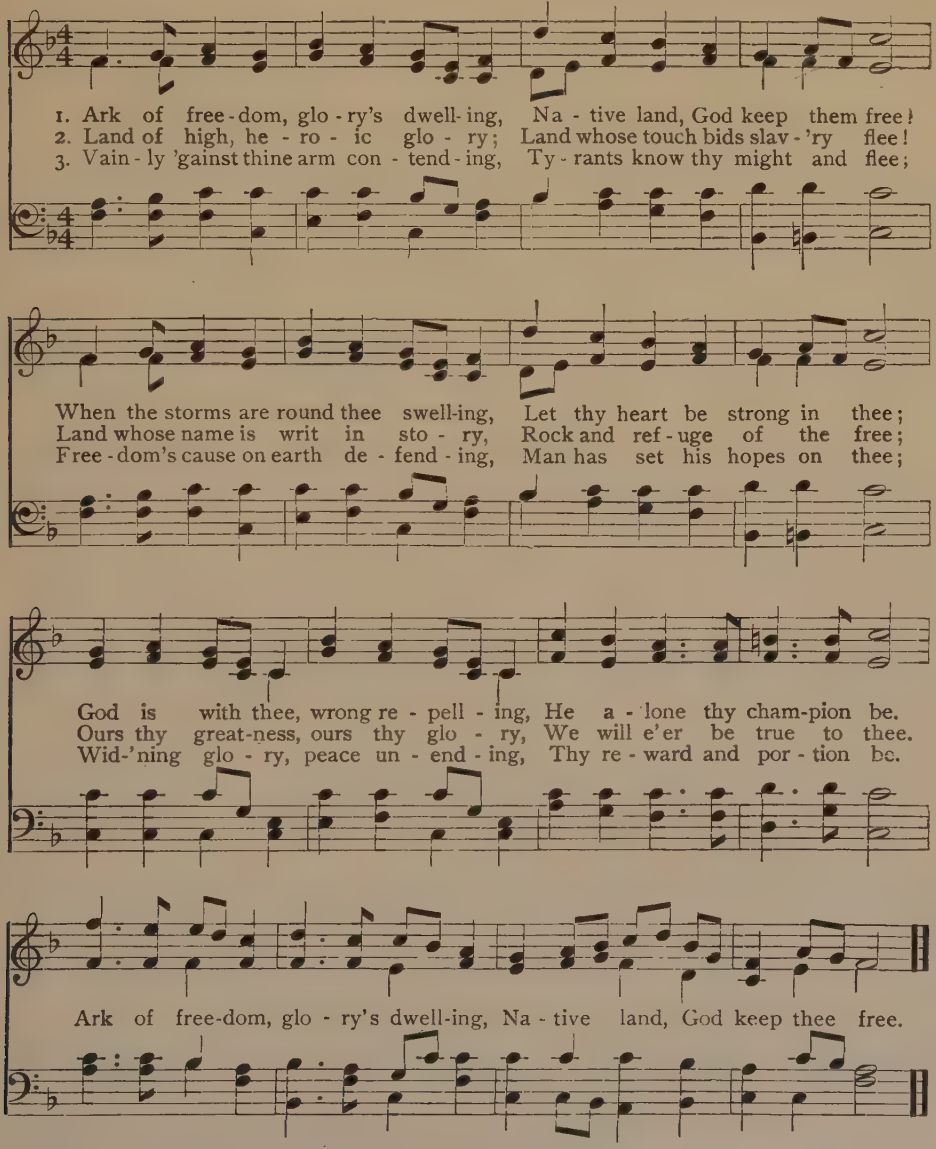

cries, Be - hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful
blaze! And shall we base - ly view the scene, While law - less
tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the
ty - rants mis - chiefs breed - ing With hire-ling hosts, a ruf - fian
force, with guilt - y stride, Spreads des - o - la - tion far and
world has wept, be - wail - ing That false-hood's dag - ger ty - rant's
band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land, While
wide, Spreads des - o - la - tion far and wide, With
wield, But free - dom is our sword and shield, And
p


Refrain
peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing!
crimes and blood his hands em - bru - ing?
all their arts are un - a - vail - ing.
To arms, . . to arms, ye
ff
brave! Th' a - ven - ging sword un-sheath! March on, march on,
all hearts re - solved On vic - - to - ry or death.

Ark of Freedom, Glory's Dwelling

No. 129

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, 1732–1809


1. Ark of free-dom, glo-ry's dwell-ing, Na-tive land, God keep them free!
2. Land of high, he-ro-ic glo-ry; Land whose touch bids slav-'ry flee!
3. Vain-ly 'gainst thine arm con-tend-ing, Ty-rants know thy might and flee;
When the storms are round thee swell-ing, Let thy heart be strong in thee;
Land whose name is writ in sto-ry, Rock and ref-uge of the free;
Free-dom's cause on earth de-fend-ing, Man has set his hopes on thee;
God is with thee, wrong re-pell-ing, He a-lone thy cham-pion be.
Ours thy great-ness, ours thy glo-ry, We will e'er be true to thee.
Wid-'ning glo-ry, peace un-end-ing, Thy re-ward and por-tion be.
Ark of free-dom, glo-ry's dwell-ing, Na-tive land, God keep thee free.

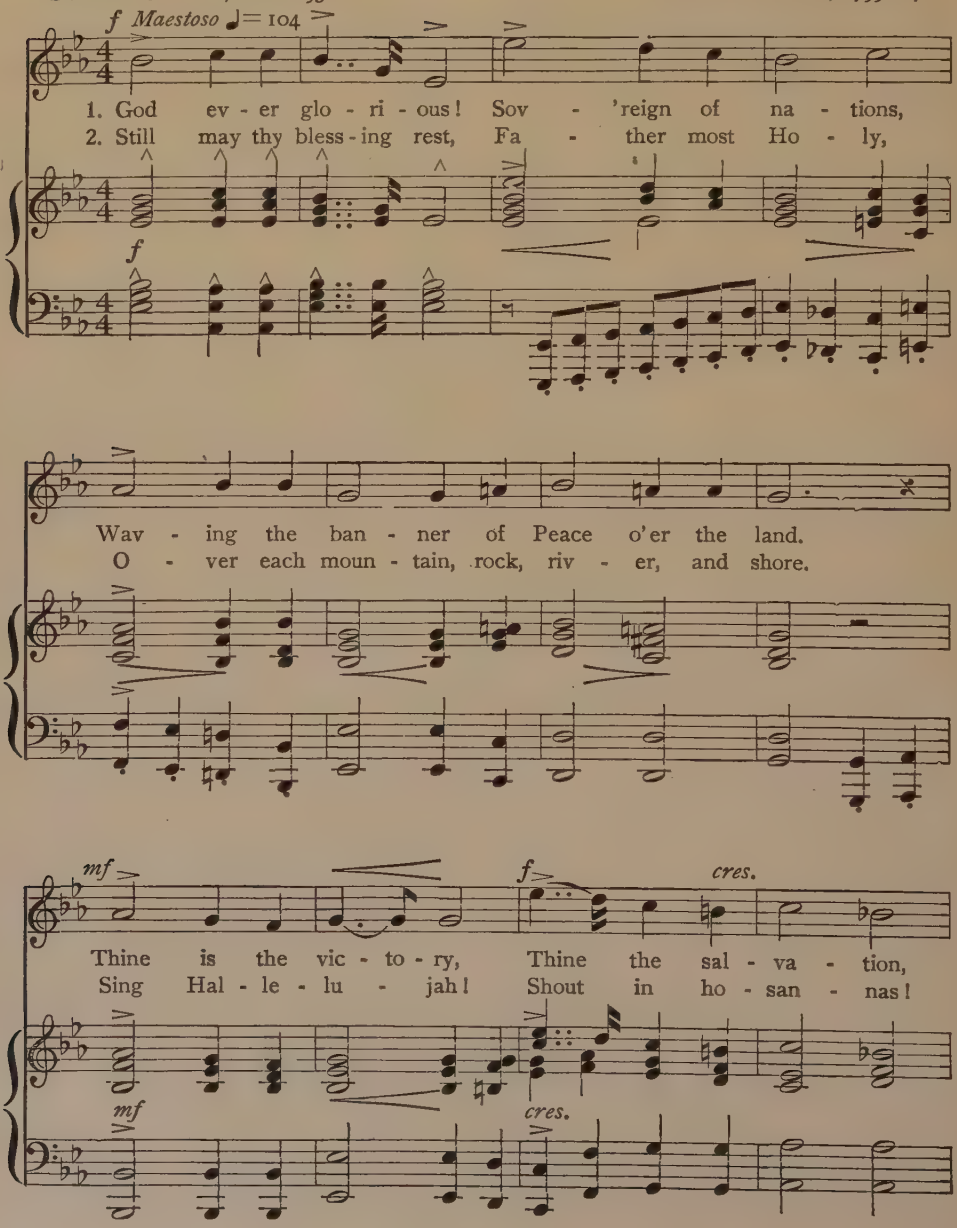
During his final illness, Haydn one day called his servants to his bedside and asked to be carried to the piano, where he played three times, with great solemnity, this song, all his household standing about.

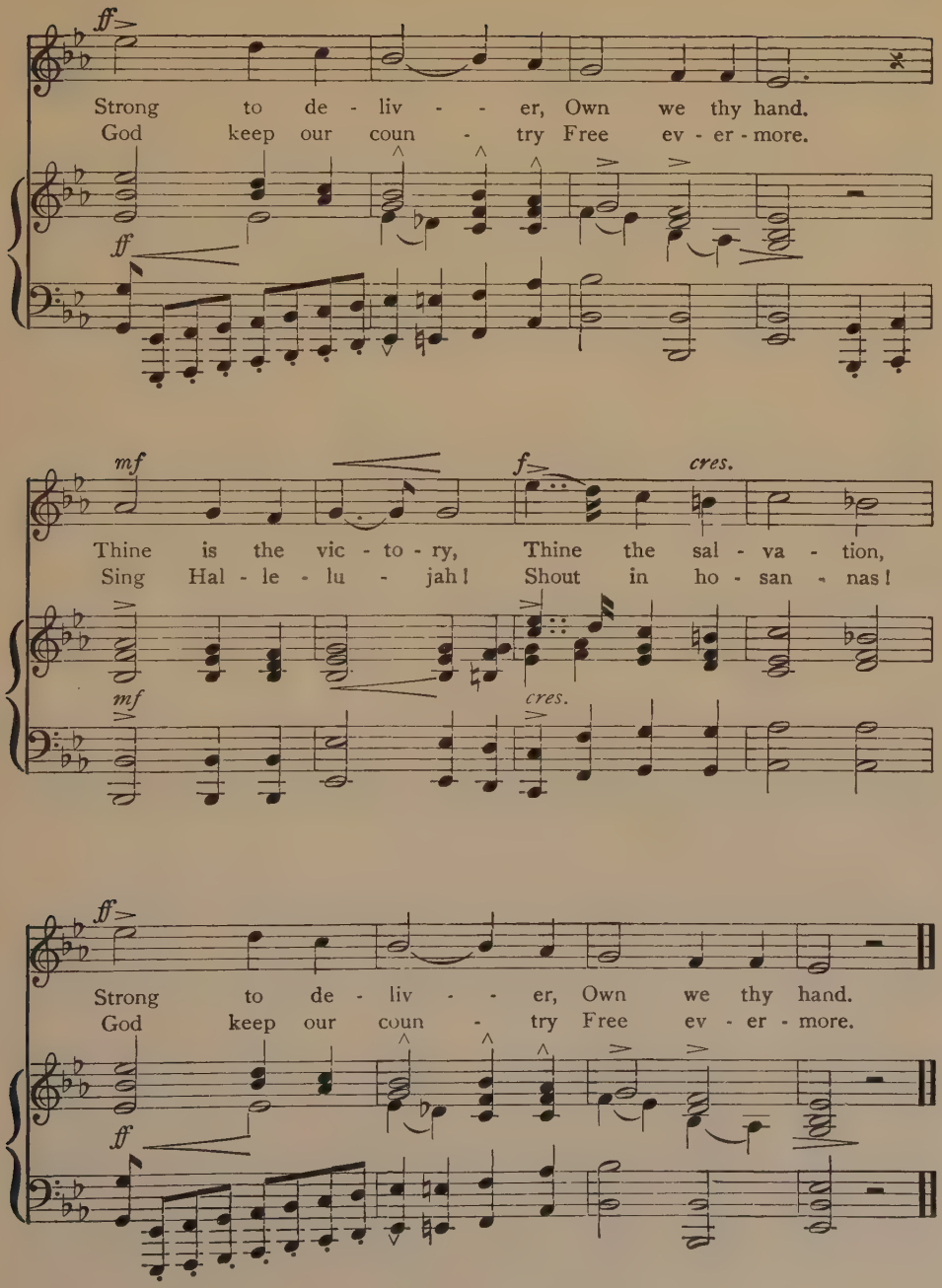
God Ever Glorious

No. 130

RUSSIAN HYMN

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1808–1895 — ALEXIS T. LWOFF, 1799–1870


f Maestoso ♩= 104
1. God ev - er glo - ri - ous! Sov - 'reign of na - tions,
2. Still may thy bless - ing rest, Fa - ther most Ho - ly,
f
Wav - ing the ban - ner of Peace o'er the land.
O - ver each moun - tain, rock, riv - er, and shore.
mf
f
cres.
Thine is the vic - to - ry, Thine the sal - va - tion,
Sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Shout in ho - san - nas!
mf
cres.


ff
Strong to de - liv - - er, Own we thy hand.
God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more.
ff
mf
f
cres.
Thine is the vic - to - ry, Thine the sal - va - tion,
Sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Shout in ho - san - nas!
mf
cres.
ff
Strong to de - liv - - er, Own we thy hand.
God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more.
ff

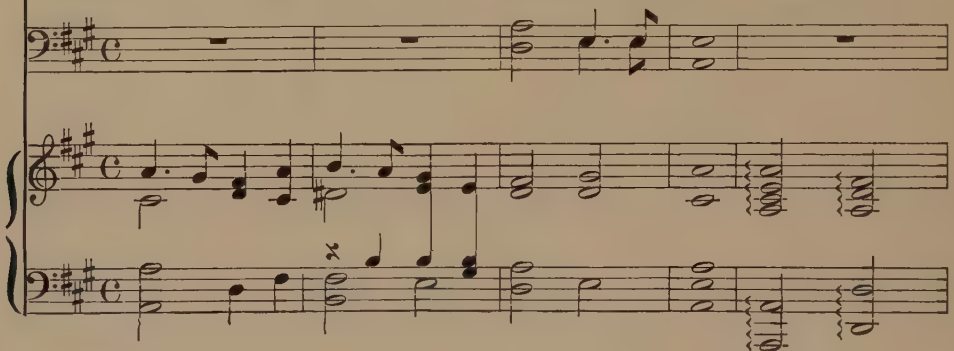
All Through the Night

No. 131

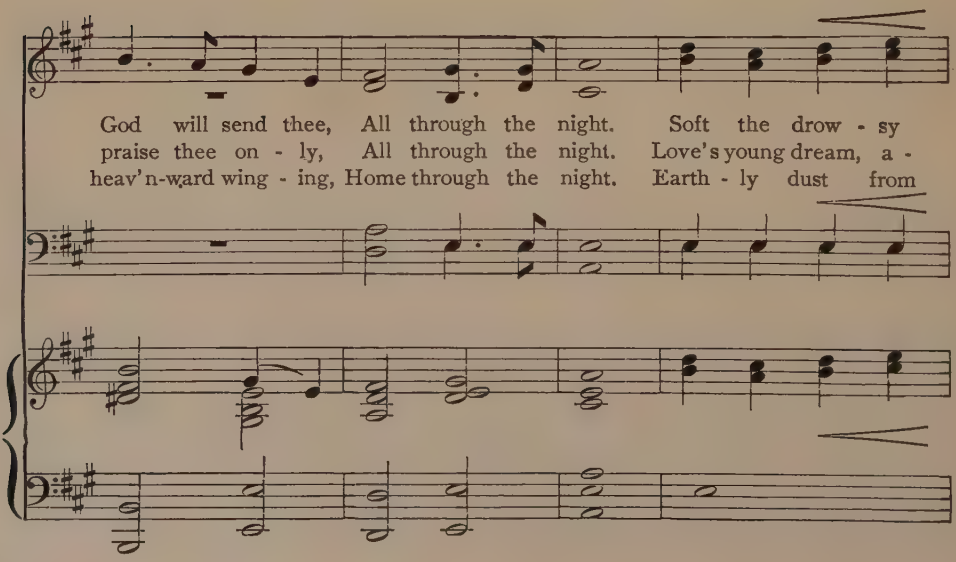
DAVID OWEN — Old Welsh

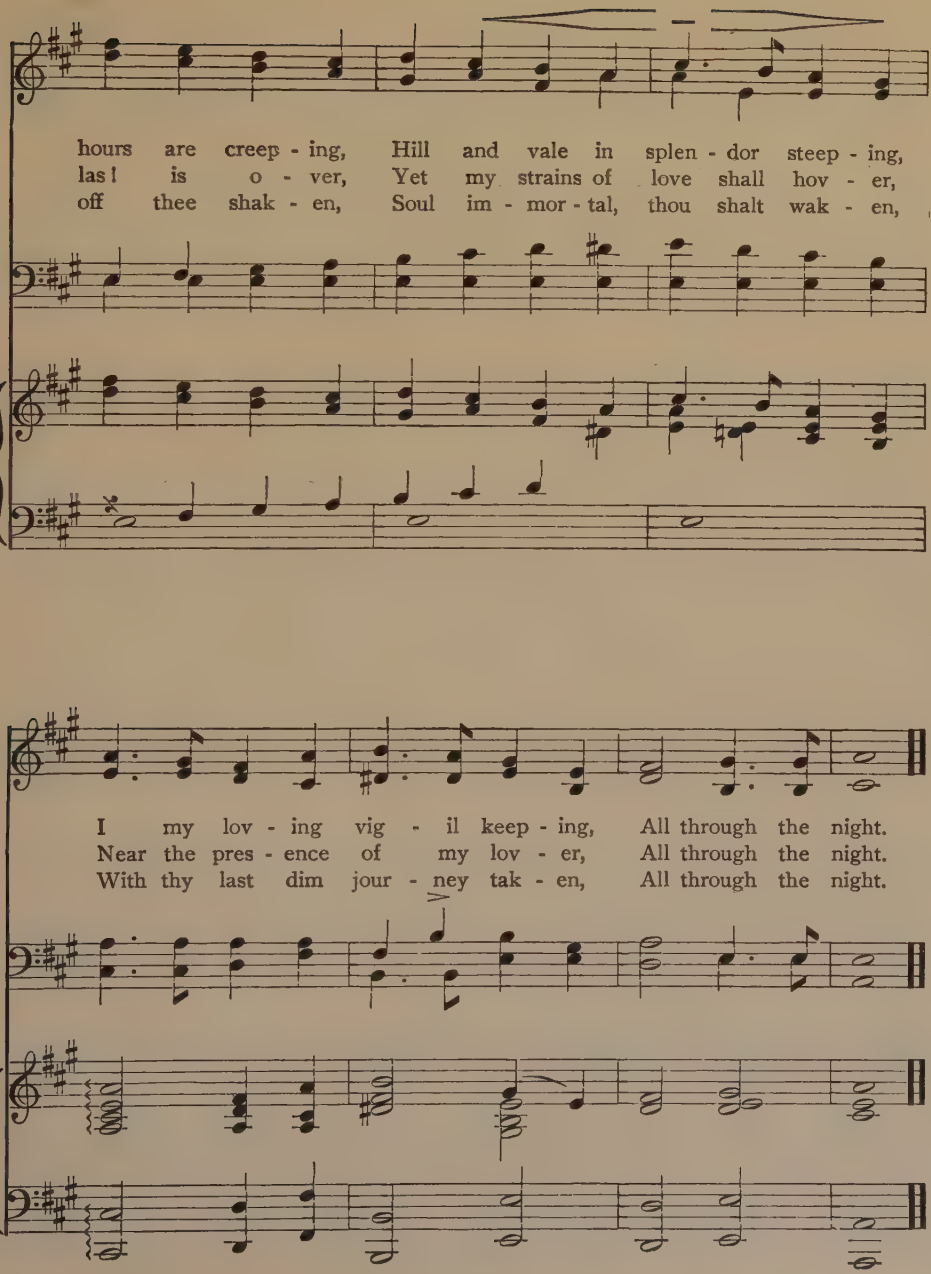
Quietly ♩=66

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee All through the night; Guard-ian an-gels
2. Though I roam a min-strel lone-ly, All through the night; My true harp shall
3. Hark! a sol-emn bell is ring-ing Clear thro' the night; Thou, my love, art



God will send thee, All through the night. Soft the drow-sy
praise thee on-ly, All through the night. Love's young dream, a-
heav'n-ward wing-ing, Home through the night. Earth-ly dust from



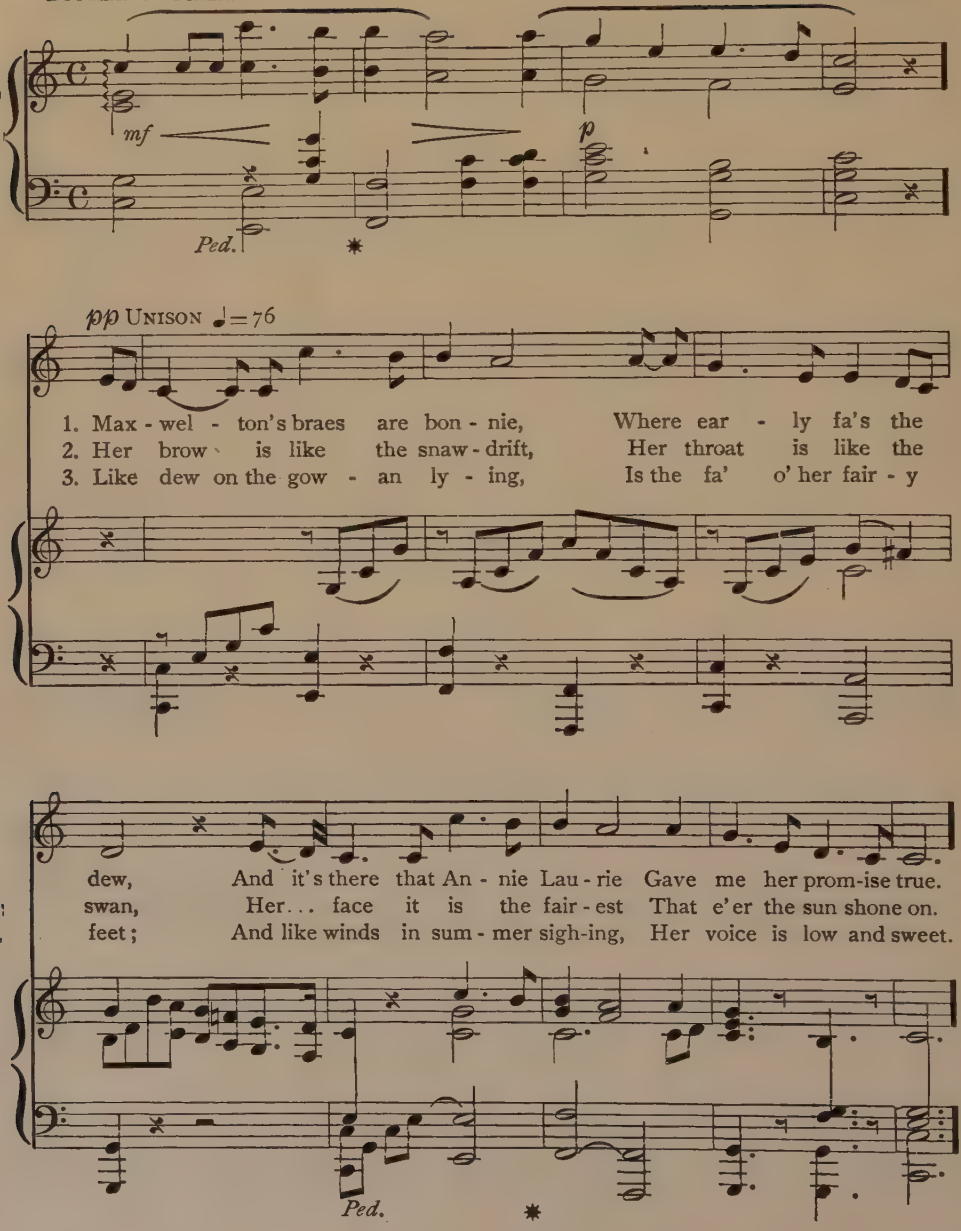

hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in splen - dor steep - ing,
las! is o - ver, Yet my strains of love shall hov - er,
off thee shak - en, Soul im - mor - tal, thou shalt wak - en,
I my lov - ing vig - il keep - ing, All through the night.
Near the pres - ence of my lov - er, All through the night.
With thy last dim jour - ney tak - en, All through the night.

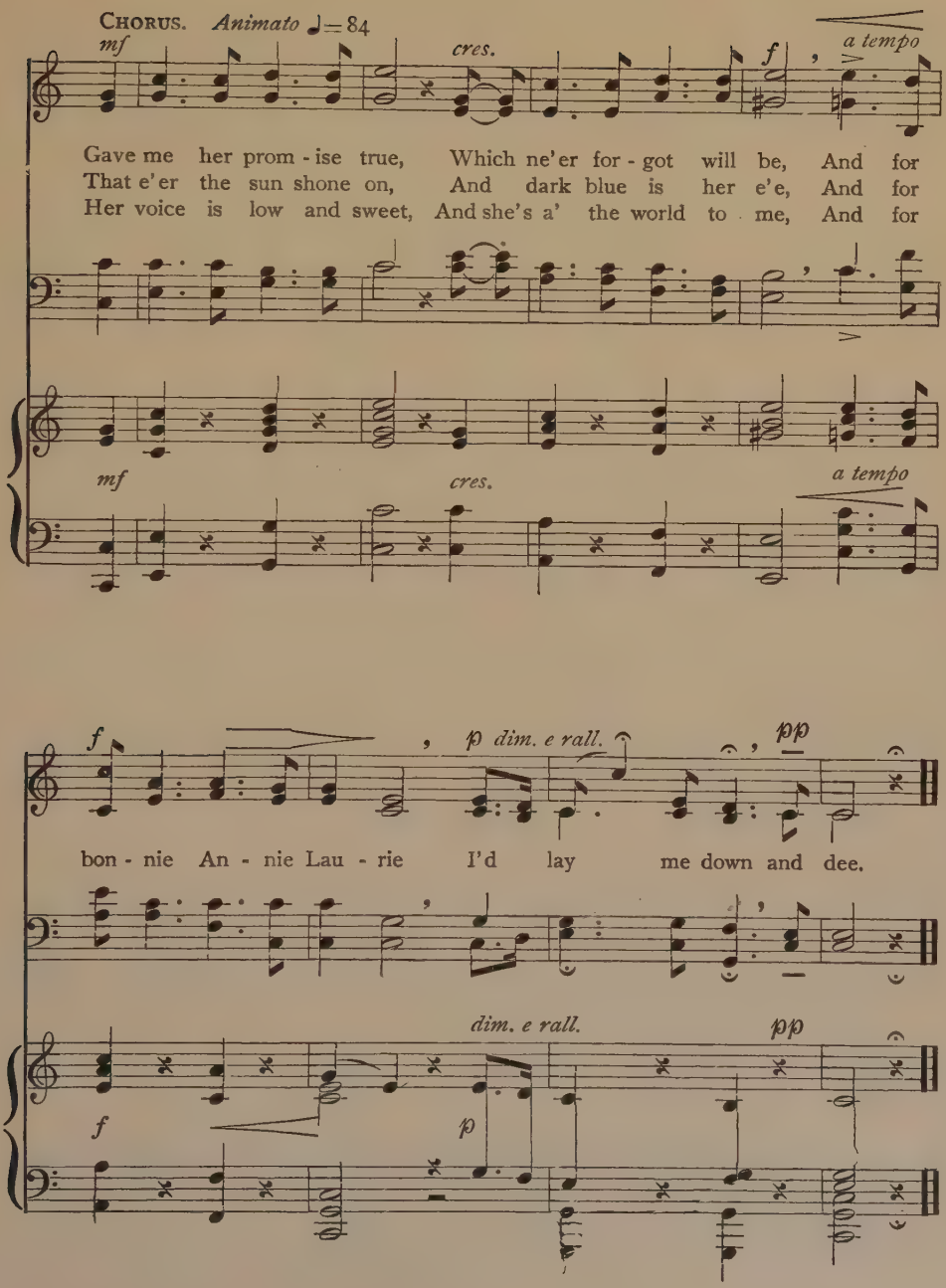
Annie Laurie

No. 132

DOUGLAS OF FINLAND

Scotch

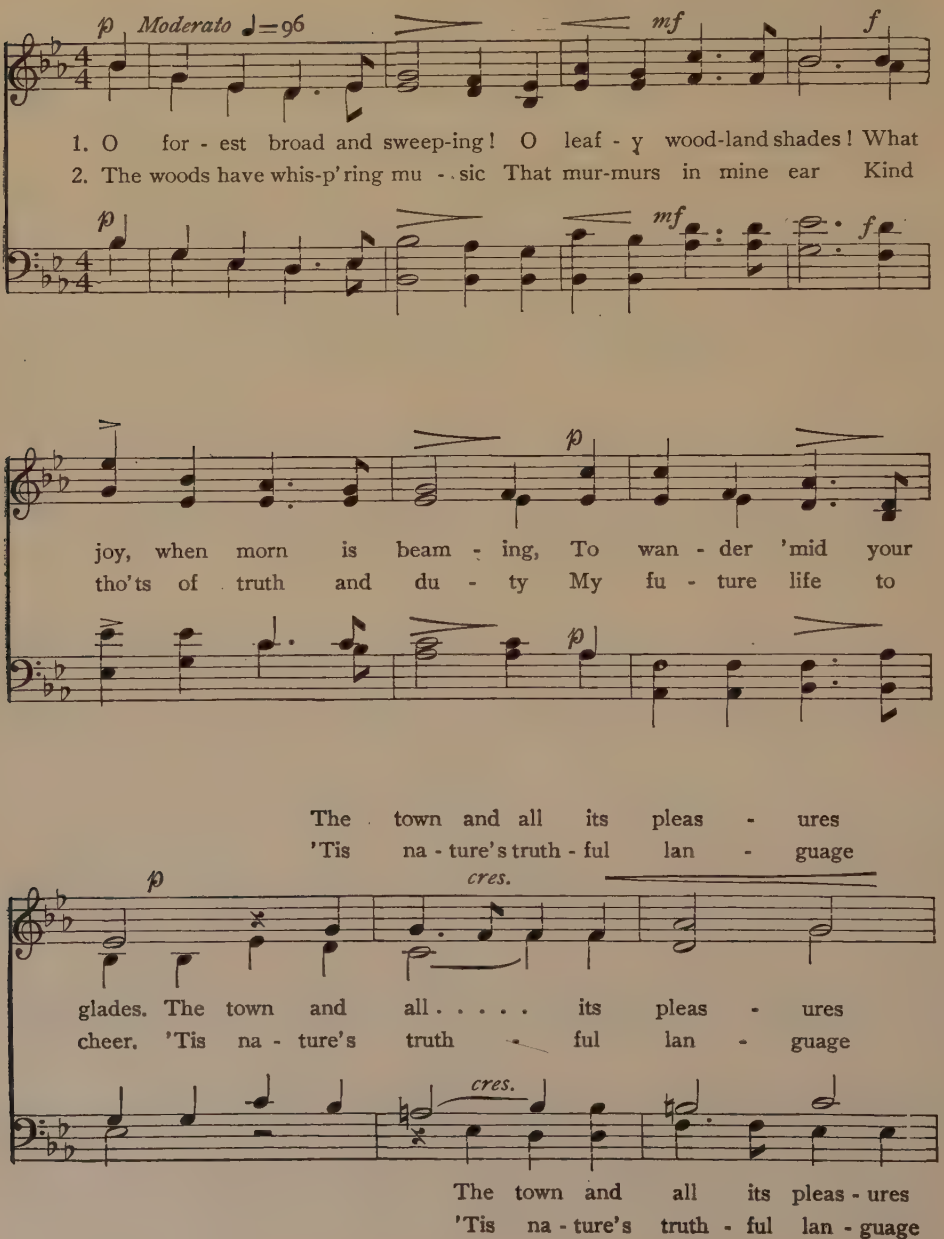

mf
p
Ped.
pp UNISON ♩=76
1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the
3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fair - y
dew, And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom-ise true.
swan, Her... face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on.
feet; And like winds in sum - mer sigh-ing, Her voice is low and sweet.
Ped.

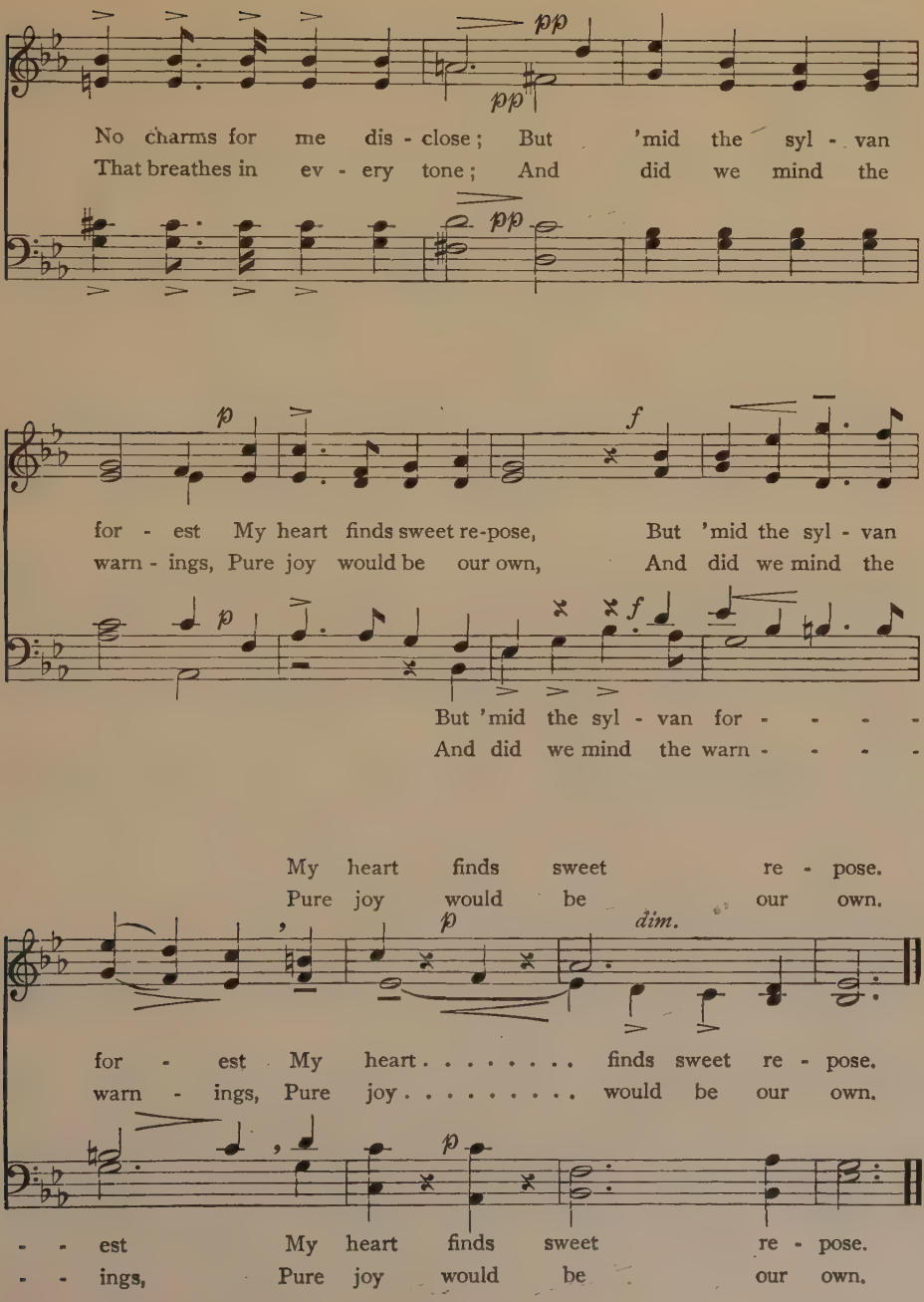

CHORUS. Animato ♩= 84
mf
cres.
f
a tempo
Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e, And for
Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for
mf
cres.
a tempo
f
p dim. e rall.
pp
bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.
dim. e rall.
pp
f
p

Farewell to the Forest

No. 133

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809–1847

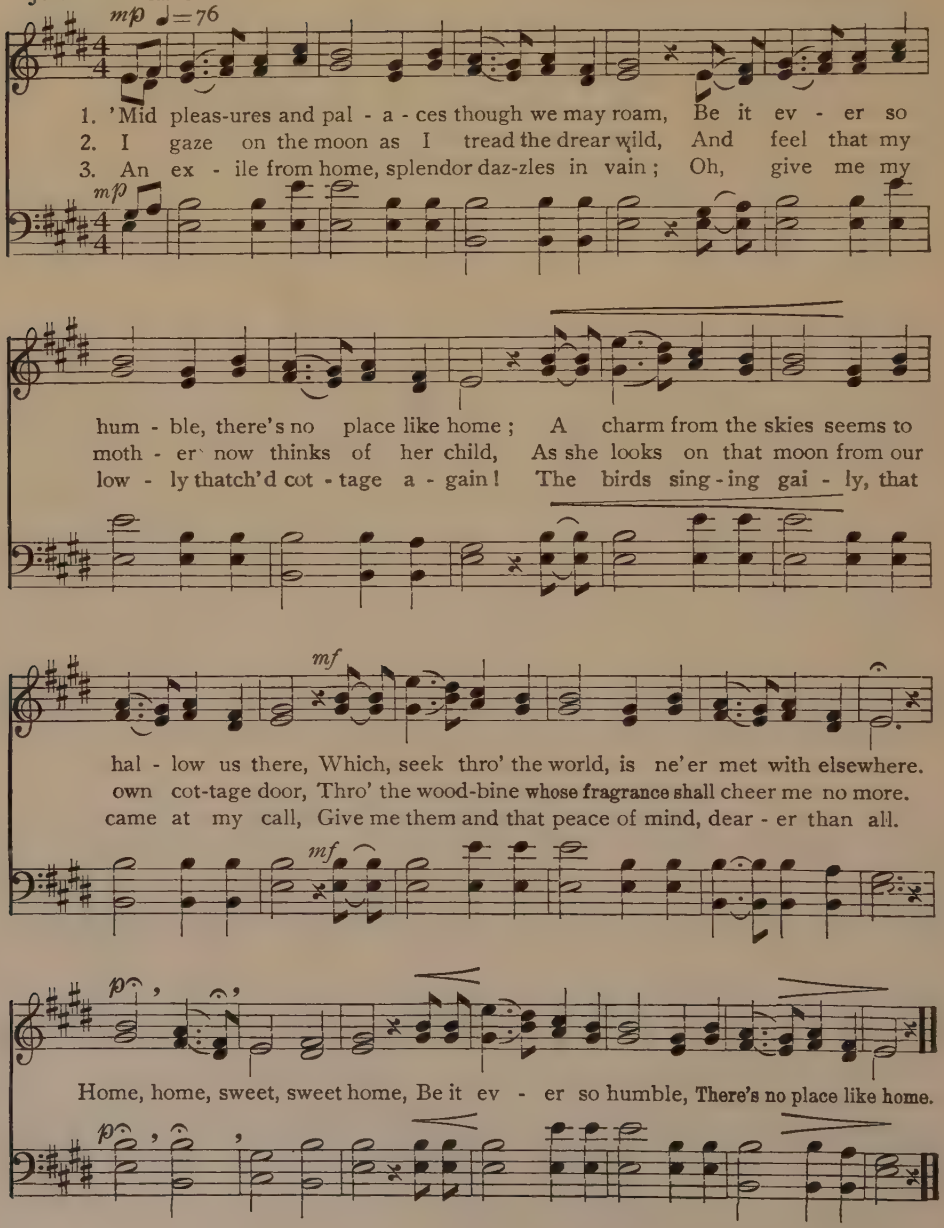

p Moderato ♩=96
mf
f
1. O for - est broad and sweep-ing! O leaf - y wood-land shades! What
2. The woods have whis-p'ring mu - sic That mur-murs in mine ear Kind
joy, when morn is beam - ing, To wan - der 'mid your
tho'ts of truth and du - ty My fu - ture life to
The town and all its pleas - ures
'Tis na - ture's truth - ful lan - guage
cres.
glades. The town and all . . . . . its pleas - ures
cheer. 'Tis na - ture's truth - ful lan - guage
The town and all its pleas - ures
'Tis na - ture's truth - ful lan - guage


No charms for me dis - close; But 'mid the syl - van
That breathes in ev - ery tone; And did we mind the
pp
pp
pp
for - est My heart finds sweet re-pose, But 'mid the syl - van
warn - ings, Pure joy would be our own, And did we mind the
p
f
But 'mid the syl - van for - - - -
And did we mind the warn - - - -
My heart finds sweet re - pose.
Pure joy would be our own.
p
dim.
for - est My heart . . . . . finds sweet re - pose.
warn - ings, Pure joy . . . . . would be our own.
p
- - est My heart finds sweet re - pose.
- - ings, Pure joy would be our own.

Home, Sweet Home

No. 134

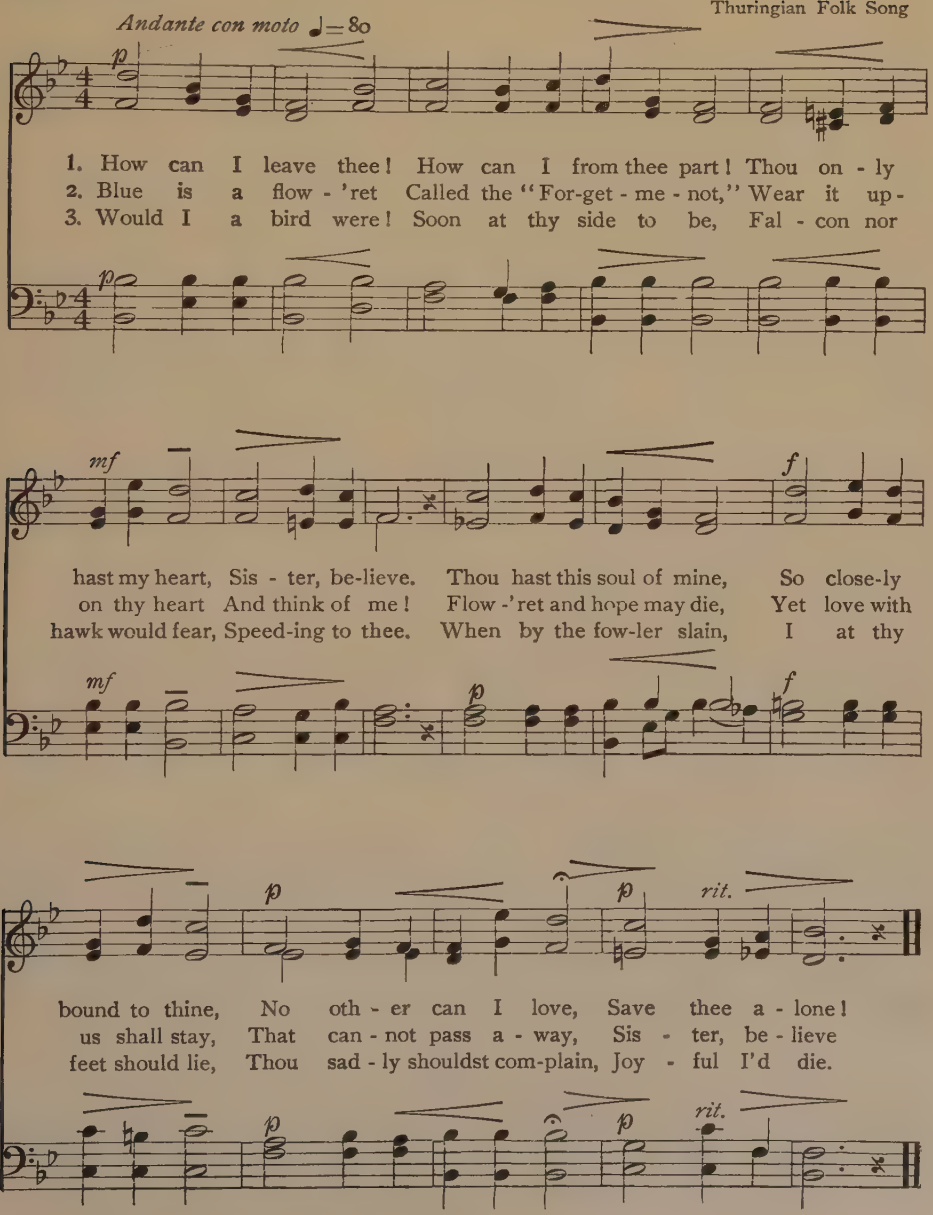
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — SIR HENRY R. BISHOP, 1786–1855


mp ♩=76
1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my
mp
hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to
moth - er now thinks of her child, As she looks on that moon from our
low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain! The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that
mf
hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
own cot-tage door, Thro' the wood-bine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.
came at my call, Give me them and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.
mf
p
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so humble, There's no place like home.
p

How Can I Leave Thee

No. 135

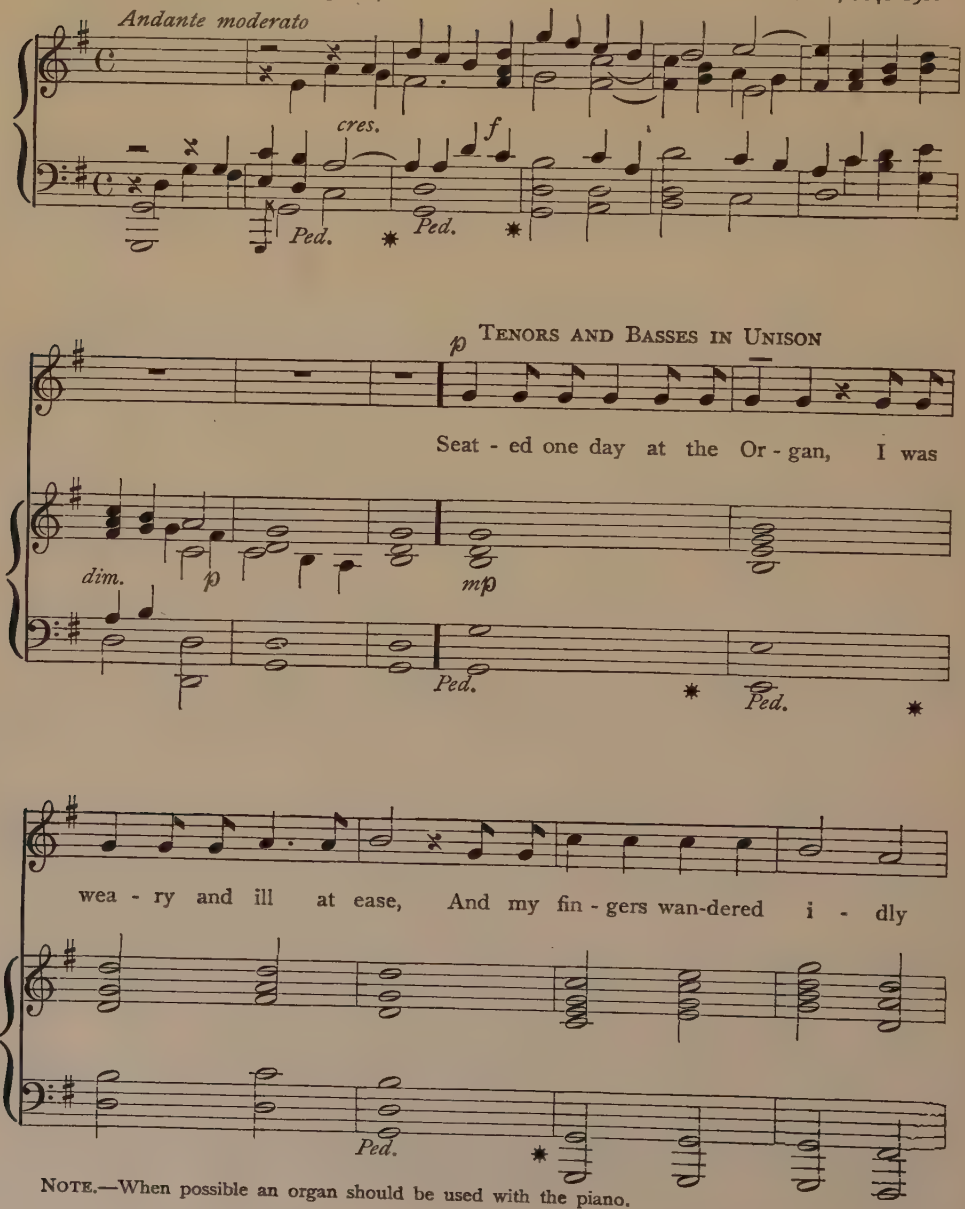
Thuringian Folk Song


Andante con moto ♩= 80
1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For-get - me - not," Wear it up -
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor
hast my heart, Sis - ter, be-lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close-ly
on thy heart And think of me! Flow -'ret and hope may die, Yet love with
hawk would fear, Speed-ing to thee. When by the fow-ler slain, I at thy
bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve
feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst com-plain, Joy - ful I'd die.
rit.
rit.

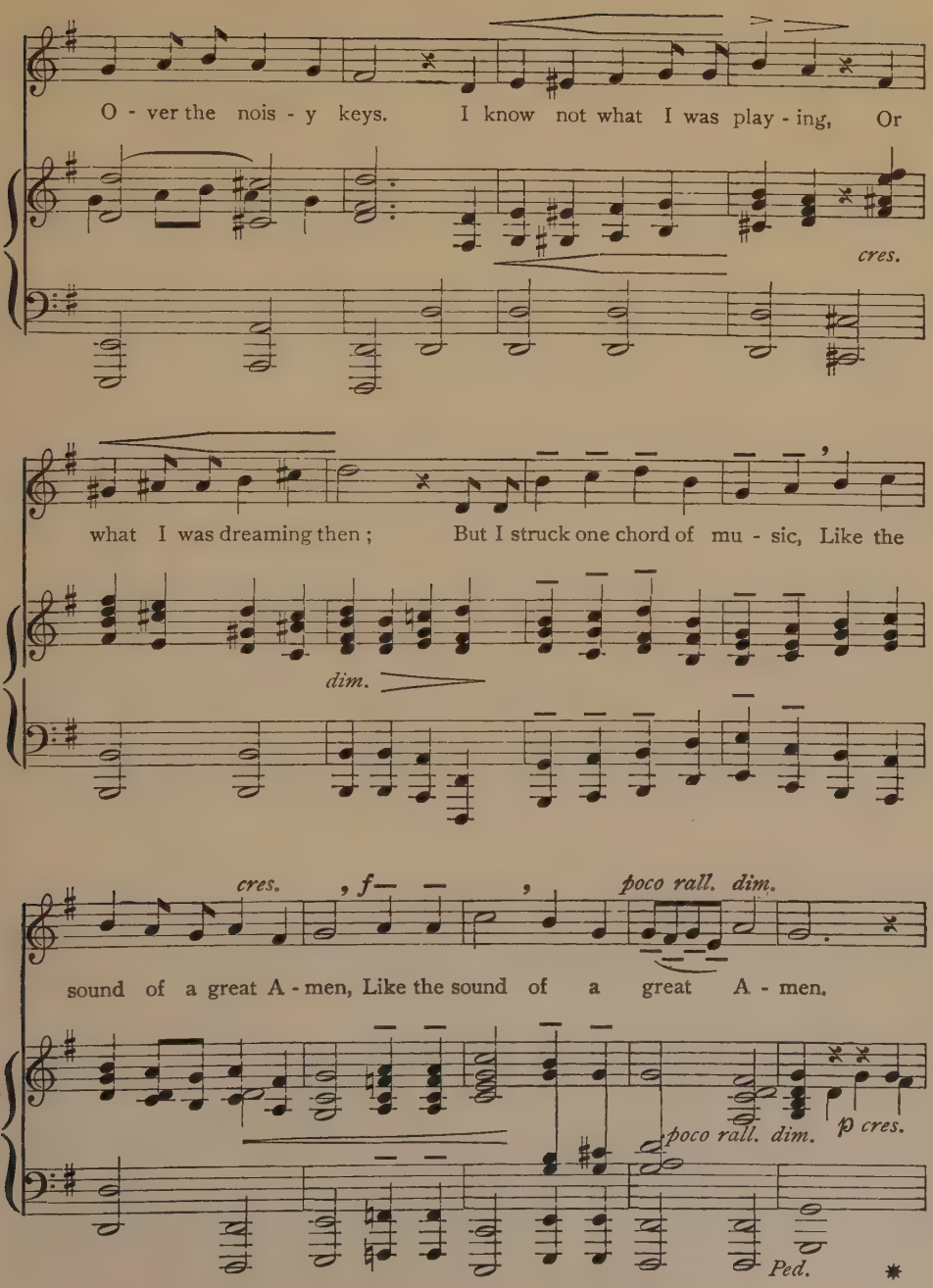
The Lost Chord

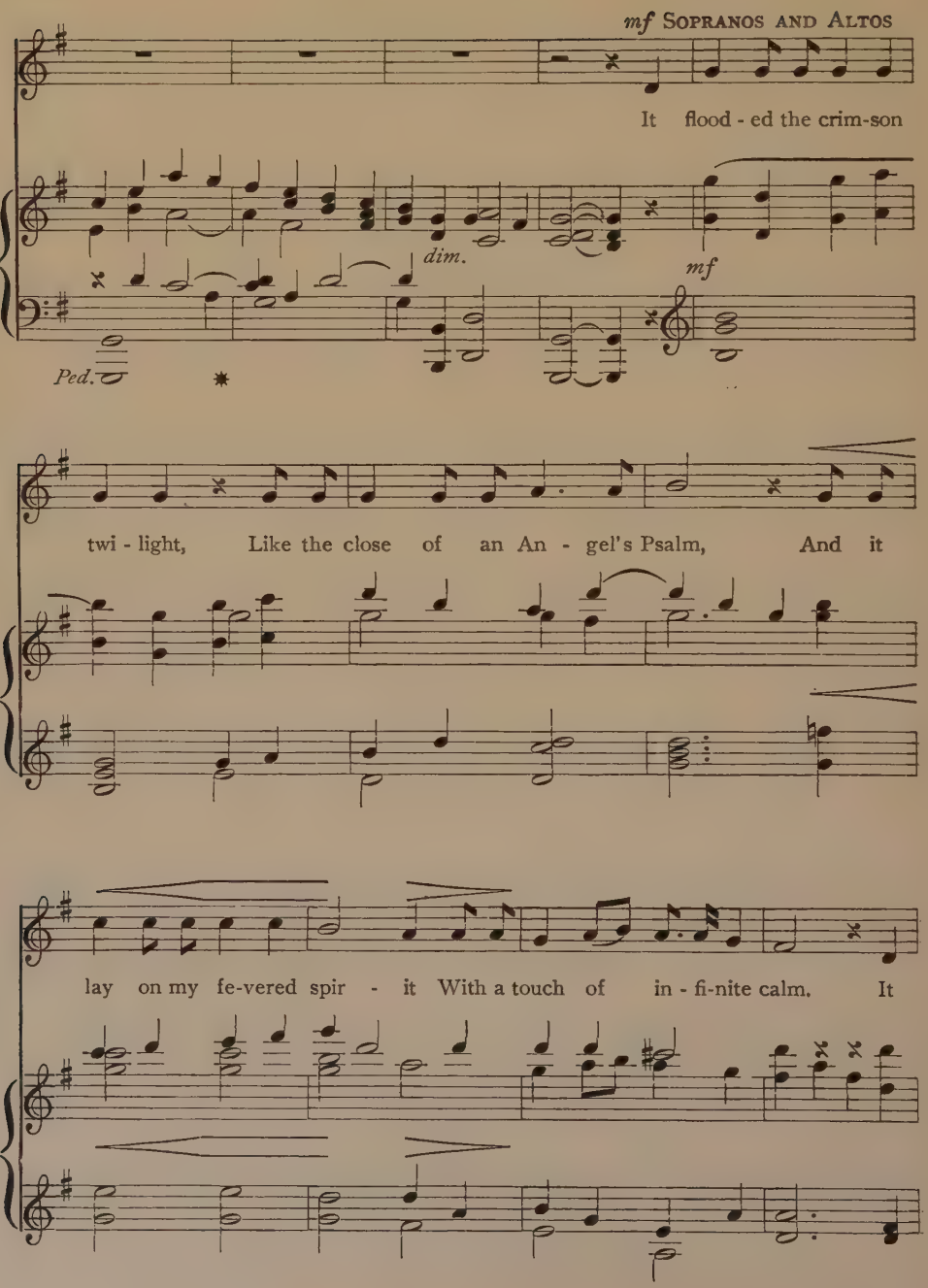
No. 136

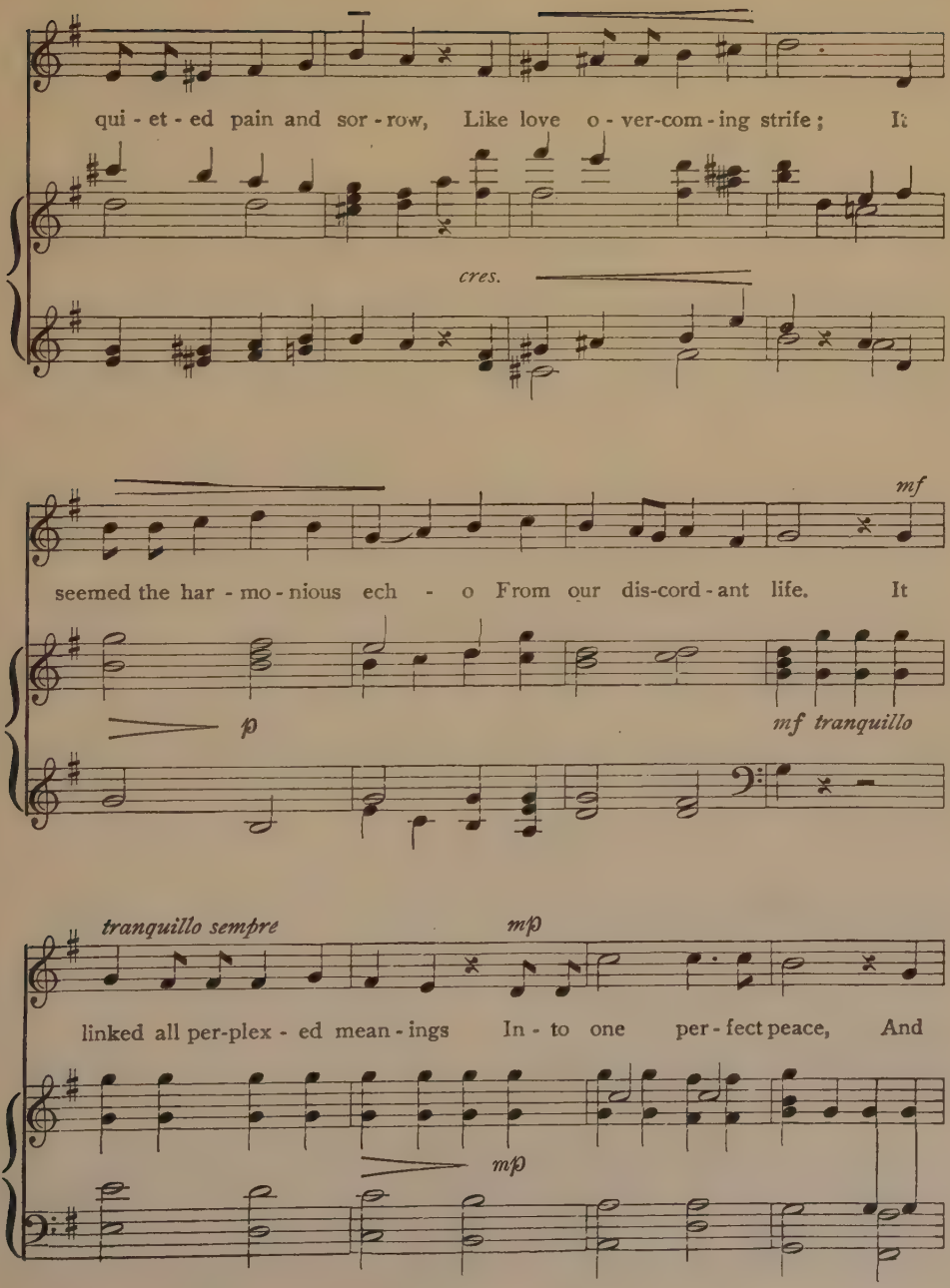
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, 1825–1864 — SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842–1900

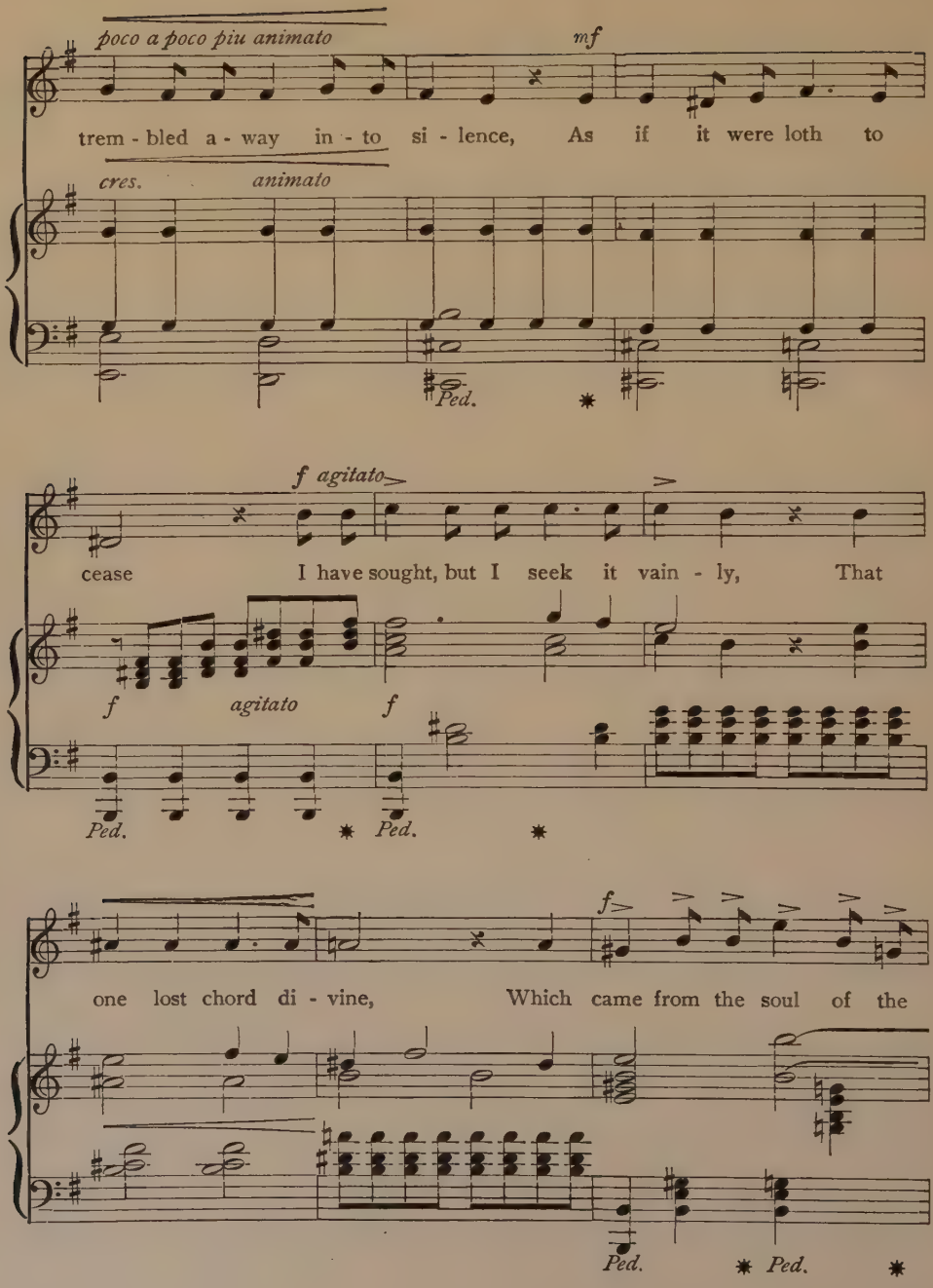


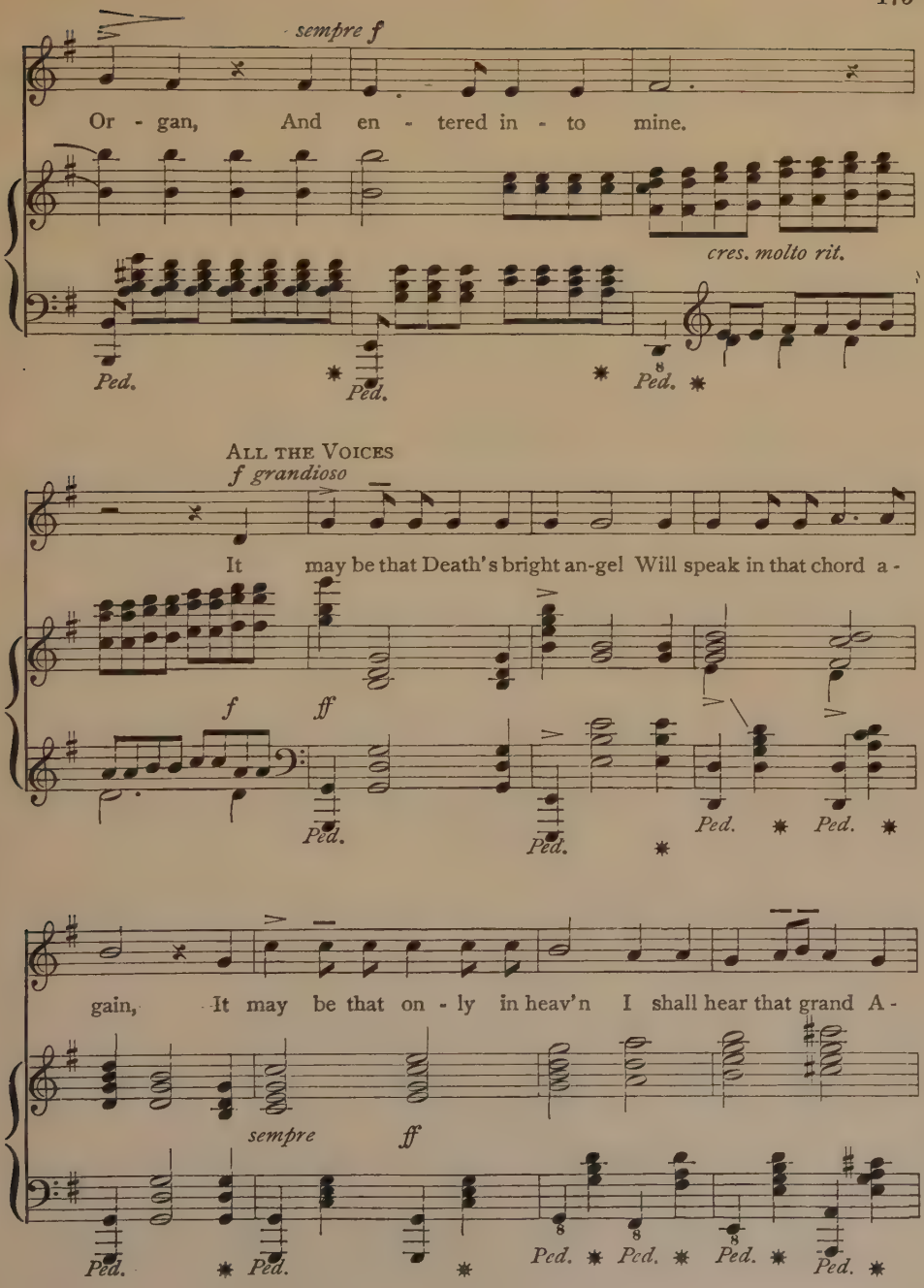
NOTE.—When possible an organ should be used with the piano.

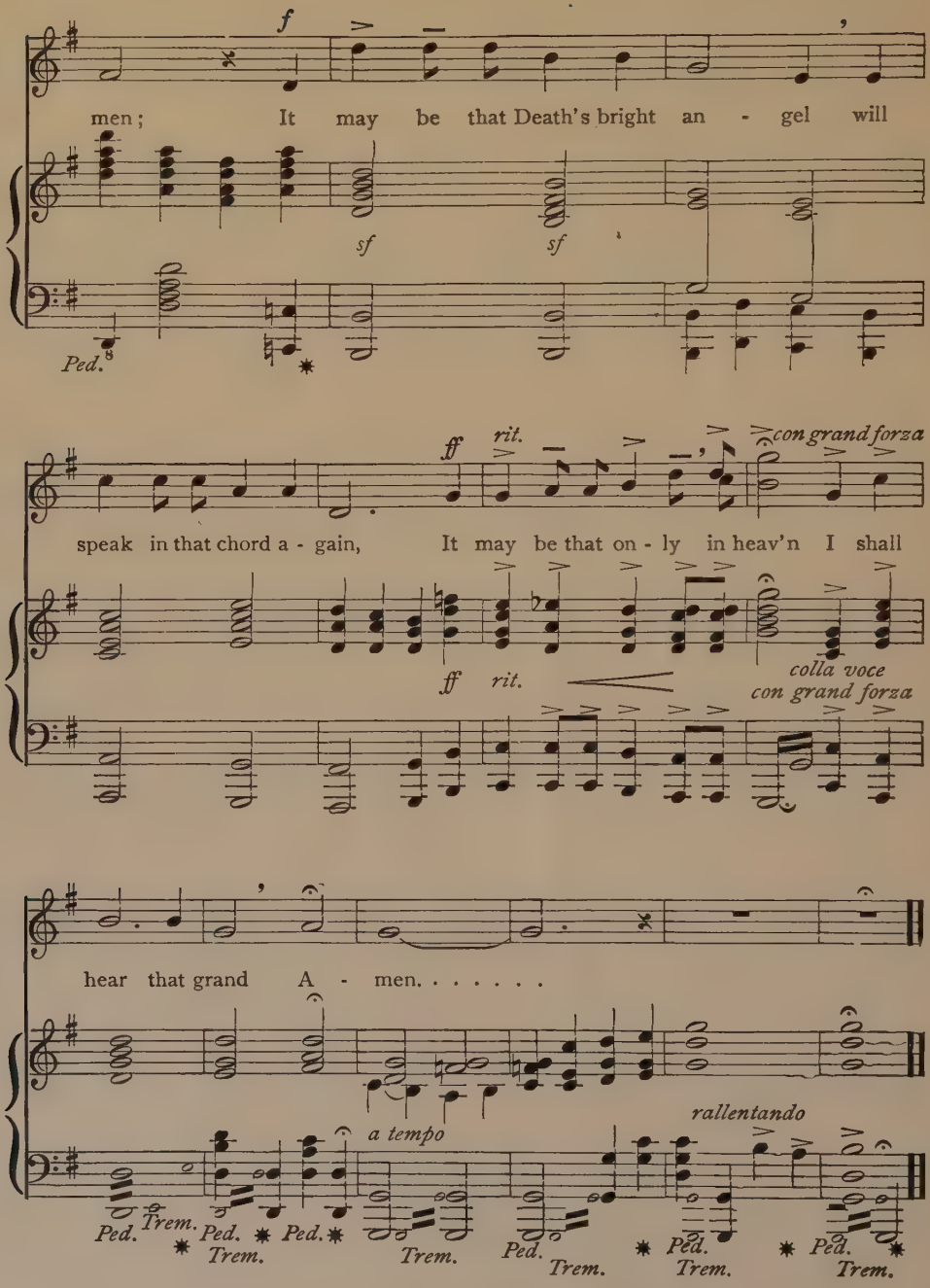

O - ver the nois - y keys. I know not what I was play - ing, Or
cres.
what I was dreaming then; But I struck one chord of mu - sic, Like the
dim.
cres.
f
poco rall. dim.
sound of a great A - men, Like the sound of a great A - men.
poco rall. dim.
p cres.
Ped.


mf SOPRANOS AND ALTOS
It flood - ed the crim-son
dim.
mf
Ped.
twi - light, Like the close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it
lay on my fe-vered spir - it With a touch of in - fi-nite calm. It


qui - et - ed pain and sor - row, Like love o - ver-com - ing strife; It
cres.
mf
seemed the har - mo - nious ech - o From our dis-cord - ant life. It
p
mf tranquillo
tranquillo sempre
mp
linked all per-plex - ed mean - ings In - to one per - fect peace, And
mp


poco a poco piu animato
mf
trem - bled a - way in - to si - lence, As if it were loth to
cres.
animato
Ped.
f agitato
cease I have sought, but I seek it vain - ly, That
f
agitato
f
Ped.
Ped.
f
one lost chord di - vine, Which came from the soul of the
Ped.
Ped.

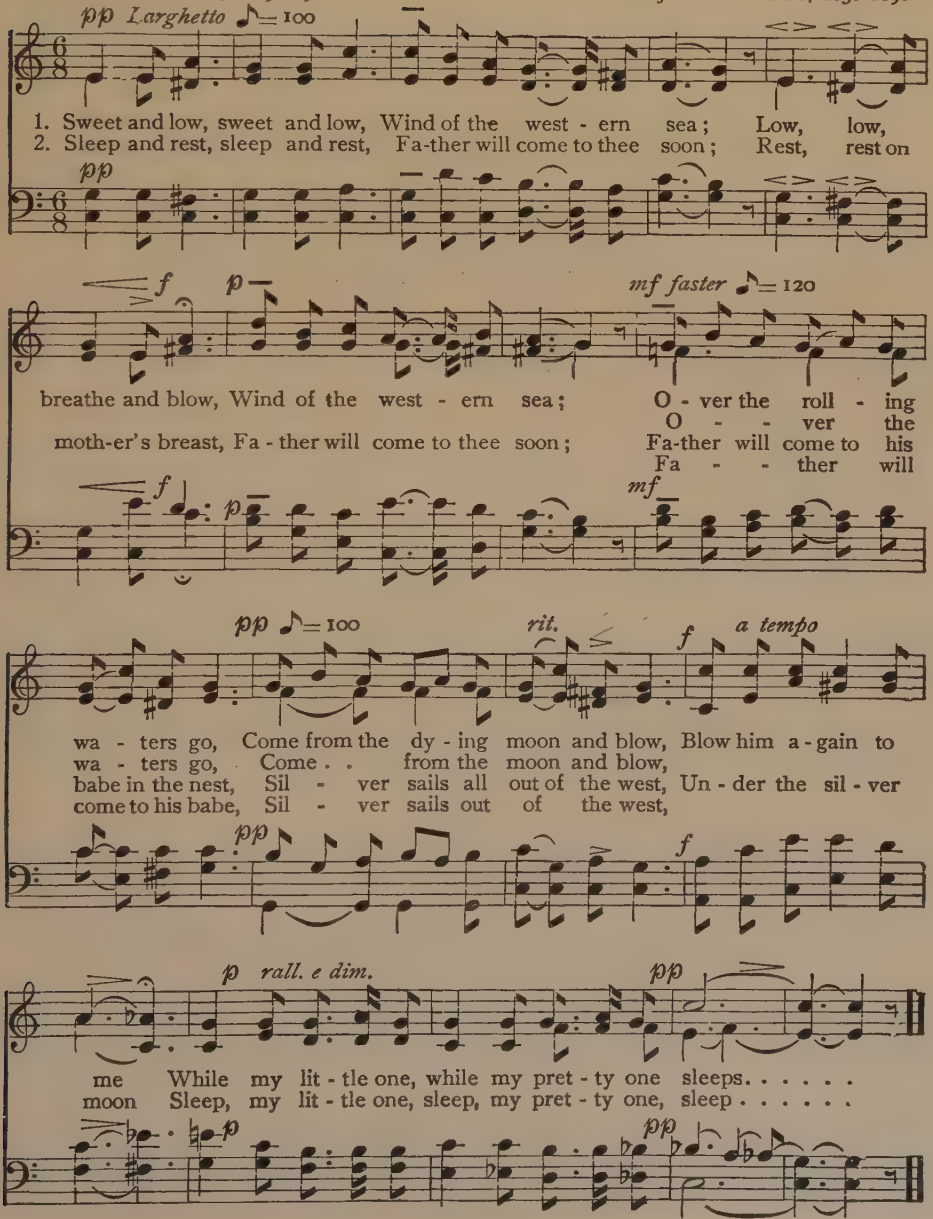

sempre f
Or - gan, And en - tered in - to mine.
cres. molto rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
All the Voices
f grandioso
It may be that Death's bright an-gel Will speak in that chord a -
f
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
gain, It may be that on - ly in heav'n I shall hear that grand A -
sempre
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


f
men; It may be that Death's bright an - gel will
sf
sf
Ped.
ff
rit.
con grand forza
speak in that chord a - gain, It may be that on - ly in heav'n I shall
ff
rit.
colla voce
con grand forza
hear that grand A - men. . . . . .
a tempo
rallentando
Ped. Trem. Ped. Trem. Ped. Trem. Ped. Trem. Ped. Trem. Ped. Trem. Ped. Trem.

Sweet and Low

No. 137

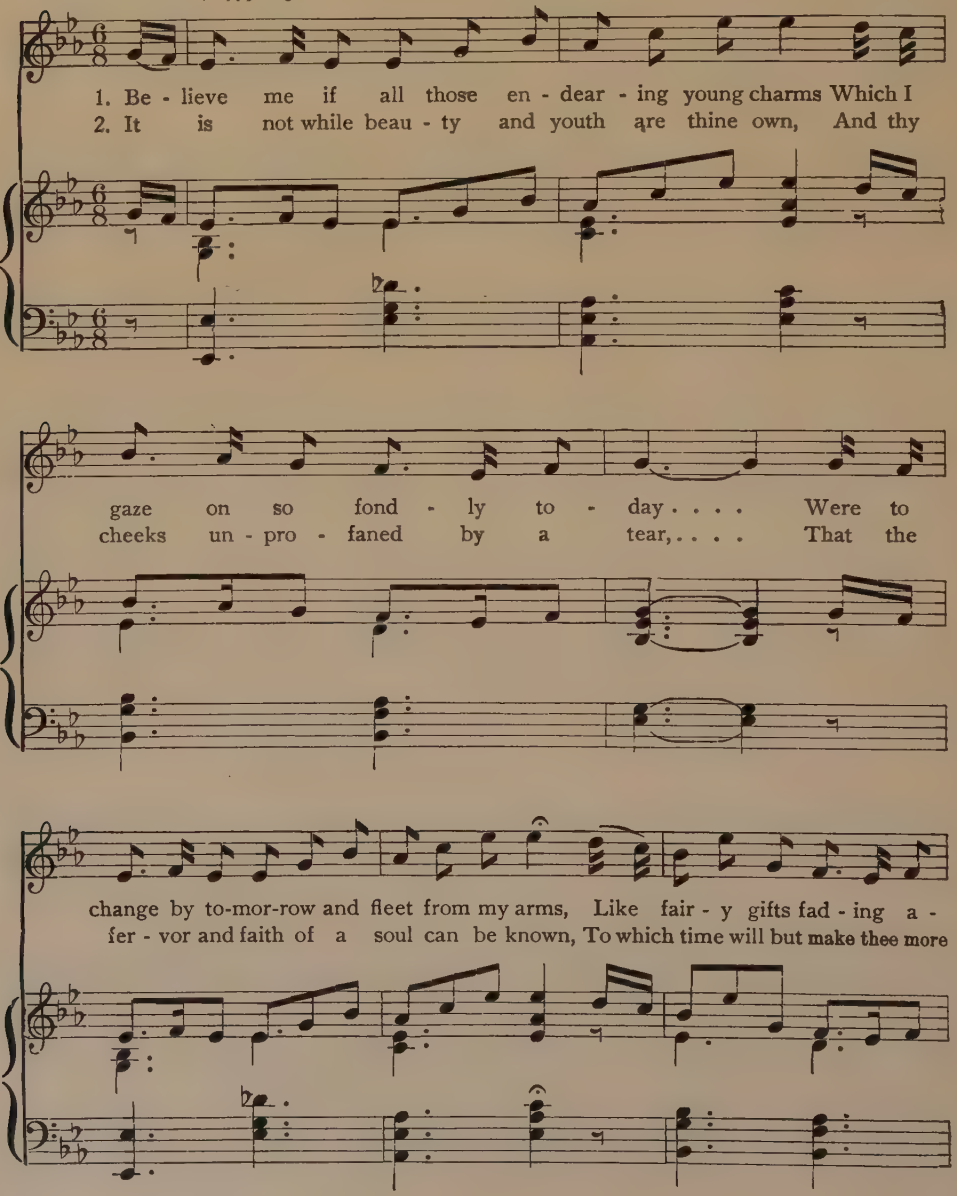
ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809–1892 — JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896

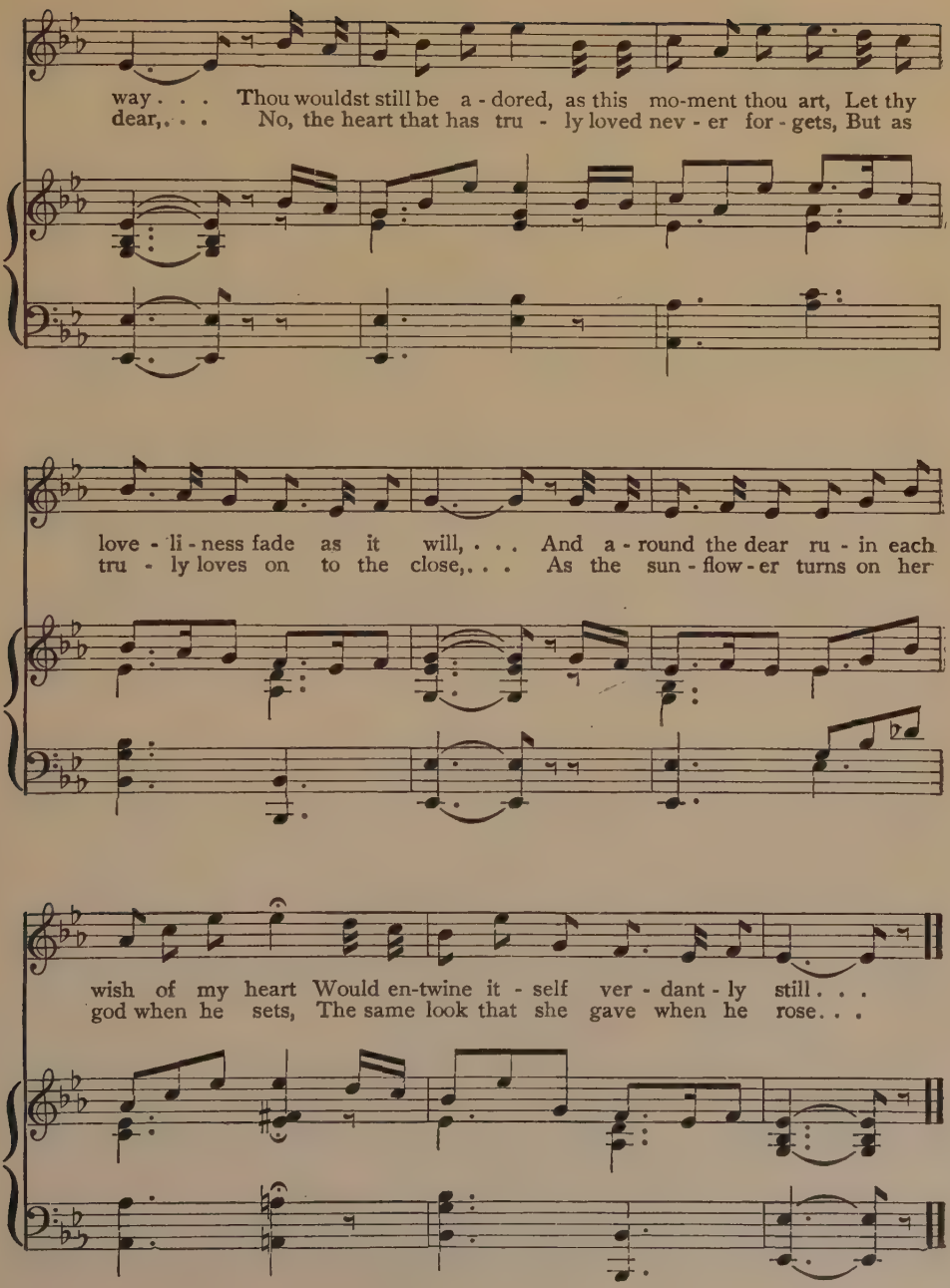

pp Larghetto ♪= 100
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on
pp
f
p
mf faster ♪= 120
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
O - - ver the
moth-er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa-ther will come to his
Fa - - ther will
f
p
mf
pp ♪= 100
rit.
f
a tempo
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,
pp
f
p
rall. e dim.
pp
me While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep . . . . . .
p
pp

Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

No. 138

THOMAS MOORE, 1779–1852 — DAVENANT


1. Be - lieve me if all those en - dear - ing young charms Which I
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy
gaze on so fond - ly to - day . . . . Were to
cheeks un - pro - faned by a tear, ... That the
change by to-mor-row and fleet from my arms, Like fair - y gifts fad - ing a -
fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

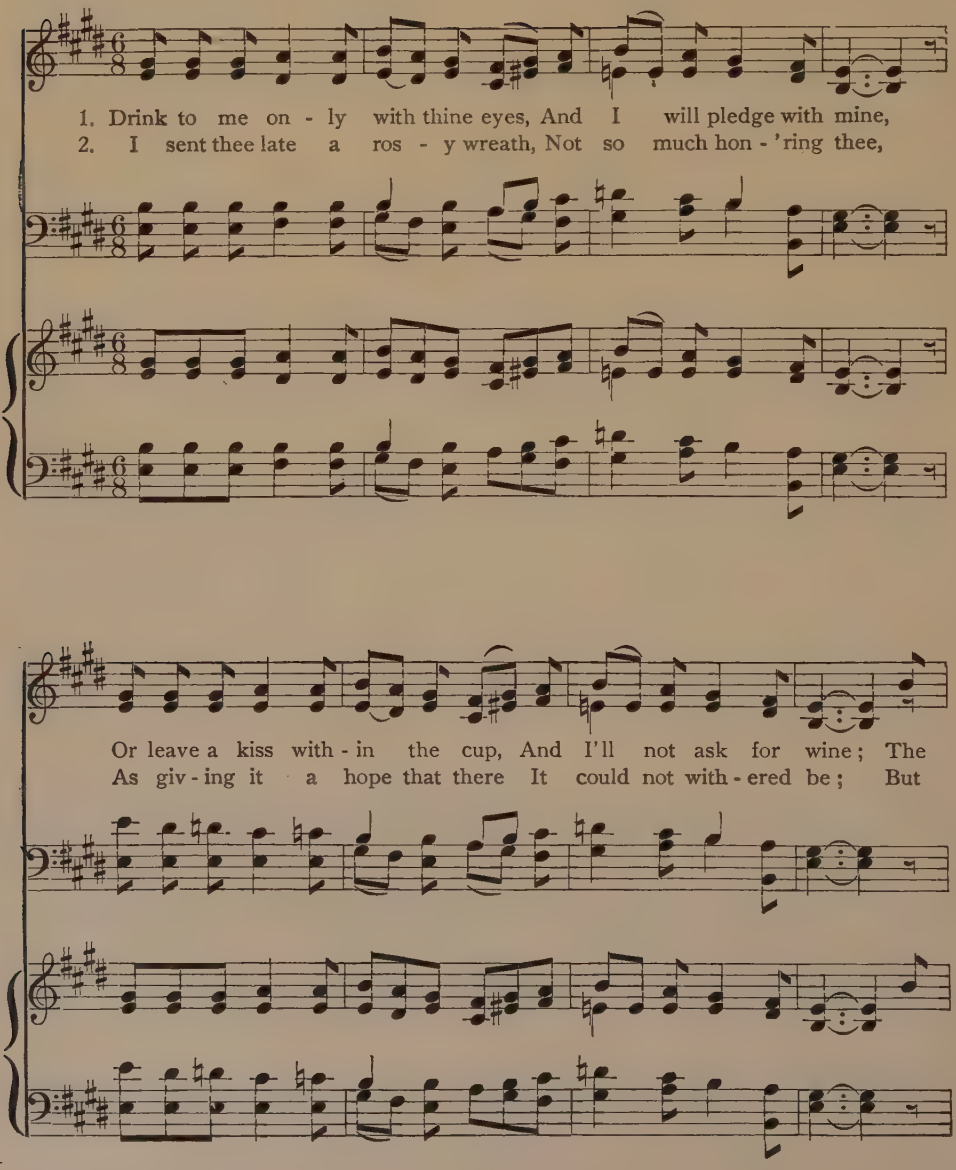

way . . . Thou wouldst still be a - dored, as this mo-ment thou art, Let thy
dear, . . . No, the heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as
love - li - ness fade as it will, . . . And a - round the dear ru - in each
tru - ly loves on to the close, . . . As the sun - flow - er turns on her
wish of my heart Would en-twine it - self ver - dant - ly still . . .
god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose . . .

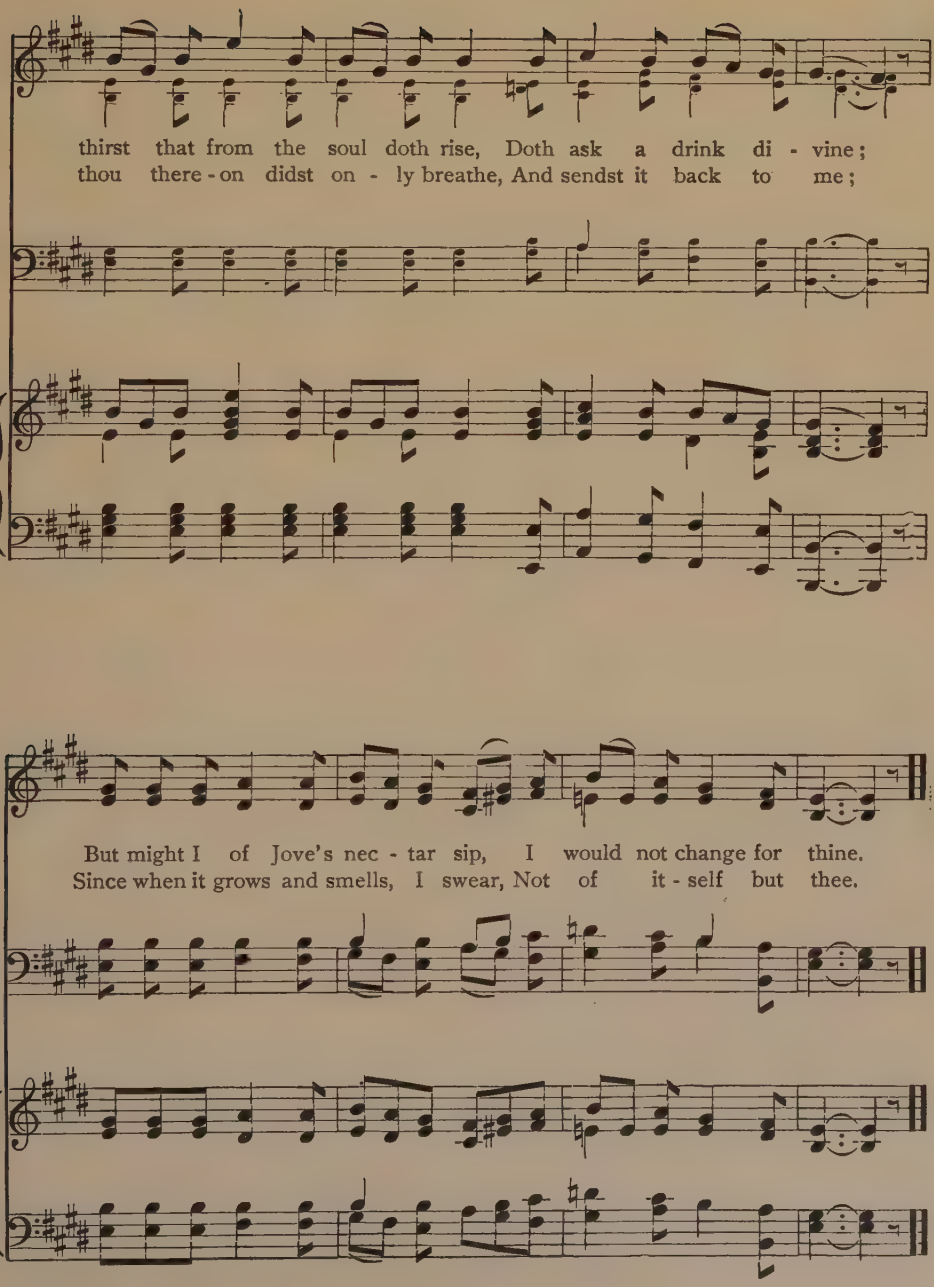
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes

No. 139

BEN JONSON, 1573 (?)–1637

Old English air
Arr. by WILLIAM LUTON WOOD


1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine,
2. I sent thee late a ros - y wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee,
Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; The
As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not with - ered be; But

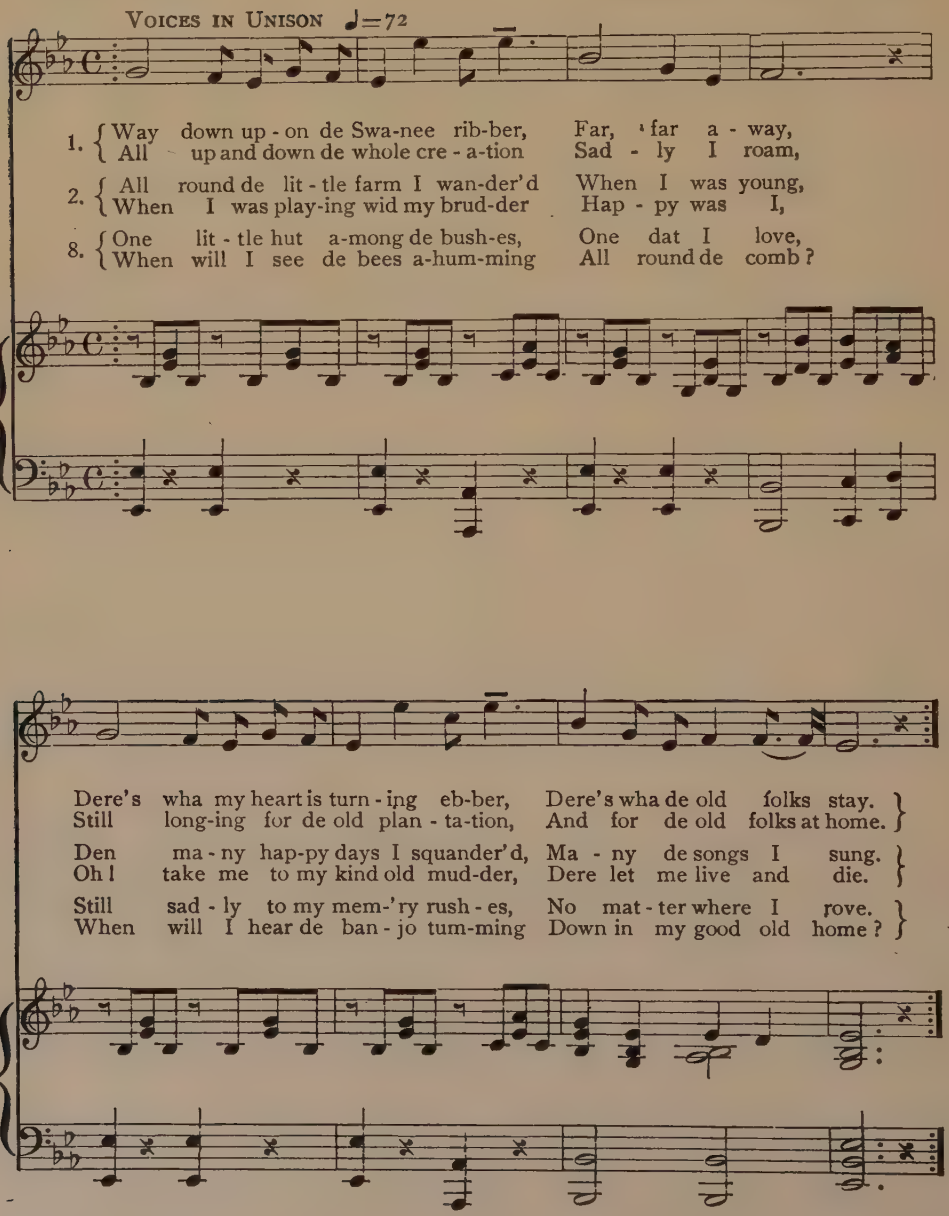

thirst that from the soul doth rise, Doth ask a drink di - vine;
thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, And sendst it back to me;
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.

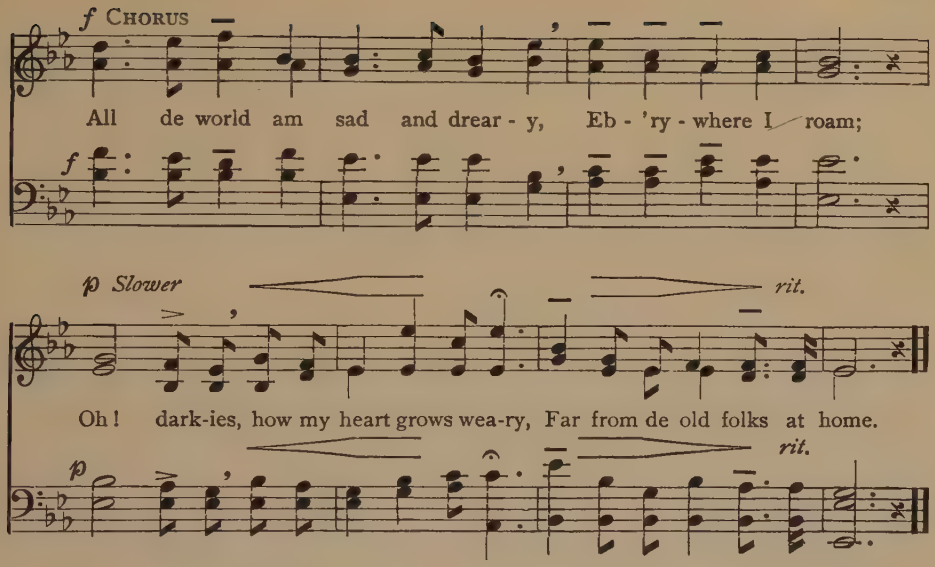
Old Folks At Home

No. 140

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

STEPHEN C. FOSTER, 1826–1864

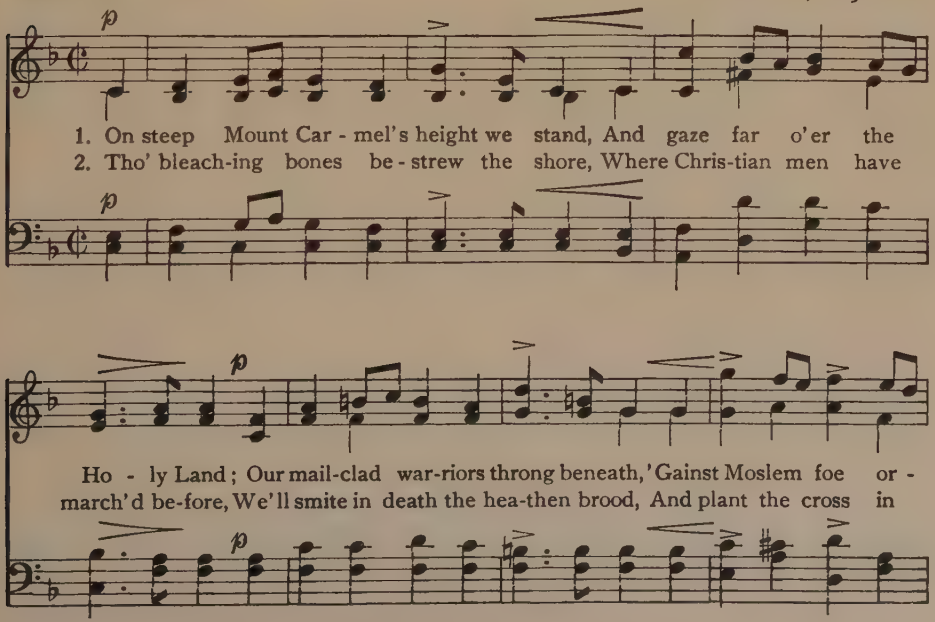

VOICES IN UNISON ♩=72
1. Way down up - on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a - way,
All up and down de whole cre - a-tion Sad - ly I roam,
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young,
When I was play-ing wid my brud-der Hap - py was I,
3. One lit - tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love,
When will I see de bees a-hum-ming All round de comb?
Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Still long-ing for de old plan - ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den ma - ny hap-py days I squander'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
Still sad - ly to my mem-'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum-ming Down in my good old home?

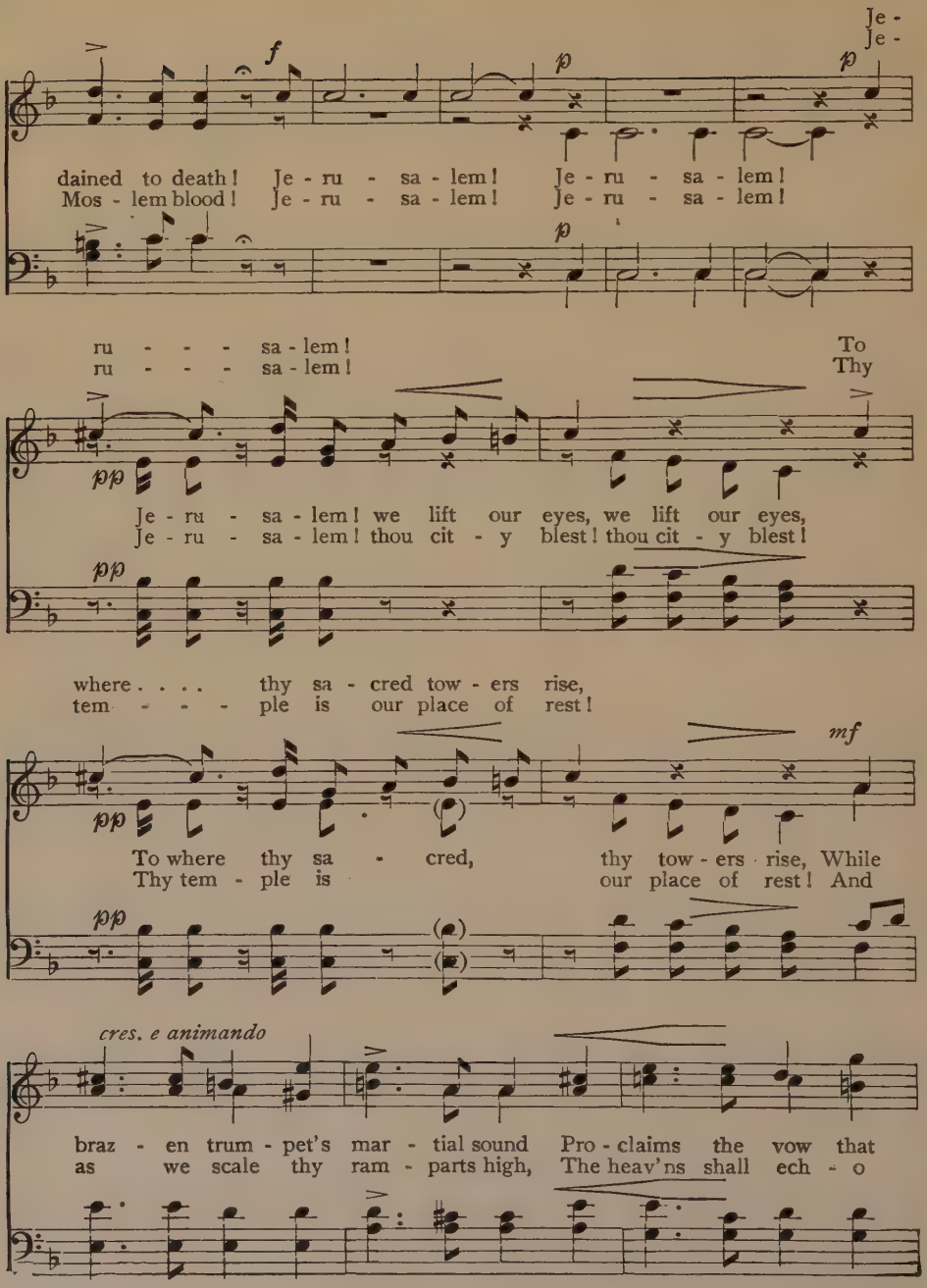

f Chorus
All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - where I roam;
p Slower
rit.
Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.
rit.

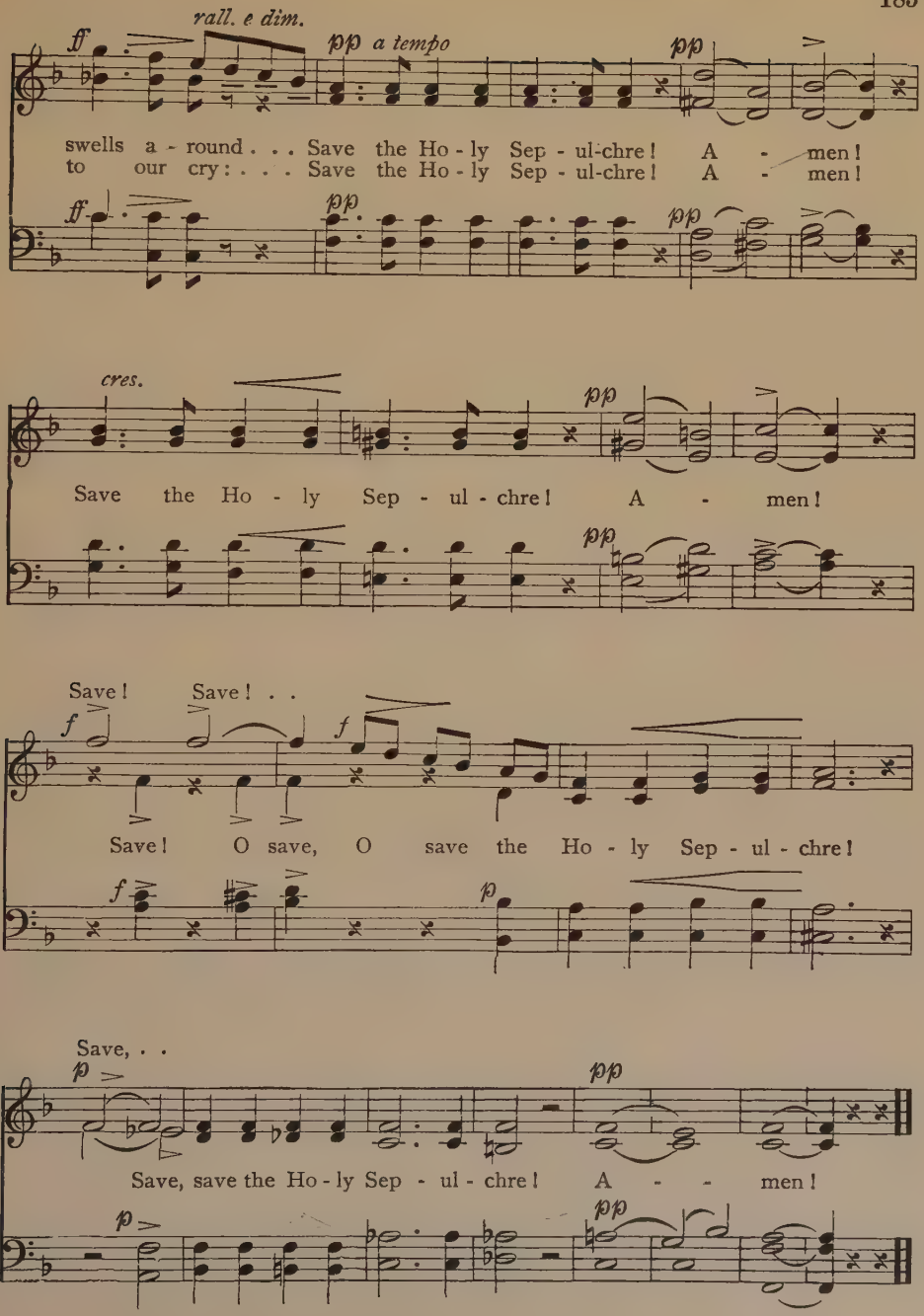
The Crusaders

No. 141

WM. DUTHRIE — CIRO PINSUTI, 1829–1888


p
1. On steep Mount Car - mel's height we stand, And gaze far o'er the
2. Tho' bleach-ing bones be - strew the shore, Where Chris-tian men have
p
Ho - ly Land; Our mail-clad war-riors throng beneath, 'Gainst Moslem foe or -
march'd be-fore, We'll smite in death the hea-then brood, And plant the cross in
p

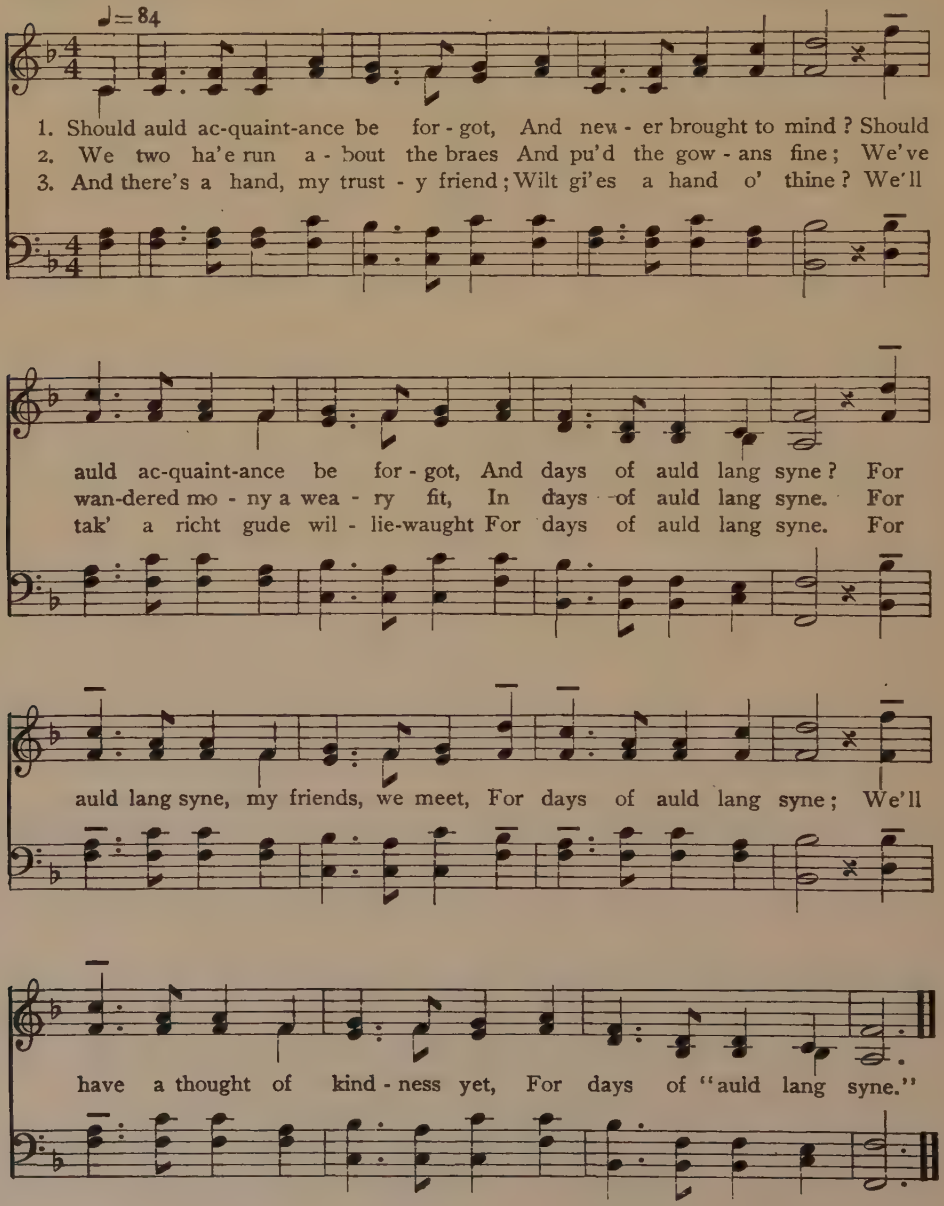

Je -
Je -
dained to death! Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!
Mos - lem blood! Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!
ru - - - sa - lem!
ru - - - sa - lem!
To
Thy
Je - ru - sa - lem! we lift our eyes, we lift our eyes,
Je - ru - sa - lem! thou cit - y blest! thou cit - y blest!
where . . . . thy sa - cred tow - ers rise,
tem - - - - ple is our place of rest!
To where thy sa - cred, thy tow - ers rise, While
Thy tem - ple is our place of rest! And
cres. e animando
braz - en trum - pet's mar - tial sound Pro - claims the vow that
as we scale thy ram - parts high, The heav'ns shall ech - o


rall. e dim.
a tempo
swells a - round . . . Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul-chre! A - men!
to our cry: . . . Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul-chre! A - men!
cres.
Save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - men!
Save! Save! . .
Save! O save, O save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre!
Save, . .
Save, save the Ho - ly Sep - ul - chre! A - - men!

Auld Lang Syne

No. 142

ROBERT BURNS, 1759–1796 — Old Scotch Melody


♩= 84
1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind? Should
2. We two ha'e run a - bout the braes And pu'd the gow - ans fine; We've
3. And there's a hand, my trust - y friend; Wilt gi'es a hand o' thine? We'll
auld ac-quaint-ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne? For
wan-dered mo - ny a wea - ry fit, In days of auld lang syne. For
tak' a richt gude wil - lie-waught For days of auld lang syne. For
auld lang syne, my friends, we meet, For days of auld lang syne; We'll
have a thought of kind - ness yet, For days of "auld lang syne."

RESPONSIVE READINGS

FIRST SELECTION

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish. — *Psalm i.*

SECOND SELECTION

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. — *Psalm xxiii.*

THIRD SELECTION

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,

Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

— From *Chambered Nautilus.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

— From *To a Waterfowl.*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FOURTH SELECTION

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.
Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

— *Psalm cl.*

FIFTH SELECTION

Abou Ben Adhem — (may his tribe increase!) —
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"

The vision raised its head,
And with a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou.

"Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel . . . Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said,
"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished.
The next night
It came again with a great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And, lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

— *Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel.*
LEIGH HUNT.

SIXTH SELECTION

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned:

And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer. — *Psalm xix.*

SEVENTH SELECTION

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, to silence envious tongues.

Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's.

— SHAKESPEARE.

So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

— From *Thanatopsis.*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

EIGHTH SELECTION

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

— *Psalm lxvii.*

NINTH SELECTION

It must be so. — Plato, thou reasonest well:
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,

'Tis Heaven itself, that points out an hereafter
And intimates eternity to man.

. . . . . .

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

— *Cato's Soliloquy.*

JOSEPH ADDISON.

TENTH SELECTION

Praise ye the Lord.

I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honorable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath showed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

The works of his hands are verity and judgment;

All his commandments are sure.

They stand fast for ever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

He sent redemption unto his people:

He hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments;

His praise endureth for ever. — *Psalm cxi.*

ELEVENTH SELECTION

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

Beware of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:

For the apparel oft proclaims the man;

And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous chief in that.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all, — To thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

— *Polonius to his son.*

SHAKESPEARE.

TWELFTH SELECTION

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion:

Bless the Lord, O my soul. — *Psalm ciii.*

THIRTEENTH SELECTION

All that a man can do in this world is to live honestly, faithfully, and loyally, from day to day.

What the immediate end will be, neither he nor any one else knows.

He knows only this, that the highest success crowns those who work in the highest spirit, and that the supremest failure confronts those who work in the worst spirit.

No man knows what a day may bring forth in the way of opportunity, nor at what point the door may be thrown open which shall be the entrance into his great chance for life.

The only assurance that we are not missing the one opportunity lies in making the most of every opportunity; in treating every day as if it were the one eventful day of life;

In trying every door as if it were the one entrance to the palace; in doing every piece of work as if upon our fidelity depended all our future lives.

The man who works in this spirit may safely leave the future with God.

Whatever material success is worth having, he will command.

Better than all, he will be sure of that greater success which is expressed in character,

That "sublime health which values one moment as another, and makes us great in all conditions, and is the only definition we possess of freedom and power." — *Anonymous.*

FOURTEENTH SELECTION

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. — *Psalm xxiv.*

FIFTEENTH SELECTION

When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman.

You cannot make a gold ring out of brass.

You cannot change an Alaska crystal to a South African diamond.

You cannot make a gentleman till you have first a man.

To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather.

It does not depend upon the tailor, or the toilet.

Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits.

A gentleman is just a *gentle*-man; no more, no less: a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough.

A gentleman is gentle; a gentleman is modest; a gentleman is courteous; a gentleman is generous;

A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it;

A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it;

A gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right;

A gentleman subjects his appetites;

A gentleman refines his taste;

A gentleman subdues his feelings;

A gentleman deems every other better than himself.

St. Paul describes a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians.

"Whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

— *The Gentleman.*

BISHOP DOANE.

SIXTEENTH SELECTION

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

Let them not depart from thine eyes; for the merchandise of them is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

Wisdom is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

My son, keep sound wisdom and discretion: then shalt thou walk in the ways safely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her, for she is thy life.

Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding;

If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hidden treasures,

Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; yea, every good path.

When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul,

Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee:

A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels. — *Proverbs.*

SEVENTEENTH SELECTION

Put out of your thought the past whatever it may be; let go even the future with its golden dream and its high ideal; and concentrate your soul in this burning present moment.

For the man who is true to the present, is true to his best; and the soul that wins the ground immediately before it, makes life a triumph.

ZORA STEARNS DAVIS.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties.

Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces.

Let cheerfulness abound with industry.

Give us to go blithely on our business all this day;

Bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored.

And grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

EIGHTEENTH SELECTION

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother:

When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee:

For the commandment is a lamp, and the law is a light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life.

A wise son heareth his father's instruction, but a scorner heareth not rebuke.

A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.

A fool despiseth his father's instruction; but he that regardeth reproof is prudent.

A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him.

Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son; but he that is a companion of riotous men shameth his father.

The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice; and he that hath a wise child shall have joy of him.

Thy father and thy mother shall be glad, and she that bare thee shall rejoice.

My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments.

— *Proverbs.*

Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. — *Exodus xx*: 12.

NINETEENTH SELECTION

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work.

Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair.

Work, never so mammonish, mean, is in communication with Nature:

The real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.

He has a work, a life-purpose: he has found it, and will follow it.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness.

Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in Heaven.

Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart;

Which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroism, martyrdoms —

Up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship;

For this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

— THOMAS CARLYLE.

TWENTIETH SELECTION

And behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master what shall I do to inherit eternal life?

He said unto him, What is written in the law; how readest thou?

And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind: and thy neighbor as thyself.

And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live.

But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?

And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

And he said, He that showed mercy on him.

Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise. — *Luke* x : 25–37.

TWENTY-FIRST SELECTION

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

— PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion;

To be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich;

To study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly;

To listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart;

To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never;

In a word to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common; this is to be my symphony.

— WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

TWENTY-SECOND SELECTION

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

— *The Beatitudes.*

TWENTY-THIRD SELECTION

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,

What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock —
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;

'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!

In spite of rock and tempest-roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

TWENTY-FOURTH SELECTION

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

Ye shall not steal, neither deal falsely, neither lie one to another.

He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house, he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.

These are the things that ye shall do:

Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates; and love no false oath.

Lie not to one another; buy the truth and sell it not.

Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.

The mouth that speaketh lies shall be stopped.

The lip of truth shall be established for ever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment.

Lead me in thy truth, and teach me, for thou art the God of my salvation.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions.

O send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me: let them bring me unto thy holy hill.

— THE BIBLE.

TWENTY-FIFTH SELECTION

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

We are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation so conceived and so dedicated — can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war.

We are met to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.

The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion;

That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain;

That this nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom;

And that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

— ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

TWENTY-SIXTH SELECTION

For in many things we offend all.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.

Behold, we put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body.

Behold also the ships, which though they be so great, and driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth.

Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things.

Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!

And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity:

So is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell.

For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind:

But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.

— JAMES.

TWENTY-SEVENTH SELECTION

Dear country mine! far in that viewless west,
And ocean-warded, strife thou too hast known;

But may thy sun hereafter bloodless shine,
And may thy way be onward without wrath,
And upward on no carcass of the slain;

And if thou smitest let it be for peace
And justice —

Not in hate, or pride, or lust
Of empire.

Mayst thou ever be, O land,
Noble and pure as thou art free and strong;

So shalt thou lift a light for all the world
And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace.

— RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

TWENTY-EIGHTH SELECTION

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,

While the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened,

Nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves,

And the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low,

And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way,

And the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden,

And desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home,
And the mourners go about the streets:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
Or the golden bowl be broken,

Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,

Or the wheel be broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was:

And the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

— *Ecclesiastes xii*: 1–7.

TWENTY-NINTH SELECTION

All hail to our glorious ensign! courage to the heart and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be entrusted!

May it ever wave first in honor, in unsullied glory and patriotic hope, on the dome of the Capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the intented plain, on the wave-rocked topmast.

Wheresoever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it!

On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar.

Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never, in any cause, be stained with shame.

Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze,

And its tattered fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war,

May it be the joy and pride of the American heart.

First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm.

Having been borne victoriously across a mighty continent, and floating in triumph on every sea, may virtue, and freedom, and peace, forever follow where it leads the way!

— EDWARD EVERETT.

THIRTIETH SELECTION

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face:

Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

— PAUL.

THIRTY-FIRST SELECTION

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note.

He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.

We need not care whether they could prove the forty-seventh proposition;

They do a better thing than that — they practically demonstrate the great theorem of the Loveableness of Life.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

I shall pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

— *Anonymous.*

THIRTY-SECOND SELECTION

How can ye, being evil, speak good things?

For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things:

And an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things.

But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.

For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned. — Matthew.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption;

But he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.

And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

— Paul.

THIRTY-THIRD SELECTION

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars;

To be satisfied with your possessions but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them·

To despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice;

To be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts;

To covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners;

To think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ;

And to spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in God's out-of-doors,

These are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

— *The Foot-Path to Peace.*

HENRY VAN DYKE.

THIRTY-FOURTH SELECTION

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union;

On states severed, discordant, belligerent:

On a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, — bearing, for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, " What is all this worth? "

Nor those other words of delusion and folly, " Liberty first, and Union afterwards,"—

But everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

— DANIEL WEBSTER.

INDEX

PAGE		POET OR SOURCE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
62	Abide with Me! Fast Falls the Eventide	Henry F. Lyte	*William H. Monk*
21	All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night	Thomas Ken	*Henry W. Baker*
162	All Through the Night	David Owen	*Old Welsh*
94	Amens		*Johann Gottlieb Naumann*
134	America	S. F. Smith	*Henry Carey*
104	Angels Ever Bright and Fair		*Georg Friedrich Handel*
81	Angels From the Realms of Glory	James Montgomery	*Henry Smart*
87	Angel Voices Ever Singing	Francis Pott	*Sir Arthur Sullivan*
164	Annie Laurie	Douglas of Finland	*Scotch*
159	Ark of Freedom, Glory's Dwelling		*Franz Joseph Haydn*
84	As With Gladness Men of Old	Wm. Chatterton Dix	*German*
186	Auld Lang Syne	Robert Burns	*Old Scotch Melody*
7	Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun	Thomas Ken	*John Hatton*
178	Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms	Thomas Moore	*Davenant*
150	Blue Bell of Scotland, The	Mrs. Jordan	*Scotch Folk Song*
75	Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning	Bishop Heber	*W. A. Barrett*
58	Brightly Gleams Our Banner	Thomas J. Potter	*Arthur S. Sullivan*
109	But the Lord is Mindful of His Own		*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
86	Calm on the Listening Ear of Night	Edmund H. Sears	*Traditional Air*
103	Cast Thy Burden		*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
96	Chanting		
88	Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day	Charles Wesley	*Lyra Davidica*
89	Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day	Charles Wesley	*Wolfgang A. Mozart*
60	Christian, Dost Thou See Them	St. Andrew of Crete	*John B. Dykes*
139	Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean	Timothy Dwight	*David T. Shaw*
11	Come, Thou Almighty King	Charles Wesley	*Felice Giardini*
72	Come, Ye Thankful People	H. Alford	*G. J. Elvey*

PAGE		POET OR SOURCE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
112	Crossing the Bar	Alfred Tennyson	*Joseph Barnby*
50	Crown Him with Many Crowns		
183	Crusaders, The	Wm. Duthrie	*Ciro Pinsuti*
15	Day by Day the Manna Fell	Josiah Conder	*Louis Moreau Gottschalk*
66	Day is Dying in the West	Mary A. Lathbury	*W. F. Sherwin*
151	Der Wacht Am Rhein		
145	Dixie		*Dan Emmett*
180	Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes	Ben Jonson	*Old English Air*
20	Eternal Source of Every Joy	Philip Doddridge	*Ludwig van Beethoven*
56	Fairest Lord Jesus	Anon.	*German*
166	Farewell to the Forest		*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
7	Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss	Anne Steele	*Lowell Mason*
59	Fierce Raged the Tempest O'er the Deep	Godfrey Thring	*John B. Dykes*
144	Flag of the Free		*Richard Wagner*
41	For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country	Bernard of Cluny	*J. H. Knecht and E. Hubbard*
48	Forward! Be Our Watchword	Henry Alford	*Franz Joseph Haydn*
95	Fourfold Amen		*John Stainer*
6	From All that Dwell Below the Skies	Isaac Watts	*Claudio Goudimel*
94	Gloria Patri		*Thomas Greatorex*
97	Gloria Patri		
97	Gloria Patri		*Richard Farrant*
160	God Ever Glorious	Samuel F. Smith	*Alexis T. Lwoff*
54	God is My Strong Salvation	James Montgomery	*George James Webb*
31	God is Our Refuge, Steadfast and Unshaken	Anon.	*Flemming*
148	God of Our Fathers	D. C. Roberts	*G. W. Warren*
135	God Save the King	British National Anthem	
56	Go Forth to Life, O Child of Earth	Samuel Longfellow	*Heinrich Christopher Zeuner*
22	Grander Than Ocean's Story	William F. Sherwin	*William F. Sherwin*
130	Hail, Columbia	Joseph Hopkinson	*Prof. Phyla*
85	Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices	John Cawood	*L. van Beethoven*
70	Harvest Song, A		
149	Heavenly Concord		*Felix Keundig*
28	Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty	Reginald Heber	*John B. Dykes*
79	Holy Night! Peaceful Night!	J. Mohr	*Michael Haydn*
168	Home, Sweet Home	John Howard Payne	*Sir Henry R. Bishop*
169	How Can I Leave Thee		*Thuringian Folk Song*

Page		Poet or Source	Composer or Source
8	How Gentle God's Commands	Philip Doddridge	*J. Barnby*
9	Immortal Love, Forever Full	John Greenleaf Whittier	*Ludwig Spohr*
38	In Heavenly Love Abiding	Anna L. Waring	*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
15	In the Morning I Will Raise	William Henry Furness	*Ignace Pleyel*
78	It Came Upon the Midnight Clear	Edmund H. Sears	*R. S. Willis*
40	Jerusalem, the Golden	Bernard of Cluny	*Alexander Ewing*
46	Jesus, Lover of My Soul	Charles Wesley	*Joseph P. Holbrook*
19	Jesus, My Lord, MyGod, My All	Henry Collins	*Joseph Barnby*
80	Joy to the World	Isaac Watts	*Georg F. Handel*
102	Laudate Dominum		*Humfrey*
42	Lead, Kindly Light	John Henry Newman	*John B. Dykes*
43	Lead, Kindly Light	John Henry Newman	*C. H. Purday*
118	Lift Thine Eyes		*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
73	Lord God, We Worship Thee	J. Franck	*J. Cruger*
29	Lord is My Shepherd, The	James Montgomery	*Thomas Koschat*
12	Lord of All Being, Throned Afar	Oliver Wendell Holmes	*Charles Burney*
8	Lord, When My Raptured Thought Surveys	Anne Steele	*William Vincent Wallace*
99	Lord's Prayer, The		
170	Lost Chord, The	Adelaide A. Procter	*Arthur Sullivan*
18	Love Divine, All Love Excelling	Charles Wesley	*John Zundel*
30	Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned	Samuel Stennett	*Thomas Hastings*
154	March of the Men of Harlech	Welsh Poem	*Welsh Air*
156	Marseillaise, The		*Rouget De Lisle*
36	Mighty Fortress Is Our God, A	Martin Luther	*Martin Luther*
32	Nearer, My God, to Thee	Sarah F. Adams	*Lowell Mason*
33	Nearer, My God, to Thee	Sarah F. Adams	*Arthur Sullivan*
53	New Every Morning is the Love	John Keble	*Robert Schumann*
61	Now God Be With Us	Bohemian Brethren	*J. Barnby*
68	Now the Day is Over	Sabine Baring-Gould	*Joseph Barnby*
102	Nunc Dimittis		*Farrant*
102	Nunc Dimittis		*Barnby*
74	O Come, All Ye Faithful	Anon.	*John Reading*
45	O Everlasting Light	Horatius Bonar	*Joseph E. Sweetser*
12	O For a Heart to Praise My God	Charles Wesley	*John Bacchus Dykes*
24	O God of Love, O King of Peace	Henry W. Baker	*Henry W. Baker*
23	O God, the Rock of Ages	E. H. Bickersteth	*Samuel Sebastian Wesley*
182	Old Folks at Home	Stephen C. Foster	*Stephen C. Foster*
76	O Little Town of Bethlehem	Phillips Brooks	*L. H. Redner*

PAGE		POET OR SOURCE	COMPOSER OR SOURCE
57	O Lord of Heaven, and Earth, and Sea	Christopher Wordsworth	*John B. Dykes*
77	Once in Royal David's City	Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander	*Henry J. Gauntlett*
49	One Sweetly Solemn Thought	Phoebe Cary	*R. S. Ambrose*
44	Onward, Christian Soldiers	Sabine Baring-Gould	*Arthur S. Sullivan*
114	O Rest in the Lord		*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
52	O Sacred Head, Once Wounded	Paul Gerhardt	*Johann Leonard Hasler*
10	O Source Divine, and Life of All	John Sterling	*Franz Joseph Haydn*
17	Our Blest Redeemer, Ere He Breathed	Harriet Auber	*John Bacchus Dykes*
16	O Worship the King	Sir Robert Grant	*Franz Joseph Haydn*
101	Psalm 100		*Elvey*
101	Psalm 100		*Nares*
101	Psalm 100		*Ouseley*
98	Responses to the Commandments		*Ludwig van Beethoven*
98	Responses to the Commandments		*G. J. Elvey*
47	Sands of Time Are Wasting, The	Annie R. Cousin	*Christian Urban*
13	Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name	John Ellerton	*Edward J. Hopkins*
25	Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name	John Ellerton	*Edward John Hopkins*
69	Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day	Jane E. Leeson	*Carl Maria von Weber*
14	Saviour, When in Dust to Thee	R. Grant	*Spanish Melody*
152	Scots, Wha Hae with Wallace Bled	Robert Burns	*Old Scotch Air*
95	Sevenfold Amen		*John Stainer*
82	Shout the Glad Tidings	W. A. Muhlenberg	*C. Avison*
65	Slowly by Thy Hand Unfurled	William Henry Furness	*George Hews*
67	Softly Now the Light of Day	George Washington Doane	*Carl Maria von Weber*
16	Songs of Praise the Angels Sang	James Montgomery	*Old French Melody*
34	Spacious Firmament on High, The	Joseph Addison	*Franz Joseph Haydn*
136	Star Spangled Banner, The	Francis Scott Key	*Dr. Samuel Arnold*
90	Steal Away		*Slave Hymn*
63	Still, Still with Thee	Harriet Beecher Stowe	*Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*
177	Sweet and Low	Alfred Tennyson	*Joseph Barnby*
91	Swing Low, Sweet Chariot		*Slave Hymn*
35	Take My Life, and Let It Be	Frances Ridley Havergal	*Georg Christoph Strattner*
71	To Him From Whom Our Blessings Flow	Anon.	*Gioachino Rossini*
99	Troyte's Chant	Charlotte Elliott	*Sir Arthur H. D. Troyte*
55	Upward Where the Stars are Burning	H. Bonar	*John Baptiste Calkin*
100	Venite		*Barnby*
100	Venite		*Hayes*
100	Venite		*Boyce*

Page		Poet or Source	Composer or Source
64	Watchman, Tell Us of the Night	John Bowring	*Franz Abt*
37	We Bless Thee For Thy Peace, O God	Anon.	*John B. Dykes*
92	When Israel Was in Egypt's Land		*Slave Hymn*
5	When Morning Gilds the Sky	German	*J. Barnby*
10	While the Sun is Shining	T. A. Stowell	*Samuel Smith*
51	Work, for the Night is Coming	A. L. Coghill	*Lowell Mason*
121	Ye Shall Dwell in the Land		*John Stainer*

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